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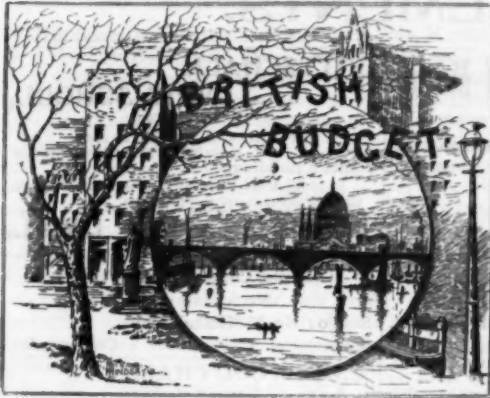
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LONDON, W., December 24, 1897.

DR. EDVARD GRIEG and Mrs. Grieg left England yesterday for Amsterdam, after a visit of some two weeks to their friends in Manchester.

The "Roll" of graduates in music for 1898, edited by T. L. Southgate, has just made its appearance. It is principally valuable for the reliable information it gives as to those who hold genuine musical degrees. Another valuable feature is its catalogue of the names of deceased British musicians, from the early part of the seventeenth century to the present, and a digest of the regulations of the different universities for the acquirement of musical degrees.

It is reported that the first volume of a biography of Brahms, by Dr. Reimann, the well-known organist of Berlin, will be published next month.

A. J. Hipkins, who has contributed much valuable writing to the history of the piano, reports the discovery at Pistoia, by Signor Ponsicchi, of a very old upright piano, labeled "Domenico, del Mela da Gagliano, 1739." The action is different from that of Cristofori, the presumed inventor of the piano, early in the eighteenth century. Another piano discovered by Signor Ponsicchi is alleged to be labeled "Americus Backers, Londini fecit, 1713." But the date is an obvious mistake for 1773, i. e., about three years after Backers, the Dutchman, assisted by John Broadwood and his apprentice, William Stoddart, made the first British grand piano, which formed the basis of the celebrated "English" action. No piano by Backers was known to exist, and it is possible that the recent find may be the oldest British grand piano extant. The oldest British made square piano is probably that by Zumpe, dated 1766, formerly belonging to Sir George Smart.

A striking case, peculiar, I should think, to England, is presented by the fact that for eighty-six years Thomas Parratt and his son, Henry I. Parratt, have played the organ at Huddersfield parish church, and the present Mr. Parratt, brother of Sir Walter Parratt, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, being only sixty years old, it is hoped he will be able to complete the century.

The pantomimes will open at most of the London and provincial theatres on Monday, Boxing Day. The Boxing Day entertainment that will attract the greatest crowd will be that of Barnum & Bailey's Circus at Olympia, Kensington. It is said that this will be the finest thing of its kind ever produced in London. One of the wags of the Press has suggested that the manager shall have a fresh supply of adjectives to distribute among the knights of the pen who will have the Herculean task of describing the Greatest Show on Earth.

Henry Russell, who will be remembered by the elder generation, celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday to-morrow, and I am able to report that the composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "The Ivy Green," "The Old Arm Chair" and other once popular melodies is in excellent health.

An afternoon performance of "The Messiah" will be given in Queen's Hall to-morrow. Services will be held in the morning at all the principal churches in London and in the provinces, and in this way much is made of Christmas in England. At St. Paul's Schubert's Mass in B flat and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" will be given in the morning, and for the afternoon Handel's "For Unto Us a Child Is Born," as well as some carols. At Westminster Abbey, Sir John Bridge's "Cradle of Christ" will be given. At the Temple "For Unto Us" will be the Christmas anthem, and at St. Joseph's, which is Mr. Santley's church, Rossini's Messe Solennelle will be revived. Sir John Stainer's anthem, "The Morning Stars Sang Altogether" will be sung at St. Anne's, Soho, on Christmas Day, and at St. Michael's, Cornhill, as well as at several provincial cathedrals and churches. At the Wellington Barracks there will be a military performance of selections from "The Messiah;" Weber's Mass in E flat will be used for the communion service.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Christmas portions of "The Messiah" will be performed after Even Song.

Herr Rosenthal celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday on December 18 at La Turbie, in Southern France. He reported to N. Vert that he was in excellent health and felt he could play better than ever.

M. Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, has been engaged by the Philharmonic Society for its concert on March 30.

Herr Sauer has his feminine admirers in London. At the close of his last recital these gathered around him, catching hold of his garments, covering him with flowers and generally behaving in a most unseemly fashion.

In speaking last week of the little Misses Ethel and Alice Dovey, I should have stated that their ages were thirteen and fourteen respectively, and that the younger, Miss Alice Dovey, and not the elder, sang Goring Thomas' "Le Baiser."

Festivals are not always grand financial successes, but the public spirited citizens in the principal towns where these are held usually come forward and subscribe liberally to the undertakings. Those who thus guaranteed the Hereford Festival against financial loss have had to pay to the tune of £2 12d. 6s. for each £5 guaranteed, but the charity of the clergy, for which this was organized, have received £1,100.

George Edward's Company gave the 600th performance of "The Geisha" on December 17.

In St. James' Hall, January 4 and 17, Mme. Blanche Marchesi will sing a number of songs for children, and Mrs. Kendal will recite four tales by Hans Andersen, together with poems by Browning, Stevenson, and the author of "Alice in Wonderland."

Dr. J. G. Mackendrick, of Glasgow, has been making interesting experiments on the communication of musical sounds to deaf persons, and has shown that electrified water will convey vibrations of sound corresponding exactly to the various musical rhythms, and that a deaf person may enjoy music by keeping his hands in the water.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has resolved to give no performances after the new year until February 14.

Arthur Balfour is known to take a great interest in the music of the olden time. He was present at the first recital of seventeenth century music by Herr Buchmayer, of Dresden, held in Queen's Hall recently, and a few days ago he invited this eminent archaeologist to play privately before him. One result of this interview is that, by Mr. Balfour's kindness, Herr Buchmayer will be able to publish the whole "Book of Andreas Bach." That quaint volume of more or less unfamiliar music is supposed to have been written by Bernard Bach, while he was a pupil of the great Sebastian Bach at Weimar, in 1715, and it is preserved in the town library at Leipsic. We learn that Mr. Balfour's only condition was that the volume should be published in English as well as in German, so that it will be available to the large body of British musical students.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTMINSTER.

The general scheme for the proposed University of Westminster has been issued, and includes the following suggestion with regard to the art of music: "The Royal Academy of Music, Royal College of Music, Guildhall School of Music, and Trinity College, London, and their professors are to be invited to organize themselves as a faculty of music." The grouping together of these academies has given rise to considerable discussion, as it is universally recognized that they do not stand by any means on the same level. A recent article in *Truth* calls attention to this, not in any terms of disparagement, for it is obviously necessary to have more than one grade in examination schemes. An examination, for example, of a party of schoolgirls, intended merely to test their proficiency, should be far more lenient than that for a diploma or degree granted to a professional student or a professor of music.

It also points out that the Royal College of Music, alone of all our great schools and academies, possesses the right, in common with the universities (and with the Archbishop of Canterbury), to grant degrees in music. Whether the Royal and other authorities of the Royal College will consent to relinquish that right, or at any rate to share it in the proposed University of Westminster with the Guildhall School of Music, remains of course to be determined. Most people, however, will be perfectly ready to offer general sympathy with the scheme in question, even though they may consider it a better plan to intrust diploma examinations only to the chartered institutions. These, at any rate, if they abused their position, as some of the foreign agencies and limited liability enterprises notoriously have done, would be under some sort of official authority, seeing that they might thereby forfeit their charter.

CONCERTS.

The frequenters of Mr. Gompertz's concerts naturally expect good music, well executed, and this expectation was again realized at the performance on the 15th, the third of the series. With the exception of an occasional harsh-

ness of tone, for which the first violin was in no way responsible, the quartets reached their usual high standard of composition, op. 51, in E flat, the third movement being composition, Op. 51, in E flat, the third movement is the most melodious and pleasing, while the finale, though spirited in its theme, is rather lengthy in its development. Schubert's Quartet-Satz, "Allegro Assai," in C minor, made less impression than the quartet of Brahms, op. 67, in B flat. In the third movement of the latter the first violin, *con sordino*, produces an exquisite melody, with effects suggesting the notes of a bird, which ever and again dominates the agitated passages of the other instruments. This movement is so full of musical beauty that it alone would make one desirous to hear this quartet again; but the other movements are also marked by many of Brahms' best characteristics. Miss Fillunger gave, with true artistic feeling, several songs of Schubert and Brahms. The finish and grace with which she sang "Der Jüngling an der Quelle" caused a clamor for an encore, which was granted.

The last of the Saturday popular concerts was given on the 18th. They will be resumed in January after a brief interval. The chief event of the afternoon was Mozart's Quartet in C, No. 6, finely played by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Haydn Inwards, Gibson, and Paul Ludwig. Lady Hallé also offered two minor solos by Schumann. M. Siivinski presided at the piano in Schumann's trio in F, and Mr. Robert Nath was the vocalist.

It is greatly to be regretted that Herr Buchmayer should have had so small an attendance at his interesting and useful recitals, which ought to have appealed strongly to all those who like to study the development of piano music. On December 18 the small Queen's Hall was only half full.

Had a small gallery of paintings been carefully arranged with specimens of representative masters, from Cimabue downward, special attention being given to the rarer masters of the very early schools, with an excellently annotated catalogue provided free of charge, it would probably have attracted earnest art students in large numbers, and have done them a great deal of good. But when Herr Buchmayer attempts a somewhat similar exhibition in the domain of piano music he only succeeds in bringing together a very meagre audience indeed. Perhaps shopping had something to do with it, Christmas cards being doubtless of greater importance than rare works of Sweelinck, Bohm, Ritter, and Kuhnau, whose claim to notice is only that they made Bach possible!

Sweelinck was organist at Amsterdam when John Bull was Queen Elizabeth's organist at the Chapel Royal of St. James. Herr Buchmayer opened his recital with some fine variations, full of feeling, by this Dutchman, upon the sad air, "My Young Life Has an End," and this was followed by a Country Dance, found in the collection of John Bull's works in the British Museum, and still unpublished. Christian Ritter, of whose life hardly anything is known, provided a Sarabande and Gigue, in which Herr Buchmayer points out a curious resemblance to the "Miserere" of Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Then came a specimen of Bohm, the musician who chiefly influenced Bach in his early days, and the second of Kuhnau's Biblical sonatas, "Saul's Madness Cured by David." Pieces by Couperin (the "Air de Viole" and "La fine Madelon" being exquisitely played), Scarlatti, and Rameau were refreshing after the archaic quaintness of the earlier Germans, and these led up to what I found much the most beautiful work in the program, a "Prelude and Fugue for the Lute or Clavier," by J. S. Bach. This piece, which has much affinity with the F minor Prelude and Fugue in the second book of the "48," at once showed Bach towering above his predecessors, contemporaries and successors, even the splendid "Eroica Variations" of Beethoven occupying an evidently lower level than that reached by the genius of the Eisenach master.

The recital closed with specimens of Chopin, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Brahms and Rubinstein, all well chosen and well played. I hope that Herr Buchmayer will come again at a less busy time, and that his admirable recitals will then receive the appreciation they deserve.

There were composers of renown before Grieg, and composers, I do not doubt, whose wives could sing their songs, but surely there has never been anyone more fortunate in this respect than Grieg. His songs, to make their due effect, require to be delivered by someone who has more than a beautiful voice, or even a cultured style; the singer must possess the rarer gifts of insight into the composer's meaning, sympathy with it, and power to express it. Madame Grieg has these qualities, weighed against which beauty of voice alone is as dust in the balance.

It is, of course impossible to say whether, in the century that is coming, Grieg's instrumental works will have the same wide vogue that they at present enjoy, but it can scarcely be doubted that a great many of his songs possess the qualities that endure. The appearance, therefore, of the composer's wife as the authoritative interpreter of his intentions as to the style in which his songs should be sung was of inestimable value. There were several vo-

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MR. SHERWOOD created a furore by his wonderful playing at the meeting of the M. T. N. A. in New York City last June. His playing in other large cities this season has aroused the utmost enthusiasm. He has been acknowledged by critics, the public and musicians to be the greatest American pianist. Mr. Sherwood can be engaged for recitals and concerts. He is receiving many requests from musical clubs. For particulars address, MAX ADLER, Manager,
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calists listening intently, and it is much to be hoped that they carried away impressions which will enable them to hand on to their successors the true traditions of Grieg's vocal music. If they will take the trouble to learn some Norwegian, that they may use that delightfully soft and pleasant tongue, so much the better.

Mme. Grieg made her chief success at St. James' Hall last Wednesday afternoon, in the charming "Children's Songs," which are almost worthy to be set beside Brahms' more famous "Nursery Songs." She gave "Ich liebe dich" as an encore, that and "The Primrose" being, perhaps, her most popular selections. Her husband, with much tact, chose "The Bridal Procession" as one of his solos, and the rest of the program included the String Quartet in G minor, the piano and violin Sonata in C minor, and some shorter pieces. The warmth and affection for the gifted composer and his wife shown by the large audience was delightful to see and hear.

Signorina Boccardo, a pupil of M. Edmund Duvernay, tried her fate before a London audience at St. James' Hall on December 17, and, like many another singer, failed to arouse much interest through choosing songs unsuited to her. It is by no means uncommon for a young mezzo

to have the range of a high soprano, but it is a mistake to take advantage of this and essay works written for a voice of another quality. There is no reason why a mezzo soprano should try to alter the voice with which nature has endowed her, particularly as the attempt is rarely if ever successful. The result in Signorina Boccardo's case was an occasional hardness, the fault of her singing generally being lack of warmth. "Caro Nome" ("Rigoletto") an aria for a perfectly finished high soprano, was not a happy selection, although it won the singer an encore. The duet from Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," which she sang with Mr. Aramis, would have been successful had an orchestral accompaniment been available, the piano in this case being a most ineffective substitute. Experience will do much for this young singer, for she has many excellent qualities. Mr. Aramis contributed a group of his well-known Greek popular songs, and later "Ton rire est si doux," by Léon Schlesinger, accompanied by the composer, and two English songs, all with his usual beauty of tone and declamation. Signor Guetary was more successful with his Italian number than with the Prieslied from "Die Meistersinger"; indeed, a singer of the Latin race can rarely interpret this absolutely Teutonic song satis-

factorily. Mr. Ranaow sang well Messenger's charming "Long Ago in Alcalá," and Miss Matilde Verne played with refinement and intelligence Schumann's "Papillons" and other selections.

The other small concerts of the week do not call for mention here, and the above closes my record of concerts for the year 1897.

F. V. ATWATER.

Siegfried Wagner.

At the beginning of December Siegfried Wagner left Rome, where he had been for three weeks, to return to Bayreuth. He has put the last touches to the instrumentation of the second act of his comic opera. He hopes to see it produced within a year. In this work, he carefully avoids the rock on which so many of the Epigoni have been wrecked, the attempt to write Wagnerially. The text was suggested by his teacher, Humperdinck, but Siegfried has taken two stories and given them an historical background in the time of the Thirty Years' War. As far as can be judged from the specimens he has given to his friends on the piano, the lyric portions are melodious. The first two acts create a good impression. As to the third, we must wait and hope.

Florence Terrel.

THE cover page of this week's issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER presents the portrait of Miss Florence Terrel, a young artist who already, before her twentieth year, has made exceptional success in the field of piano playing, and established for herself an enduring reputation.

Miss Terrel is wholly and typically an American product. She was born in New Jersey, received her general education in New York, and is indebted for her complete musical education to Alexander Lambert, director of the New York College of Music, a teacher into whose expert and uniquely successful hands she had the good fortune to fall at a very early stage of her career.

Our gifted young pianist was only thirteen when she entered the New York College of Music as a pupil of Mr. Lambert, whose keen musical acumen quickly discerned in her the promise which he has since trained to fulfillment. Mr. Lambert predicted for her a brilliant musical career, and set to work promptly and zealously to develop her superior talent. The young pupil worked for her master with a will, became more earnest and enthusiastic as her study progressed, until after a period of but two years she was enabled to make a distinctly successful appearance in concert in Carnegie Hall, playing a Beethoven concerto, with orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch.

The success scored at her initial appearance has been consistently increased throughout all the following years. Miss Terrel continued her close study with Mr. Lambert, appearing in public at constant intervals and never failing to win distinction and critical favor wherever and in whatever she was heard. Her public performances have composed a long list of unvarying successes and have created for her a permanent and favorite place in the American musical heart.

She has played during the past few years at many important orchestral concerts, where the brilliant ease and confidence of her work excited the greatest admiration. Among conductors she has been heard with Walter Damrosch, Otto Lohse and Victor Herbert, and among societies she has played with the famous Arion, whose choice of artists only lies with those of first rank. During the season of 1896-7 she appeared in Carnegie Hall at the presentation of some leading works of Bruno Oscar Klein and conducted by Herr Lohse. Here Miss Terrel played the beautiful and exceedingly difficult Concertstück of Klein, for piano and orchestra, and acquitted herself with such facile brilliancy and finish that henceforth no doubt was left in the public mind concerning her prominent rank as a professional pianist.

In solo work Miss Terrel had for a long period been heard to great advantage privately. Her playing was delightful and her repertory of remarkable extent and variety, but she had only run the gauntlet of public criticism through playing with orchestra. The confident repose and authority with which she worked in harness with the orchestra won her a distinguished admiration, which was destined to increase enormously upon her first appearance in a recital. This was made on March 11, 1897, when Miss Terrel gave her first piano recital in Carnegie Hall, with a program of versatile range and serious interpretative as well as technical difficulty. She scored an immediate success.

Critics and public were well agreed on the subject of the new young artist's merits. The press spoke of her enthusiastically as a pianist of exceptional ability, dwelt with emphasis on the warmth of temperament and interpretative intelligence which she displayed and had nothing but words of unqualified praise for the clearness, facile brilliancy and polish of her technic. Miss Terrel has certainly developed an amount of convincing emotional power re-

markable in one so young, while the spirit and vigor of her performances have the true ring of authority. She does not play like a girl of eighteen, but as a broadly educated artist of feeling and experience.

So successful did this first recital prove that it was followed by an invitation to Miss Terrel to play on June 24, 1897, before the National Music Teachers' Association, which met at the Grand Central Palace, New York. In an afternoon recital here Miss Terrel established herself before an audience convened from all parts of the country as a pianist of highly intelligent power and feeling and most polished attainment. Her recital was generally voted one of the most interesting and musically features of the convention.

Miss Terrel has at her memory's and fingers' ends an extensive and versatile repertory, covering the classical and modern schools effectively. She is at all times prepared to appear in a series of recitals, certain of the success which has always greeted her efforts. Thoroughly at home with the orchestra, Miss Terrel also includes in her repertory some of the most interesting works in the literature for piano and orchestra. The young artist is modest, both in spirit and bearing; but enters upon her task always with the serious confidence which is solely the outcome of faithful, consistent study applied to deep musical intelligence.

Personality is a powerful factor in the career of every artist. Miss Terrel happens to be the possessor of a personality of graceful interest and charm. She is refined, winning and singularly modest in manner, while the pervasive charm of girlishness and freshness seems destined to cling to her particular type for an indefinite time. It is a most gracious and sympathetic personality, with an entire absence of self-consciousness or pose. The vigor and dash which in due place can characterize Miss Terrel's playing are barely suggested in her gentle, girlish aspect and manner. Her case is a most happy combination of personal interest and remarkable talent.

Aside from her concert work, Miss Terrel also engages herself in teaching with excellent results. She now lives in Brooklyn, and takes time to devote herself there to quite an important class.

Miss Terrel is, however, only on the threshold of her career—a career which beyond doubt will prove one of sterling artistic achievement and prominence. She has worked bravely and conscientiously for her honors, and she has won them. She has now only to wear those honors in public in the many long years before her, giving solid artistic satisfaction to many an audience, and winning as she goes along further and still further success.

Marie Barna.

In the performance of Tannhäuser, given at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, Mlle. Barna added again to her successes as the following press notices show:

Mlle. Barna, as Venus, revealed to the full the notable beauty of her sweet soprano, and to a degree to admit of no question concerning her artistic status. Her pleading with Tannhäuser was deliciously and dramatically sung.—Philadelphia Record, December 12, 1897.

The performance of "Tannhäuser" last Saturday afternoon at the Academy of Music was unquestionably a popular success. It would be a pleasure to add that it was an artistic success, but that unfortunately was not altogether the case. Not that the failure to achieve a complete triumph can be laid at the door of Madame Galski, whose Elizabeth was as near perfection as it was possible to conceive. Nor was it the fault of Madame Barna, for her rendition of the difficult "Bacchanale" music was excellent in every respect. Certainly it was not due to Mr. Bispham's admirable rendering of Wolfgram's role, and none of the minor characters were otherwise than good.—Public Ledger, Philadelphia, December 13, 1897.

The Passing of Beethoven.

PATHETIC STORY OF THE LAST TIME HE EVER TOUCHED THE KEYS OF A PIANO.

A WRITER in *Temple Bar* relates the following regarding the last time Beethoven ever played:

"He had been deaf for twenty-five years, nearly half of his life, when, in 1827, a letter reached him at Baden from his nephew, the being dearest to him on earth. The young man wrote from Vienna, where he had got into a scrape, from which he looked to his uncle to extricate him. Beethoven set out at once, but his funds were so low that he was obliged to make the greater part of his journey on foot. He had gone most of the way, and was only a few leagues from the capital when his strength failed. He was forced to beg hospitality at a poor and mean-looking house one evening.

"The inhabitants received the exhausted, ill-tempered looking, dark, gruff-voiced stranger with the utmost cordiality, shared their meagre supper with him, and then gave him a comfortable seat near the fire. The meal was hardly cleared away before the head of the family opened an old piano, while the sons each brought forth some instrument, the woman meantime beginning to mend the linen. There was a general tuning-up, and then the music began. As it proceeded the players, the woman, all alike, were more and more deeply moved. Tears stole down the old man's cheek. His wife watched him with moist eyes and a pathetic, far-away smile on her lips. She dropped her needle-work, and her managing daughter forgot to find fault. She was listening, too. The sweet sounds left only one person in the room unmoved. The deaf guest looked on at this scene with yearning melancholy.

"When the concert was over he stretched out his hands for a sheet of the music they had used. 'I could not hear, friends,' he exclaimed in hoarse tones of apology, 'but I would like to know who wrote this piece which has so moved you all.' The piano player put before him the 'Allegretto' in Beethoven's symphony in A. Tears now stole down the visitor's cheeks. 'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'I wrote it; I am Beethoven! Come and let us finish the piece.' He went himself to the piano, and the evening passed in a true delirium of pleasure and pride for the dwellers in that humble musical home. When the concert music was over he improvised lovely songs and sacred hymns for the delighted family, who remained up far into the night listening to his playing.

"It was the last time he ever touched an instrument. When he took possession of the humble room and couch allotted to him he could not sleep or rest. His pulse beat with fever. He could not breathe. He stole out doors in search of refreshment, and returned to bed in the early morning chilled to the heart. He was too ill to continue his journey. His friends in Vienna were communicated with, and a physician summoned, but his end was at hand. Hummel stood disconsolate beside his dying bed. Beethoven was, or seemed to be, unconscious. Just before the end, however, he raised himself and caught the watcher's hand closely in both his own. 'After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent,' he murmured, and then he died."

Henrietta Beebe.

Mrs. Henrietta Beebe, the well-known soprano, has accepted an engagement as solo soprano in the choir conducted by S. P. Warren, at Munn Avenue Presbyterian Church, East Orange, N. J.

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ROME, December 10, 1897.

TERESINA TUA gave her first concert in the Sala Costanzi on Thursday, December 2, with the following program:

Sonata for violin and piano in E minor.....Mozart
Gavotte Varié for piano.....Rameau
Chaconne, for violin.....Bach
Aria and gigue for piano.....Scarlatti
Suite for violin and piano, op. 11.....Goldmark
Bajardi was the pianist.

The audience was a very select and musical one, and the charming artist was received with the usual applause. It is enough to say that she played as beautifully as ever. The trying Chaconne was finely executed and evoked a storm of applause, as did also the beautiful Goldmark suite, which was evidently the drawing card of the day.

Yesterday the second concert took place, with a program devoted entirely to living composers:

Sonata for piano and violin in E minor.....Bossi
Concert Etude for piano.....Sgambati
Romanza, op. 25.....Fielitz
Gondolina, op. 29, for violin and piano.....Sgambati
Romanza and toccata for piano.....Bajardi
Violin sonata.....Paderewski

The Bossi Sonata is a cleverly written work, and very interesting, and will form a welcome addition to the rather limited group of modern violin sonatas. The Romanza by Von Fielitz and Barcarolle by Sgambati were both very pleasing, especially the latter, with its dreamy "stimmung." Bajardi played Sgambati's brilliant Concert Etude in a finished manner, and came forward later with two creations of his own, of which the Toccata pleased me most.

This young pianist is aspiring to the title of composer, and is to play his newly written Concerto at one of the Santa Cecilia concerts this winter. He is a pupil of Sgambati. The Paderewski Sonata I like less the more I hear it. In it there is a meagreness of thematic material and a pretension which, coupled with its dry working out and extreme length, palls on one. I feel the same about all Paderewski's larger works.

There is a lack of real spontaneity in them and a poverty of really fresh and strong ideas (especially in this Sonata) which, despite the pretension of the piano parts—which seem to continually seek to impose themselves on you—render them little less than "langweilig." In fact, it all seems to be "much ado about nothing."

Tua played splendidly throughout the whole afternoon, and was well supported by Bajardi; though, at times, this pianist might have subordinated his part more than he did.

The next concert will be given on the 16th.

"Lohengrin" was given at the Costanzi the other night, with the following cast:

Lohengrin.....Francisco Vignas
Elsa.....Florence Monteith
Telramund.....Arturo Pessina
Ortrud.....Digli Abbati

Director, Arnaldo Conti.

I hear that Vignas has "changed his method" and gone through a new course of study since he sang in New York, and the result has evidently been a very beneficial one, for he made a fine Lohengrin, singing the part splendidly, and was called out repeatedly.

Miss Florence Monteith, who made her debut on

this evening, is an American, gifted with a fair presence, an unquestionably beautiful wardrobe, and a voice of pleasing quality, which, however, is more suited to the drawing-room than the opera stage. She was, nevertheless, well received, despite this weakness.

Signorina Abbati sang and acted the difficult part of Ortrud well, and Pessina acquitted himself very creditably as Telramund. The choruses might have gone through a few more rehearsals with benefit, though here in Italy it is really seldom that one has cause to complain of this branch of the performance.

The packed house on this opening night, and at all the subsequent performances, was one more proof of the popularity of Wagner's work in Italy. This opera has brought the autumn season at the Costanzi to a close, and it has been universally acknowledged to have been a very successful one.

I was invited to a very pleasant musicale at Miss Jessie Cochran's last week, to hear Sgambati's much talked of young pupil, Semiramide Colla, play. Miss Colla is a young lady of promise and executed several pieces by Bach, Saint-Saëns and others with considerable ease and intelligence, but I would certainly advise her to prolong her studies for at least another year before attempting to appear on a concert stage, as I hear she may do before long, in London.

The greatest pleasure of the evening was, to me, the singing of Madame Giorni, who is, by the way, an American by birth. The artistic reading of songs by Brahms and other modern German composers gave intense pleasure to the appreciative guests. Madame Giorni is one of our most charming artists, and it is always a renewed pleasure to hear her sing.

The programs for the Santa Cecilia have just appeared. Sarasate and César Thomson are down as the soloists at two of them—Charles Widor is coming from Paris to direct his Third Symphony for orchestra and organ, with Capocci as soloist at another. Widor will perform some of his own organ works at the same concert.

One evening is to be given up to a performance of Verdi's Requiem Mass, and another to the compositions of pupils of the Academy, among them being Bajardi's new piano concerto. Lastly Pinelli is to direct a large orchestral concert.

The Orchestral Society and the Philharmonic have not yet published any notices as to their concerts. They will probably have some novelties to offer.

There have been one or two changes in the list of operas at the Argentina Theatre this winter. Much discontent has been aroused by the striking off the bills of "Tannhäuser," Puccini's "La Bohème" being advertised to take its place. This makes the third consecutive season that Puccini's much praised and much criticised work has been given here.

In the way of novelties we are to have Luigi Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander," under the composer's direction. This work scored a decided success at the Madrid Opera last month, but it remains to be seen if the score contains anything of real value.

The list of singers is made up, with two or three exceptions, almost entirely of new and unknown names. Valentin Duc has been engaged for ten performances of "William Tell," which opera will be given on the opening night—i. e., December 26. Rossini's masterpiece will be followed by "La Bohème," which is already undergoing rehearsal. Gialdini will direct.

Much regret has been expressed at Ceppi and Vignas not being kept on, since they have made such a favorable impression here during the season at the Costanzi. Ceppi, however, goes to Bari, where Luporini's new opera, "La Collana di Pasqua," is to be produced shortly.

Siegfried Wagner has been spending some weeks in Rome, and has been occupied on his comic opera. He

returns to the North soon, but expects to be back in the early months of the new year.

The real centenary of Donizetti's birth was celebrated the other day at Bergamo, by a performance of some of the master's works at the City Theatre, and by a concert. I happened to be spending several days this summer at the lovely old city which was Donizetti's birthplace, and where he spent the last sad days of his varied life, and had occasion to visit the exposition in honor of the centenary of his birth.

The exhibition was a most interesting one—especially the array of letters and correspondence of Donizetti and his friends, which comprised most interesting originals in the handwriting of almost all the celebrities, musical and otherwise, who were contemporaries of the idolized Italian composer. The vast collection of manuscript scores was also of great interest, and gave one a very good idea of the almost fabulous productiveness of the man during some years of his life. Among them were scores of two or three operas that have never yet been performed.

Several rooms were given up to portraits of the artists who have sung in the master's works, and to the playbills announcing the performances of his operas, from the parts of the Old and New Worlds. A series of gala performances of "Lucia di Lammermoor" and of "Lucrezia" had been arranged, but on account of the execrable management the opening performance was a perfect fiasco, the money being returned to the indignant public at the doors.

These operatic failures were, however, fully compensated for by the two or three fine concerts that were given afterward, with the assistance of Piatti, the veteran 'cellist; Melba and Buonamici, the petted pianist of Florence.

Ricordi has just published the first volume of an extensive work on instrumentation for brass or military bands, by Vassella, the well-known conductor of the Banda Comunale of Rome. I know of no other work of such an exhaustive kind on the subject, and it will undoubtedly prove of great value to the many who are interested in this branch of orchestration.

The Banda Comunale of Rome, by the way, is considered by many competent critics to be the finest band in the country, and one of the finest in Europe, and not without good reason. I have seldom heard a finer set of players, even in Germany, where the bands are so much vaunted as being the finest in existence.

Speaking of brass bands—the success of the Banda Rossa in America has created much enthusiasm among the Italians on this side of the water, and many are anxious that on its return it should meet in a friendly contest with the Roman band.

Sgambati told me the other day that he was going to give a special concert this winter, at which he intended to play his own concerto, op. 15. This work, though little known, contains many beauties, and it will be a pleasurable event to musicians here to see Sgambati, who has confined himself to chamber music for so long a time, come forward again as a soloist. Bossi will probably come down from Venice to direct the orchestral accompaniment.

Mascagni's Japanese opera "Iris" is said to be slowly approaching completion, and will probably be given in one of the northern cities during the coming spring or autumn. The composer of "Cavalleria" and "Amico Fritz," who has been turning out operas by the yard since those two successes, is evidently spending more time and care on "Iris," which, it is to be hoped, will turn out to be a more interesting work than his last two or three emanations. One cannot forever rest on such laurels as Mascagni has won.

Giannetti's new opera, "Milena," was given at Naples with considerable success last month, and from what I

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have heard of it seems to be a work of some pretension. As yet I have not seen the score, however. I met Galighani, director of the Conservatory of Milan, the other night, and he showed me an interesting new work of his, a legend for solo, chorus and orchestra, which he hopes to have performed before very long, perhaps in Milan.

It is a pleasing sign nowadays to meet with so many Italian composers who are turning their efforts toward what is known as "serious" music here.

Eleanore Duse has added another to her endless list of triumphs by her recent appearances at Naples, where the excitable public went wild over her in "La Femme de Claude" and Süderman's "Heimath." Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Sogno d'una Notte di Primavera" was, however, coolly received as far as the work itself was concerned. The great actress will end her triumphal march here in January, and will then retire for a rest at her villa by the Lake of Albano.

Rome is eagerly awaiting her arrival, and it is already almost impossible to procure even a back seat for any of the performances. It is some years since Duse has acted in this capital, and it is safe to say that her reception here will be another repetition of the tremendous successes which she experienced in Paris, Vienna, Milan, &c. She opens her series of appearances at the Teatro Valle January 6, with "Heimath." The other works which she promises are "La Femme de Claude," "La Dame aux Camélias," d'Annunzio's "Sogno" and Goldoni's "La Locandiera."

Courtlandt Palmer is still here, and has been working up a concerto of Emanuel Moor's, which he told me he might play in Munich later on.

He has captivated all who have heard him by his charming playing, and everyone hopes that he will give the public an opportunity to hear him on the concert stage before many weeks go by.

Eleanore Meredith in Denver.

That delightful soprano and accomplished artist Mme. Eleanore Meredith never fails to arouse critical enthusiasm wherever she appears. Press and public in Denver recently have been loud in their judicious praise. Here are some notices:

The concert introduced to Denver Mme. Eleanore Meredith, of New York, an artist of wide reputation as an oratorio singer, who added another to her list of triumphs. Mme. Meredith has a voice of unusual brilliancy and power, under perfect control, and sings with a sweetness and clearness of enunciation very enjoyable. The airs "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" and "Come Unto Him" were beautifully sung, with great depth of feeling, and with fine phrasing and delicate shading, very artistic, while in the air "Rejoice Greatly" she was given the opportunity of showing the brilliancy and flexibility of her voice. Mme. Meredith has made many friends in this city who will be glad to hear her again.—Denver Post, December 22, 1897.

Mme. Meredith had been heralded here as one of the greatest of oratorio singers, and in no way disappointed her audience. Her voice is of beautiful quality, clear and resonant, and her perfect method was demonstrated by the ease with which she sang the elaborately ornamented arias. Her fine legato in "Come Unto Him" and her singing of "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" were noticeable features.—Denver Times, December 22, 1897.

Mme. Meredith is a handsome woman of thorough musical culture, and the possessor of a voice of great power, sweetness and expression.—Denver News, December 22, 1897.



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Haarlaem Philharmonic Concert.

THE first public concert of the Haarlaem Philharmonic Society, Henry Thomas Fleck, conductor, was given on Thursday evening, the 6th inst., at the Waldorf-Astoria. This concert was preceded on Wednesday afternoon by the public rehearsal, given at the Harlem Opera House, which has hitherto been the scene of all performances of the society. The transplantation of the evening concert to the Waldorf-Astoria is beyond doubt a popular move. The work of the Haarlaem Philharmonic, as it stands to-day under Mr. Fleck, is worth hearing, but while an uptown public will be found to come down for its entertainment to the heart of the town, a downtown public will rarely be found willing to wander for its diversion as far north as Harlem. Approval of the new and fashionable locale was shown in gala fashion by an audience filling the room.

Dvorák's symphony "From the New World," a new Scherzo by César Cui, and the third movement from Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony formed the orchestral program. William H. Rieger, tenor, was the soloist.

The Haarlaem Philharmonic has chastened and meliowed in its work year after year, under Mr. Fleck, until its originally strong but crude material has been resolved into well-controlled, justly balanced force. A certain roughness and stridency in old time performances have disappeared, the orchestra now playing with refinement in tonal gradation, a nice feeling for color and a highly intelligent distribution of emphasis. Climaxes are built with judicious care, rhythms of piquant difficulty well handled and the attack is sure and firm. Occasionally in this program a climax might have reached greater sonority with due effect, but errors on the side of moderation rather than excess are forever pardonable. Mr. Fleck conducted with dramatic spirit, intelligence and discreet authority, looked at the right instant for his principal effects and got them. He has his band under excellent control and brings it before the public in a properly rehearsed condition.

The Largo of the Dvorák symphony had its somewhat chill beauty chastely set forth. The Molto Vivace movement of the same work was notable in the matter of effective accent. But after all, separate this work from its association and its interest pales, in the average view, before the full-blooded, modern material of Tchaikowsky; to say nothing of the bizarre and captivating inspiration of César Cui. This Cui Scherzo was introduced to the New York public by Mr. Fleck, and proved a most welcome novelty. It sparkles with vivacity and grace, and has a ring of delightful spontaneity. The instrumentation, which is the last syllable of modernism, is delicately piquant and brilliant. It was played by the band with tact and finesse, and its fancifully interwoven rhythms were effectively marked. A most interesting number this scherzo proved, given as it was with crispness, fineness in detail and a decided polish and verve.

Tchaikowsky's splendid barbaric march movement was given with spirit and commendable virtuosity; but here the band shirked the topmost height of climax. There was not volume sufficient to complete effect. The ranks are well balanced, yet did not seem able to compass a certain density in volume. The spirit, however, seemed there.

Mr. Rieger, who was to have sung the Prize Song from the "Meistersinger," with orchestra, was forced to sub-

stitute an Italian aria to piano accompaniment, owing to a serious cold. The aria was followed by Brahms' "Feldensamkeit," Schumann's "Thy Lovely Face," and Lassen's "Frühling." Despite the cold the tenor sang exquisitely, only showing a slight huskiness once or twice. Brahms' noble lyric was delivered with telling emotional power and the Schumann song with tenderest poetic feeling.

The admirable ease with which William H. Rieger sings is most restful and satisfying. He has his voice under perfect control, no length of phrase taxing his breathing powers in the slightest. The longest sentence of pathos is sung by him with as pure and smooth a legato and as fine a shading in color as though breath called for no effort at management whatever. Those who enjoyed Mr. Rieger's delightful, sympathetic work at this concert will look to hear him again when he can do himself full justice. He received a cordial greeting and plenty of applause.

The audience, however, on the whole was rather tepid and careless.

Saint-Saens on Modern Music.

"A GREAT fact dominates the modern musical world. That is, the emancipation of instrumental music. Previously a vassal of vocal music, it suddenly sprang up, revealed a new world, and ranged itself as a rival of its old mistress. Since this revolution, whose hero was Beethoven, the two powers have been ceaselessly at war, although each has its own domain, one that of opera and oratorio, the other that of the symphony concert and chamber music."

"There have been hard struggles. Troops from this or that charged furiously, the combatants became mingled gradually with each other, so that now the confusion is general. Even now some belated stragglers strike their blows, but the public seems to be no longer interested in them; it runs from operetta to symphony, from Wagner drama to old opera, from German Kappellmeister to Italian singers.

"The theatre, treacherously attacked in its own domain by the concert, avenges itself. It makes use of the stalking horse of symphony to force its way into concert and expel symphony proper and oratorio. There are, so to speak, neither concert nor theatre any longer, but a hybrid genre, a compromise situation that leaves nothing in its true place.

"This is not the progress that fifty years ago, when the musical world became excited, one might have hoped for. It is a crisis, a chaos, out of which probably in the future a new order will arise."

"The West makes merry over the immobility of the East. The East could pay it back and make itself merry over the instability of the West and its incapacity to keep, for any time, a form or a style, and over its mania to seek at any price, without aim or reason, something new. At the end of the last century opera had found a charming form which could adapt itself to everything, and which it would have been well to retain as long as possible.

"That is the opera that Mozart made illustrious."

"Mozart, as far as was possible, strove to adapt himself to the situations, even in arias, duets and other pieces, and



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to avoid the monotony of regular breaths. Now, as we all know, the whole world desires that whole acts shall be cast in bronze, without airs, with recitative, without 'pieces' of any kind.

"The musical world is full of young musicians who are struggling to lift the club. It would have been better to leave it to him who first, with a strength known only to himself, did lift it. But to-day men determine to be as strong or stronger than Hercules himself, and mask their own feebleness by extravagance presented to the public under the label of 'Modernism' or 'Conviction.'

"The public, which instinctively admires Hercules (without understanding him), as it feels itself confronted by an irresistible power, seems to become cooler and cooler toward his imitators and successors and to have no real taste for their comic club swinging."

More Rubinstein Aphorisms.

WHAT is the most flattering compliment that a lady can address to an artist? Is it "Your playing made me ill" or "Your playing quite cured me?" We often have such compliments shot at us, and the ladies who make them are equally grateful for our having made them ill, or for curing them. Very flattering to the artist!

It is surprising to see how many details of execution escape the public. Is it indifference, or mere stupidity on its part? It is, rather, contempt for the artist. Is it worth while troubling one's self about nobodies? It will be so as long as art is considered a pastime, a distraction, and not as a sacred manifestation of life.

A man feels a vocation. It seizes his whole life. His ideas converge to that one unique end, to create something in some opera; something grand and beautiful. He sacrifices everything for it, and lo! one fine day he finds that he is mistaken, that he had better have entered another career. How can God permit a man thus to adopt a false road? It is enough to make one an atheist.

But the most terrible thing, the most tragic, is that there are always people found who will say to the founded artist: "Yes, your playing pleased me very much."

It is rare that remarkable persons gain by being seen too near.

Concert by Franz Rummel.

DESSAU, December 3, 1907.

THE hall of the Fridericianum was not quite so well filled last night as at last year's Rummel concert; nevertheless a numerous gathering of the admirers of the great artist came to listen once more to his playing before he, following the "procession toward the West," starts on his American tour. And Herr Rummel, by yesterday's performance, makes his farewell still harder for us. Little new can be said about his ripe and intelligent artistic ability. He unites the most perfect technic with a depth of perception which stamps him a thorough artist. His finely educated musical taste enables him to interpret the thoughts of the composer in a congenial manner and to reproduce them adequately; and having reached this eminence in interpretation he may well feel called upon to clothe with new life the greatest and deepest musical creations. It is given to him to present the spirit of the composer so directly to our souls that we entirely forget the intermediation of the pianist.

In this sense Herr Rummel's may be called a special art, since it never shines expressly for itself, but only to make contact between the soul of the composer and that of the hearer. This is the highest praise one can give to

a pianist; and Franz Rummel showed himself well worthy of it, especially in the first and second parts of the program, which opened grandly with Händel's "Air et Variations," and continued in the same classical style with the Beethoven Sonata, op. 101, until the first intermission. This opus—the first of the last five piano sonatas—is no child's play; nevertheless transparently clear rendition of its fine figurative working out makes it thoroughly enjoyable. Always interesting is the Variations on a Schumann Theme, by Brahms, the peculiar harmonics of which charm one; the thematic development in the second half is somewhat broad. Herr Rummel plays Chopin delightfully, whose Sonata, op. 58, was on the program.

The ability to interpret correctly the characteristics of the various composers is one of Herr Rummel's particularly strong points; and the third part gave a striking opportunity for showing this. Two pieces by Mendelssohn were followed by two by Rubinstein, a waltz by Strauss-Tausig, then a Nocturne by Brassin (who was at one time a teacher of our artist), and the closing piece was Liszt's Rhapsodie, played with unequalled bravura. After every piece—after every line, indeed—the audience broke into applause, and a large number of wreaths were passed to the artist. At the end of the performance Herr Rummel conversed with the highest nobility present.—Anhaltischer Staats Anzeiger.

A Notable Concert.

THE genius of Xaver Scharwenka has never been more completely manifested in New York than at the last Chickering Hall orchestral concert on Tuesday January 4. He has always been recognized as a superior artist, his compositions have won him fame throughout the musical world, and his own conducting of his opera, "Mataswintha," last year proved that in addition to creative and interpretative power he also possessed to a rare degree the qualities necessary for leadership. But hitherto he has not displayed to quite so marked an extent his power in tone production. Never were more exquisitely pure, clear, resonant musical tones awakened from any piano than those awakened by Scharwenka from the Chickering piano at this concert. It was a fine instrument without doubt, but the finest of instruments will not give out its highest musical possibilities save under right conditions. This seems a commonplace statement; but the ignoring of so plain a truth has often led to useless discussions about the tone of this or that piano.

As soon as Scharwenka had fairly begun the first movement of his own B flat minor concerto his mastery of tonal resources was evident, and grew more and more evident as he passed from the allegro patetico, with its noble haunting theme, through the tenderness of the adagio and through the sunshine of the scherzo to the final technical brilliancy of the allegro appassionato. With each movement the audience became more and more interested, breaking into spontaneous applause at each pause, and demanding and redemanding the composer's appearance at the close. No finer interpretation of any concerto has been heard this season. It was a lesson in musical art. It was rather a surprising lesson, too; even to those who have followed with observant eyes (perhaps it would be more correct to say attentive ears) Scharwenka's artistic development.

"Healthy natures usually pursue a regular and natural course of development," says Ehlert. Scharwenka is an example. He has never retrograded. He has steadily pursued his way to his present masterful position. He has now reached the full maturity of his powers without sacrificing his individuality and without lowering himself to trickery. His present wonderful purity of tone is the result of a fine sense of justice as to the proper treatment of a piano. It was almost a revelation to listen to the antique

Liszt "Ricordanza," not a remarkable composition in itself in its fresher days; but imbued by the pianist with such poetic feeling and presented with such tone-shading as to leave the audience after the final rippling tones had died away under a momentary spell of dreamy silence. What a rare compliment this is, it is needless to say. And after a Liszt composition, too! But the silence only lasted a few seconds; and then applause and again and again applause, until Scharwenka, who does not as a rule approve of encores, was obliged to yield to the wishes of his energetic listeners.

The program which Mr. Seidl had arranged presented one unique feature, in that the third number was composed of four selections for stringed orchestra:

Air Bach
Minuet from Don Juan Mozart
Nocturne from L'Arlesienne Bizet
Slow Waltz from Serenade Volkmann

The last and least familiar, a charming example of Volkmann's most unaffected style, was delightfully played.

The opening orchestral accompaniment was Dvorák's "In der Natur" overture, and the closing number, five selections from "Die Meistersinger."

A Blow for Tuneless Music.

THE Philistine who abhors purple shadows in painting and pink teas in society has a fine chance to work his objection specialty in the field of modern music, where melody is a notable absentee. One of these bold but bright persons, in Dayton, Ohio, where innovations, politicians and cash registers come from, has dared to raise a protest against the tuneless drift of music in his neighborhood, and now has all the long-haired men and fad-chasing women, who are cranks on thematic music, denouncing him as a musical unregenerate.

This individual claimed that he had been a member of a musical club "by marriage," for fifteen years, had patiently plodded in an atmosphere of musical culture, and now thought it was time to speak. Thereupon, boldly flying the black flag of fate, he opened his lecture as follows:

"The love of music has been implanted in the human heart in every land, in every age, and in every clime. It is the most universally bestowed of all the attributes of man. Those of us who were at the World's Fair, that great gathering of the nations of the earth, fully realized this as we came in contact with the people of all nations and listened to their varied music, from the orchestra of the six South Sea Islanders, pounding on a hollow log, up to the orchestra of 120 Dutchmen scraping fiddles and blowing horns under the direction of Theodore Thomas. I can't say that I was much struck with the music of either of these orchestral musical extremes. One seemed to be the very protoplasm of music, while the other represented a musical culture so ripe that it had rotted.

"Our ultra musical friends tell us that we require to be educated in order to properly appreciate and understand a performance of 'Vognerian' music under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Might not the same thing be said in regard to an 'opus' performed by that orchestra of South Sea Islanders? Man in his natural state cannot appreciate and understand either of these extremes, although it takes no preliminary training to appreciate such heart songs as 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Suwanee River,' and 'My Old Kentucky Home.'

"Is not the true music to be found between these extremes? Is not this latter-day musical culture a fad that is taking us away from real music, from that real music that stirs up all our finer and nobler feelings, leads us in our meditations toward our God, arouses all our patriotic emotions, awakens our sympathy and love, makes life more beautiful, cheers us in our despondency, and comforts us in our sorrows? The present high class music



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fails in every one of these particulars, and is simply nothing more nor less than musical athletics or gymnastics, very difficult to perform, but in no degree pleasurable or edifying.

"It is said of Dr. Johnson (or some other musical barbarian) that he once attended a musicale, when, after a particularly fine piece of musical gymnastics had been performed, the lady whom he had accompanied to the performance said to him: 'Dr. Johnson, that was an exceedingly difficult piece.' Said he: 'Madam, did you say difficult? I wish it was impossible.'"

Now the question is what adequate punishment can be meted out to this awful man, who impudently demands stirring tunes and soulful melodies. If the musical faddists have any influence in the Ohio Legislature they will get some leit motif in legal form that will condemn him to fifteen years or more hard service at piano recitals, or vocal exhibitions where Brahms and similar composers are exploited.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Again the Vocal Art.

IN a recent letter to THE COURIER, Max Decsi, of Kansas City, states: "Mr. Meyer is perfectly right in his statement that there is nowadays less difference of opinion among the better teachers in regard to fundamental principles than ever before. I go still further, that among the better teachers could never exist any difference of opinion in regard to fundamental principles. Our modern so-called scientists, with their misleading theory, could never cause them to part from the fundamental principles which the old masters have outlined. If I want my throat treated I will go to the throat specialist, but when I want to improve my voice I will go to the practical vocal teacher."

I suppose Mr. Decsi, in his choice of a physician to treat his throat, would require of that physician that he should understand the fundamental principles underlying the practice of medicine. This means that the physician must know the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the human body, and he must also have a thorough knowledge of Materia Medica and therapeutics, because these branches represent the fundamental principles underlying the successful treatment of disease. More than this, the throat specialist must have special knowledge of the condition and action of the throat, both in health and disease.

Mr. Decsi would be perfectly justified in demanding that the physician should have this knowledge before being allowed to practice his profession. The successful physician, then, must know the nature of the human body and be able to tell whether or no every organ is properly performing its functions. He must also know exactly what will happen if any particular organ is out of order and the most efficacious means of restoring its proper function. The fundamental principles, then, underlying the study and practice of medicine are essentially the laws of nature, in so far as they affect and control the different processes going on in the human body. These natural laws can only be appreciated and studied through the medium of our five senses, and that is the reason why good common sense is an essential part of the make-up of a successful physician.

If Mr. Decsi is justified in demanding that the physician should be familiar with the natural laws which govern the action of the human organization, why should not we be justified in requiring that the voice teacher should understand the natural laws (fundamental principles) underlying the science of voice production. Now what are these

fundamental principles upon which all the best teachers agree? Mr. Decsi does not tell us. Mr. Meyer does not tell us. The old masters have left no records as to what they are. None of our modern writers on the voice tell us what they are. If we wish to ascertain the natural (nature's) laws (fundamental principles) underlying the science of voice production must we not first know something of the nature of the voice?

The first step toward determining the nature of anything is definition. Will then Mr. Decsi, Mr. Meyer or any teacher, who considers that he belongs to the class which Mr. Decsi designates as "the better teachers," tell us what the voice is? As the vocal apparatus under certain conditions is capable of producing a musical tone can we not with reason term it a musical instrument? I said that Mr. Decsi would be justified in requiring that the physician must know the structure (anatomy) of the human body which he may be called upon to treat. Why then are we not justified in requiring that Mr. Decsi or anyone else who treats the singing voice should know the structure of the instrument which he is called upon to treat? As this instrument is made up entirely of animal tissues must not the competent teacher know something of vocal anatomy and physiology?

As all physical science can be summed up as a knowledge of nature's laws, and as the science of voice production is a physical one, must not the competent teacher not only know the nature of the vocal instrument, but must he not also have a knowledge of the natural laws (fundamental principles) which govern its action? It is absolutely essential then to know the kind of an instrument we have to deal with before we can determine what natural laws (fundamental principles) govern its action.

Will Mr. Decsi tell us what kind of a musical instrument the vocal apparatus is, and give briefly the reasons for the faith which is in him?

Someone has very aptly compared the voice to a triangle, i. e., it can be looked at from three standpoints, and everything which can be said about the voice can be put under one of these three heads. These three divisions are first, intensity or carrying power; second, pitch; third, quality. Does not Mr. Decsi wish to have his pupils' voices carry well? If so should he not know what peculiar property of the voice it is which gives it carrying power, and upon what this carrying power depends? There is an absolutely fixed law (fundamental principle) which governs the carrying power and intensity of the voice. Will Mr. Decsi tell us what it is? The fulfillment of this law (fundamental principle) depends upon two things. I will tell Mr. Decsi what one is and ask him to tell the other. One is resonance or reinforcement. Will Mr. Decsi explain to us how resonance affects the carrying power of the tone? Will he also tell us what resonance is and what means we have of obtaining it in the singing voice? What are the natural laws (fundamental principles) upon which resonance depend? This matter of resonance is the most important one in the science of voice production, as it is the chief factor in the make-up of two sides of our triangle, viz.: carrying power and quality. Moreover the same conditions in the throat which give the fullest use of resonance also give perfect ease in producing any pitch desired. We then can readily understand how important it is that the teacher should have a thorough understanding of resonance and the laws (fundamental principles) which govern its action.

If, then, Mr. Decsi understands the fundamental principles of voice production he must have a thorough

knowledge of resonance. There are only two ways of producing resonance, viz.: by means of sounding boards and resonance cavities. In order, then, to be familiar with resonance we must be familiar with the action of sounding boards and resonance cavities.

Will Mr. Decsi tell us something about the laws (fundamental principles) which govern the action of sounding boards and resonance cavities? Is there anything in our vocal instrument which can act as a sounding board? To answer this one must know what are the essential features of a sounding board. Will Mr. Decsi tell us what they are?

In order to determine what cavities we have in our vocal instrument which can reinforce tone we must first know the essential feature of a resonance cavity. Will Mr. Decsi tell us what this is and then tell us what cavities are available for the reinforcement of the tone set up by the vocal chords? I suppose Mr. Decsi desires that his pupils should be able to produce any required pitch without effort or strain of the vocal instrument. In order to go about this intelligently he must know the laws (fundamental principles) which govern the pitch of the tone produced by the vocal instrument. What part of the vocal instrument is it which determines the pitch and what are the factors which regulate it? The third side of our triangle is quality. I suppose Mr. Decsi wishes his pupils to produce tones of good quality. Will Mr. Decsi tell us just what he means by quality. Also explain the difference between good and bad quality? Any definition of quality involves a knowledge of the partial tones (fundamental and overtones) of the voice.

Will Mr. Decsi tell us what the partial tones of the voice are and how they are produced? Will he tell us something of the laws (fundamental principles) which govern the production of the partial tones of the voice and what influence the use of the resonance cavities has upon these partial tones? As voice production is a muscular action and as the development and preservation of the voice depends upon the development and preservation of certain muscles will Mr. Decsi tell us some of the laws (fundamental principles) upon which muscular development depends? Destruction of the voice means destruction of muscular tissue. Overwork or strain is the cause of destruction of the vocal muscles. Will Mr. Decsi tell us briefly how to avoid straining the vocal muscles. Will Mr. Decsi please explain how resonance can relieve the strain on the vocal muscles and how resonance can economize the breath?

All of these questions have a direct bearing on the laws (fundamental principles) governing the science of voice production. If Mr. Decsi is familiar with these fundamental principles then he will have no difficulty in answering them. Every question has a direct bearing on the nature (structure and function) of the vocal instrument. Structure and function are synonymous with anatomy and physiology. A knowledge of pathology and therapeutics must be based upon a knowledge of anatomy and physiology; so that if any teacher cannot answer the questions on the anatomy (structure) and physiology (function) of the vocal instrument you may be sure that his treatment (therapeutics) of the singing voice will be faulty.

Any teacher, then, who cannot give intelligible answers to the preceding questions is no more capable of teaching the singing voice than the physician who does not understand the structure (anatomy) and function (physiology) of the different organs of the body is capable of success-

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fully treating the ills which the human body is heir to. Every student in singing should require that his teacher should make these points clear to him before intrusting his voice to his treatment. If Mr. Decsi understands these fundamental principles he talks so glibly about let him come forward and answer these questions. If he does not there is only one conclusion to be drawn.

If Mr. Decsi is too busy imparting these fundamental principles to the Pattis and de Részkes of Kansas to answer all these questions we will be satisfied if he gives us a thorough explanation of that most important question "Resonance."

FLOYD S. MUCKEY, M. D.

Chopin, Opus 37.

By JULIA NEELY FINCH.

AND now—to forget her! He moved restlessly about the room, fingering the ornaments, that arranged in a stiff row on the mantel, showed so plainly the lack of a woman's tasteful hand; standing for a moment at the window staring absently at the rain that made its melancholy "drip! drip!" heard even through the chaos of his thought: or—sitting with bent and brooding brow—his eyes turned inward, full of gloomy horror at the devastation of all his builded plans of a long and happy life.

Now and again, a woman, with a long, pale face, surmounted by narrow bands of black and shining hair, came to the door, unseen by him, and regarded him with cold and closely scrutinizing eyes. Eyes, heavy-lidded like a serpent's, and of a pale and opaque blue. Her features were good enough, and bore, indeed, a close resemblance to his own; all save the mouth, with its long upper lip and its cruel curves and deep, unnatural red. Noiselessly she would steal to the open door; eagerly would the pale eyes scan his face, and about the thin lips a venomous smile would curve like the curling lash of a cruel whip.

Regardless of possible scrutiny, up and down the long room went the dragging footfall; up and down, as though striving to leave behind the heavy burden of sorrowful thought; pausing here and there, as some memory lifted itself from out the familiar scene, saying with mute, still lips, and soundless voice: "Do not forget that I am here, though she has gone." I am the rose that yesterday kissed the white curve of her chin.

"I, the ribbon that looped about her lissome waist." "And I—I am the lace that all day long rose and fell with the breath of her balmy sighing!"

A groan, deep and full of a strong man's agony stirred the silence that spoke to him with such subtly sweet voices.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!"

And again:

"Ah, me! Ah, me!"

The room was long and narrow; its walls palely tinted with rose and banded with slender silver lines above and below; and from the one above, long, slender silver chains depended, sustaining in their places beautiful and exquisitely harmonious engravings.

The furnishing was in perfect taste and evinced most lavish expenditure; and everywhere were soft fluffs and bits of rose-hued silken hangings and priceless lace. Under foot was a carpet fit for the tread of a princess, and mirrors from floor to ceiling, in narrow bands of silver fretwork, reflected the lonely figure pacing hither and thither striving to forget.

Going to an alcove, at length, he drew aside the long, depending folds of rosy silk, disclosing an open piano, whose framework was picked out with spiral lines and delicate moldings of silver. It was open, and on the rack stood sheets of music, as though the player had but

just left the tall-backed and exquisitely carved chair, piled with rose colored cushions which stood near, and yet a little apart, as though pushed back by some one rising from it recently.

A look of acute agony gradually grew upon the man's dark face, and throwing himself in the chair before the piano, he bent his head until it touched and rested on the framework that upheld the music above the silent keys.

As he did so a closely written slip of paper was dislodged from some hidden place, and fell, touching his lips as it fluttered downward to lie upon the keys. A fragrance as of roses freshly plucked; a fragrance he knew almost better than he knew his own identity, smote him full upon his agitated sense.

A fragrance which brought before his tortured thought, satin-smooth flesh, fine grained and pinkish white, like the soft flesh of a little child.

He saw the white and slender nape, with its curling rings of soft, dark hair, making their small warm shadows on its fair whiteness: he saw the white chin, deeply cleft, and bearing up the luscious warmth of the ripe under lip, meeting and melting into the short upper with its alluring glimpse of small, white teeth; as though a pomegranate had burst asunder and showed its white and rosy seeds.

He saw—Oh, God! what did he not see wafted on the wave of that fragrance he knew so well, white limbs and whiter bosom! Long, clasping arms, fair and white as milk.

Deep, tender eyes beneath fine and slender brows, uplifted to hold his own with more than mortal spell!

"Melaine! Melaine," he murmured—

"Thou art not—thou art not forgot!"

Tears rushed to his eyes in an exquisite excess of emotion, and as he dried them and stretched them wide, as though to prove no tears had from them fallen, he saw the slip of paper lying on the keys.

There was a rush of blinding blood that swept up from heart to brain, and for a moment he thought himself dying, and rejoiced to think it so. Then his vision cleared and his heart was seized with a strange and tender languor. The spirit of peace seemed to brood on his troubled thought, as a dove upon its love-filled nest.

Wondering at his calmness, he leaned near the open casement and read:

"DEAR—I know that there is a deep-laid and cruel plot being ripened (even now), here beneath this roof which covers my defenseless head; and that it will, in some way in some dreadful blackness of cruel wrong-doing, whose depth I am too ignorant to even conceive thrust me from my place within your arms, upon your breast.

"I have more than once striven to say something of this deep horror which broods over me to you. But you would not listen; you laughed at me for a silly, imaginative child! And even my timid attempt at telling you of this scheme of foul, unnatural wrong-doing, will, I doubt not, be used against me. Perhaps they will torture my words into an effort at confession from me of some wrong done by me to you.

"God knows! God knows!

"I know not now what they will prove to you with their wicked tongues and clever deceptions; I only know that from that hour when you brought me here, a timid child, but most loving wife, your mother has hounded me with most deadly hatred; striving to find in me or in my lonely past some flaw which would steal from me your heart, and thrust me out into the world alone.

"I have resolved to write all this down, and when that dreadful day comes, when I am indeed alone, bereft of all that I hold dear, I shall hide it so that it may be likely to fall into your hands, even though they be unwilling to receive a written word from me, and plead for one who cannot plead for herself.

"There is but thing in the world for me, and that is my

love—my deep, unchanging and unchangeable love for you.

"There is no page in all my life whose every word you might not read. There is no future for me, unless it hold you too.

"I have but few words in which to tell my love. Ease of speech has never been mine. But look in my eyes and see. Lean on my breast and feel. Touch my lips with yours—and know I love you dear: I love you!

"I shall die away from you, as a plant away from sunlight and robbed of moisture, dies.

"Should this fall into your hands after the harm I dread has been done to me I beseech you, as you believe in the chastity of the dear and blessed Mother of Christ, believe in me and my eternal love for you.

"I love thee! Ah, I love thee! Thine forever,

"MELAINE."

As he raised his eyes, terrible with their look of constrained and concentrated fury, they fell on the opening notes of that most divinely tender and pathetic Nocturne, opus 37—and over him swept a flooding tide of heavenly memories.

He heard its tones, so pathetic in their reiteration, so divinely tender in their self-abnegating sadness; the monotonous sweetness and insistence of that upper note in the left hand smote upon his heart, and seemed almost to rend it in twain; he saw her little dark head, bent to one side as a flower upon its flexible staff; he met the gaze of her soft eyes, so full of love and gentle surrender of herself to him; he saw the slender hand, with its long, lithe fingers caress the soft-relying keys; the sighing sweetness of her voice seemed upon the air, and leaping to his feet he strode from the room, and meeting the tall form, with its surmounting head of sleekly banded hair, he grasped her shoulder and summoning all his outraged soul into his eyes, he cried:

"I know all! All has been revealed to me! Though thou wert my mother a thousand times, still art thou a serpent whose hissing tongue has robbed me of my Eden! "I go to seek my gentle love. On my knees will I entreat of her forgiveness for that I listened to thy hissing speech!

"Out of my house! Out of my life! Now! this moment! or I can no longer refrain from crime!"

And, thrusting her from him, he sped away, but not too swiftly not to hear the mocking laughter cast after him, and the words:

"Women die of such wounds as hers!"

A Feciter Pupil.

Mrs. Madeleine Friedheim, the beautiful wife of Arthur Friedheim, the pianist, gave a recital in Steinway Hall, in London, on November 30.

The London Times of December 1 said:

Mme. M. Friedheim, who gave her first concert at Steinway Hall last night, owns a soprano voice of pleasant quality and flexible. She sang Agatha's great aria from "Freischütz" rather nervously, but gave the "Erking" and Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht" with admirable feeling and taste. Wagner's fine song "Im Treibhaus" is hardly suited to her light voice, yet was fairly well sung by Madame Friedheim. A final group of songs included "S'il est un charmant gazon" and "Die Drei Zigeuner," by Liszt. For introducing these neglected songs Madame Friedheim earned a special word of praise. Mr. Friedheim accompanied the songs with fine taste.

The Morning Post, December 2, writes:

Madame Friedheim, who gave a concert at the Steinway Hall at night, ought to have attracted a larger audience, for she is a vocalist of much ability. She has a sympathetic voice and sings with feeling. Moreover, the songs she interpreted were particularly well chosen and included Wagner's "Im Treibhaus," Schubert's "Erl King" and Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht."

Madame Friedheim is a pupil of Ferdinand Feciter, the well-known exponent in New York of the vocal method of Prof. Julius Hey.



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The Rubinstein Club.

ONE of the largest and most festively-appointed audiences of the season assembled on Wednesday evening, the 5th inst., at the Waldorf-Astoria, to enjoy the concert of William R. Chapman's famous Rubinstein Club. To speak of this choice body of lady singers as "famous" is now no decorative characterization as the critical music-world well knows. Composed as it is of superior critically-selected material, rigorously rehearsed and trained to a point of delicate tonal perception and admirably intelligent interpretation by Mr. Chapman, the Rubinstein Club has established for itself a unique place in choral music. Just so famous a place that the idea of any present substitution would be a practical impossibility. The work of the club at this first concert of the season reached its accustomed high standard and was made particularly grateful to the popular majority by a program of not too weighty a calibre.

Heinrich Zöllner's effectively harmonized "Ode to Music," with solos by Madame Methot, soprano, and Mrs. Bridges, contralto, was the strongest bit of work of the evening. It gave ample opportunity for tonal contrasts and smoothly developed nuance by which the chorus profited well. The Ode was delivered with telling and thoroughly musical results, adding a fresh hour of much worth to the club's long list. Of the soloists Madame Methot, with a really pretty, brilliant soprano, does not manage to let it out properly, and is equally saving of her consonants. It is a pity as the voice is good. Free emission and the study of diction would here make a singer of some charm. Mrs. Bridges sang very well.

There was that most un-Schumann-like chorus of Robert Schumann, "In May," sung with buoyant swing; a chorus of Hugo Jüngst, sung most exquisitely, a'Capella, and a chorus, "Voices of the Wood," set to Rubinstein's favorite melody in F. This latter was taken at a tempo startlingly rapid according to piano players, but the melody was charmingly sung, nevertheless. There was delightful crispness and elasticity in the little chorus "You Stole My Love," of Macfarren, and an elfin lightness of touch. Mr. Chapman handled his chorus as a single instrument and it responded well throughout the evening. The attack was invariably just, rhythms definite and the color-sense artistically observed. The vocal quality of the club is pure and very beautiful. A few more first sopranos would do no harm, but the contralto section needs no addition.

The soloists were Evan Williams, tenor, and Hans Kronold, 'cello. Mr. Williams sang "Lend Me Your Aid," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," with obviously dramatic purpose, but singularly ineffective result. Is it the Astoria? The voice sounded compressed and unvibrant, and this tenor elsewhere has accustomed us to a spontaneous resonant flow. The singer's meaning, however, reached the audience, which obliged him to return, when he gave the pretty lullaby "Sleep, My Love," with much tenderness and charm.

Mr. Kronold played an andante religioso of Thomé with lovely mellowness and color, and with a cantilena of great smoothness and beauty. His versatility in short pieces is remarkable. Gillet's popular little minuetto, following the religioso, went with piquant vivacity and grace. The fantasia, by Servais, on airs from "La Fille du Regiment," was an unhappy choice. Destined to exhaust the virtuoso resources of the 'cello, it has small beauty and little interest for the musical. With orchestra the thing might have been better—tonal variety could help matters, but accompanied by piano it was simply an elaborate, technical exhibition. Mr. Kronold, in his shorter numbers, however, was able to prove himself master of a tone of absolute purity and beauty, and the sincerity of his feeling was, as usual, effectively emphasized by the rapt expression of countenance which with him is simply an index to the truth. Emile Levy accompanied.

A "Messiah" Performance.

THE People's Choral Union will sing "The Messiah" on the night of January 15 at the Metropolitan Opera House. The soloists will be Madame Juch, Mrs. Jacoby, Evan Williams and Charles Clark.

With this Choral Union, which is a body of about a thousand singers who rehearse at Cooper Union, Frank Damrosch has brought a new element into concert-giving in this city. The character of its membership lends interest to its efforts, and the quality to be expected of it is principally unknown. However, the society is not without experience in "The Messiah," as it gave a successful concert with it at Carnegie Hall last May, and this paper, with others, was quick to perceive and acknowledge certain qualities of unusual merit which were shown in that production of the well-worn oratorio. For the 15th a thousand singers are announced for the chorus and other preparations.

From Our Exchanges.

THREE favorite Oakland (Cal.) musical people gave an interesting program before the Ebell Society recently: Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter, soprano; Miss Georgia Cope, contralto, and Lewellyn Hughes, violinist; the program being under the direction of Mrs. E. H. Benjamin.

The mid-term concert of the Mills Conservatory of Music took place under the direction of Louis Lisser. The program introduced vocal pupils of H. B. Passmore, piano pupils of Mr. Lisser and the choral class of the college. P. C. Allen, instructor in violin and theory, was heard in two violin obligatos.

A concert was given before the Adelphian Club of Alameda (Cal.) recently, when the piano and vocal pupils of Miss Elizabeth Westgate and E. D. Crandell presented the program. Miss Mary Chester Williams, Miss Josephine Patterson and Dr. J. G. Humphreys assisting. Miss Ella Graves was the accompanist.

William J. Sheehan is director of the Buffalo Permanent Opera Company. He is also a vocal instructor.

The trio for violin, 'cello and piano was played by Adolph Locher, Henry Heyman and L. Langstroth recently at one of the concerts given at the Hopkins Institute of Art in San Francisco.

Particular mention was made of the excellent music furnished by the choirs of San Francisco churches, under the direction of W. J. Warburton, organist, and David W. Loring, at St. Paul's; William H. Holt, Grace Episcopal Church; Miss Esther M. Phillips, St. John the Evangelist; Henry Kirk White, Jr., Church of the Advent; J. J. Morris, Central M. E. Church, and Robert D. Burness, Calvary Presbyterian.

Miss Genevieve Weaver, of Braddock, Pa., sang at the recital of Nevin's songs in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburg, recently.

Miss Constance Jordan is doing excellent work in connection with her duties as piano instructor in the Hamlin School of San Francisco, by giving illustrated talks upon the modern orchestra and analysis of the principal compositions played by the Symphony Orchestra at its concerts.

R. Powell Evans gave an excellent concert in Mauzy Hall, San Francisco, recently, when he was heard to advantage in several selections.

The musical season in Sacramento, Cal., has been es-

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pecially brilliant thus far, and Messrs. Cohn & Kidder have spared no pains to make their concert series successful. In December the Knickerbocker Quartet, of San Francisco, took part in the program and was warmly received.

Mrs. Mollie Melvin Dewing and E. D. Crandall were among the soloists at St. Joseph's Church, Alameda, on Christmas Day.

The San José Oratorio Society has just issued a souvenir program containing portraits of the director, J. H. Howe, the principal singers, the organist and pianist.

Miss Eleanora Connell has lately returned to San Francisco after a long study under M. Fidele Koenig, of Paris, and William Shakespere, of London. She has decided to locate in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ella Partridge Odell has opened a new studio in San Francisco, having removed to Steiner street, where her classes were resumed after January 1.

The Lloyd Club, of Stockton, Cal., gave a concert recently, Miss Clara Atkinson being the soloist.

Miss Elizabeth McNear, after two years' musical study abroad, has returned to her home in Oakland, Cal.

Hother Wismer, violinist, has recently returned from Europe where he studied in the High School of Berlin, and with Prof. Carl Halir, and has taken a studio in the Mauzy Building, San Francisco.

The initial musicale of the McKenzie Musical Society, of San Francisco, was given in that city January 6.

The first concert this season of the Albania Orchestra took place in Odd Fellow's Hall, Albany, January 10, under the directorship of F. P. Denison.

Miss Amalia Heineberg's Recital.

A SELECT number of invited guests had the pleasure on Saturday afternoon of listening to Miss Heineberg. The music was quite good enough to dispense with attractive surroundings, nevertheless a certain aesthetic pleasure was added by the artistic coloring and orchid-shaded lights of the music rooms at Mrs. Fried's, 46 West Eighty-seventh street. Miss Heineberg's program was:

Concerto, op. 22, G minor.....Saint-Saëns
Etude, No. 5, op. 10.....Chopin
Berceuse.....Chopin
Valse Caprice.....Rubinstein
Concerto, A minor.....Grieg

In the more difficult parts of the Saint-Saëns and Grieg concertos Miss Heineberg displayed not only good technical acquirements and fine feeling for rhythm, but power and accuracy in extended chord passages. The Allegretto Scherzando of the Saint-Saëns concerto and the Allegro Marcato of the Grieg were particularly pleasing in tone and style. It would seem that this talented young artist might well be heard with orchestra. She has already had considerable experience, having played with orchestra several times in her tour through Silesia, Belgium, and having had the opportunity of giving these two concertos under Joachim's direction.

She also had an opportunity seldom accorded so young an artist, of giving a recital of fourteen compositions before the Emperor Frederick. Her interpretation of the Grieg concerto brought out well the sudden flashes of impulsive humor and sombre shadows of feeling that characterize Grieg's original and sometimes startling compositions. Gustave Becker accompanied Miss Heineberg sympathetically on a second piano, and afterward played, by request, and with excellent tone effect, Liszt's "Nightingale."

Music History Lectures at New York College of Music.

A lecture on the "History of Music" was delivered on Tuesday afternoon last by Alfred Remy at the New York College of Music, Alexander Lambert, director. The large classes of the institution were present in a body and enjoyed a very interesting, intelligent discourse.

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Marie Parcello.

THE young contralto, Marie Parcello, who, owing to a serious accident, has been compelled to withdraw for nearly two years from public life, is considering an offer to appear in light opera in London this coming season. Now that she has almost entirely recovered, it is probable that the early promise of a bright future will be fulfilled. Marie Parcello was, however, trained for grand opera, which she much prefers and for which her strong, vibrant voice, with its even compass of three octaves, low C to high C, and her dramatic temperament, seem to fit her.

One of her favorite roles is Delilah. She also likes well the part of Siebel, to which she gives a somewhat unusual



MARIE PARCELLO.

and original interpretation. An opera was written for her by Signor Pizzi, and would have been produced in Paris under the care of her patroness, the Duchess de Pomar, had it not been for the unexpected death of the Duchess. For this opera she has yet her Oriental costumes. Marie Parcello has sung much in concerts through Algiers and in the Riviera, and has appeared in Belgium, her vivacity and pleasing appearance contributing much to her success. At present she is adding to her repertory of songs, and is also adding to the list of her own compositions. She studied harmony and composition in Berlin. Her latest work is the orchestration of "O, for Wings Like a Dove." Her "Nightingale and Rose" and "The Doll's Lullaby" have been frequently heard at receptions and private musicales, and other songs also have been received with favor.

Sutro Sisters.

The sisters Sutro, the eminent ensemble pianists, are about to give a recital in this city. A recital by these artists constitutes not only a musical treat and the introduction to the public of a comparatively rare literature of the piano, but it is always sure to be a source of instruction. The date of the recital will be announced in the next issue.

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Pupils of the New York College of Music.

THE students' concert last Friday night in the Hall of the New York College of Music was one of the many to show the efficiency of the institution over which Alexander Lambert presides. The program was too long to justify detailed insertion, but special reference is due to the singing of a remarkably gifted child, Wanda Koppel, who, under the judicious training of Montefiore, the vocal teacher, has developed a technic and method that promise a bright future. She sang Godard's Florian Song, and MacDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes," and astonished all because of her true intonation, her easy vocal delivery, the correctness and intelligence of her phrasing and the purity of her style.

A little mite of a violinist, Mamie Fischer by name, a pupil of Henry Lambert, the father of Alexander Lambert, was also a source of wonder to the musical people present. The child is hardly able to grasp a violin firmly, and yet she played it correctly and even intelligently from a musical point of view.

Miss Nellie Baldwin and Miss Martha Wisner played piano solos acceptably. This was merely a pupils' concert, and yet it was interesting.

A Priest Musician.

THE Italian papers speak with enthusiasm of a Trilogy entitled "The Passion of Christ," performed at Milan during the congress of sacred music assembled to celebrate the fifteenth centenary of St. Ambrose. This work is the composition of a young priest, only twenty-five years old, Lorenzo Perosi. This is not his first essay. During the congress a mass, written expressly for the occasion in ten days, was performed. This was his fifteenth mass.

Born December 23, 1872, at Tortona, a pupil of Saladino in 1891, of the Milan Conservatory in 1893, of the School of Ratisbon in 1894, Perosi became Maître de Chapelle at Imola in 1895, and thence went to the Church of St. Mark, Venice. At the age of seven he used to accompany on the harmonium the sisters who were chanting the hymns, and at fourteen was a distinguished organist. He is described as a predestined musician, who unites to profound faith a marvelous sentiment of art.

The three parts of the Trilogy are "The Lord's Supper," the "Prayer on the Mount," and the "Death of the Redeemer." It was performed in the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, and applause was permitted. The first performance excited admiration, and another, the second, was a triumph. The Archbishop Ferrari, moved by the enthusiasm of the audience, presented to the public the young priest-composer amid immense, unending ovations. It looks as if a great artist had been discovered.

Tillie Stiller.

Miss Tillie Stiller, a young violinist, delighted the audience at Carnegie Lyceum at a recent concert. Although a mere child Miss Stiller executed the fantasia of Vieuxtemps admirably; she displayed remarkable expression and delicacy, and reflects great credit upon her teacher, Henry Lambert, whose conscientious work has been displayed with many pupils.

New Conservatory of Music in California.

It is reported from San Francisco that there is to be a new conservatory of music, with a million dollar endowment, in connection with the State University. *Town Talk* says:

There is no doubt something at the bottom of the rumor that Sigmund Beel has for some time been gathering data for Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in regard to this matter of establishing a conservatory of music. If the idea materializes Dr. H. J. Stewart will be one of the most sincere rejoicers, for it was he, if one remembers rightly, who first suggested that such an institution should be made a part of our university course.

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Pauline Viardot's Family.

(FROM PERSONAL CONVERSATIONS.)

THE founder of the Garcia dynasty was the great Manuel Garcia, a Spaniard, and father of Mme. Pauline Viardot, now living at 243 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. He had among other fixed ideas a mania in regard to climates, as has Saint-Saëns. Finding none that left him without inconvenience of one kind or another in the course of his artistic tours throughout the Eastern hemisphere, he suddenly announced one day to his astonished family his intention to bundle them all off to Mexico, which he had been assured was the paradise of the Western World. They went to America. The family then consisted of M. and Mme. Garcia, Malibran, Manuel Garcia, now in London, and the little Pauline. Malibran, captured in New York by the French banker Malibran, remained in that city while the rest of the family went down into Mexico.

The fame of "The Garcia" had preceded him, and with his "climate" he found a big field of artistic action spread out before him.

His wife was the celebrated "Briones," Mlle. Joaquina Briones, a Spaniard of pure blood and enormous talent and versatility, comedienne, musician, singer and a beauty likewise; one of those strange, assimilative creatures, endowed largely in many ways, and at the same time a delightful, simple life lover, as was her wonderful husband. She was a great favorite in Spain, and later in Mexico. She was said to be like Mlle. Mars.

To give an idea of her peculiar nature, with all her enormous talent, she was in youth possessed of the desire to be a nun and pass her life in a convent. She in fact actually passed through the probationary stages to the point where permission is given the novice to go out into the world and see what progress her soul has made in the art of getting along without it. She went to balls, parties and theatres, and in the tour of examination fell in love with a handsome actor. The gay novice sent the good nuns goodby, danced in ballets, acted in negro parts, sang, played, acted drama and comedy, and set the country wild before ever her good parents were aware of what she was about. Her portrait, worth looking at, of an arch Spanish type, hangs on the walls of Mme. Viardot's home alongside the great Garcia, and both will appear here in due time.

In Mexico Garcia united her artistic efforts with his own, till one fine morning he awoke to the fact of her occupying an immense share of public attention, after which he read her a gentle curtain lecture on the beauty of home and the stayers in it, the value of the woman who remained in it, attended to her menage and made the superb dishes which in fact were incomparable in her hands. Her popularity, however, remained unmodified and the play went on.

He gathered about him what talent he could find to give his representations, but was sadly put out for repertory, having left Europe without any provision for the musical demands made upon him.

But to genius all things are possible. Garcia's genius was limitless in all things artistic. He simply sat down and wrote from memory "Don Juan," "Otello," by Rossini, and the "Barber of Seville," as a commencement, and filled in later with original compositions such as "Tasse," afterward played at the Paris Grand Opera; "Fillia del Aria," "Abufar," "Semiramis" and others. The company was good, the music interesting, the Garcias incomparable,

enthusiasm high. They laughed, sang, played, and money rolled in till one fine day the revolution brought an end to the gay life, and all the Spaniards in the district packed their goods for flight, the Garcias in the midst.

Flying from Scylla they fell upon Charybdis, however. A few hours out of the city they were surprised by robbers and everything taken from them, Garcia's fortune with the rest.

One of the first recollections of the little Pauline is that of being in her mother's arms in a big field, the family with a crowd of strange people surrounding a wood fire built on the ground, and around the neck of a big queer savage man her little cape of green and yellow! As yesterday, she can see how small the garment she thought so large looked against the big shoulders of the man. It



EUGENIE GARCIA,
First Wife of Manuel Garcia, of London.

was some time before being absolutely assured of the identity of her property that she cried out in a loud voice for its restoration. To her dying day she will not forget her fascinated horror on her mother's whispering that the man was a robber and would most probably kill them all. Cold, sleep and fright were banished before the tense curiosity as to when the killing was to take place, how it was going to come about, and in what way it would affect them. Sobs for the loss of her mantle were only stopped by the "Soon now, I think," of her mother in answer to her question, "When are they going to kill us, mother?" which punctuated the slow moments.

The night after, when finally released from the marauders, with nothing but life and scanty clothing left, Garcia sang as never before in his life, assuring them that now was the first time he felt like himself since he began to have that bothersome money. He had not an easy minute with it, and now it was gone and he was free, and he sang and laughed and sang again like an angel! He died in 1832 in Paris, the year of the cholera in that city, but not of the cholera.

The artist's talent was something superhuman. He

seemed to have grasped the art of the century in his conceptions. The ease of his executions was equally wonderful. He was unconscious of effort in the most prodigious feats.

"That devil of a tenor," Rossini used to say, "ought to have been a composer." In fact, the serenade in the "Barber of Seville" was written by Garcia. He created all the roles of his time, and created the immortal school of singing, through imitators, pupils and teachers.

Mme. Viardot resents vigorously the calumny that gained ground, she does not know how, as to her father's cruelty and brutality. The story even is told that Malibran acted the terror of Desdemna through the sense of actual fright with which her father inspired her. Such a condition of things, says Mme. Viardot, is absolutely impossible. He was quick, impatient, impetuous, easily aroused, severe with mistakes and stupidity, which was but natural. "In fact, I remember his rapping my knuckles once after I had made the same blunder twice."

"You will not do that the third time," he said, "giving me a vigorous tap, adding that it was most extraordinary that a physical hurt must be made to supplement will power or the desire for perfection. But what piano teacher has not done as much! In his family he was always kind, affectionate, gay, good-humored, varied, but as I say, severe to faults, violent at moments, suddenly excitable. Spanish, but never brutal or cruel, as reports would make him."

In fact, his portrait corroborates this sketch. Anything further removed from savage or morose could not be imagined than the gay, rollicking cavalier face looking down from the old canvas.

Wearied of Mexican life, the young Manuel Garcia set out for home alone. His grand desire was to become a sailor and go to sea, a desire which was a great grief to his mother who wished him to be a musician. He actually did all he could to injure his voice that this obstacle to his cherished plan might be removed. In Italy he imitated Lablache to the great detriment of his voice; the fact, indeed, was almost settled. When his voice was at its worst he secured an engagement, failed, and sent all the accounts of the fiasco to his mother. No human being was ever more delighted at a failure.

He became a skilled scientist, a savant, astronomer and inventor of fine instruments. The laryngoscope is one of his creations. Madame Viardot remembers him well in her sunlit library, Rue de Douai, Paris, twisting and turning and bending to get the sun rays focused on his throat, that he might see the movements of the vocal cords.

He was twice married. The first wife was a French singer; a good, but not great artist. She sang at the Opéra Comique in Paris, and was quite a favorite. They had four children, two boys and two girls, two of whom died. The eldest, Gustave, is now a professor in a musical college in London. The oldest girl was a delicious beauty.

The second wife is English and is living. They have two little girls, one of whom paints well. The other, an extremely clever little musician, is studying in a college near Cambridge; her great ambition is to become a doctor of music. She is now working in fugue. When she made her decision for a musical career her father set forth before her in no encouraging terms the serious labor of the life, telling her that without the courage to endure that and continue to endure it, his consent and her own talents and privileges would avail nothing.

She remains courageous and faithful, and much is expected of her future. Jenny Lind was at one time a pupil of Manuel Garcia. Madame Viardot has unbounded



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faith in his methods, and says that his little catechism or primer on vocal work is the most concise form into which so much method has ever been put.

Malibran's first husband was a banker. Her electrical popularity made his name immortal. The latter became so identified with her that later when she would willingly have renounced it she could not. She always remained Malibran.

It was by her having property in Brussels that the family went to live in Belgium after the father's death. There she married her second husband, the well-known violinist and composer, De Beriot. He, it seems, had previously been infatuated with Sontag, and for some time there was a slight rivalry between them, but it ended in his marrying and worshipping Malibran.

Always nervous about her daring feats of horsemanship, he finally forbade her riding horseback at all. It was contrary to this and without his knowledge that she yielded to the importunities of a party of friends to make the fatal mount which ended in her being thrown and severely injured. Despite these injuries she fought against their effects, and even sang once after at a festival given in Birmingham. She, however, more than once confided to her sister unpleasant sensations she felt in her head, saying even more than once that she was sure she would eventually die from them.

When the final sickness did come as the result in Birmingham, the husband, overcome by grief, was taken away by his friends, and was not present at the time of her death. The fact, misconstrued by the English, whose idol this singer was, was extremely disagreeable for the husband. They would not allow of her body being taken to Belgium, and when finally the mother went to England in bring the body over, there was not a regular boat that would accept the charge, and the trip was made in a small, open boat. The weather being tempestuous, it was but by a miracle that the party reached land. De Beriot never dared to show his face in England after, and he died in Brussels.

A daughter of Malibran died; a son is now piano professor at the Conservatoire. Had the singer lived a third child would have been born to her, a circumstance which aggravated the dramatic and distressing case.

Pauline Garcia's husband was a great littérateur and critic of his time and French. Critic of painting, art and literature, he was surrounded by all the remarkable minds of the time. At an epoch critical for operatic art in Paris, a rich Spanish banker by the name of Aguado (who, by the way, commenced life selling sausages) begged Viardot, as a service to music and a favor to his friends, to take charge of the Italian theatre. There he met Pauline Garcia, the brilliant young star of the time. He resigned from the direction of the theatre immediately after their marriage.

His writings are of great service to art, treating of all the great museums of Europe, also histories of the Moors and Arabs in Spain, and essays on all art topics. His translations of "Don Quixote," said to be the best extant, won for him the decoration of Isabella. He died in Paris in 1883.

Among the people who met at the Viardot home was Chateaubriand, Ingres, Schëffer, Delacroix, Madame Recamier, Georges Sand, Alfred de Musset, Henri Martin de Vigny, Victor Hugo, Jules Simon, Emile Augier, Ponsard, Legouve, Tourgueneff, Liszt, Heinrich Heine, Renan, Meyerbeer, Halevy, Auber, Weber, Verdi, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Heller, Moscheles, Gounod; in fact all the leaders of the day. Madame Viardot was in sort

the patron saint of Gounod, allowing him to make her country home at Brie his home at a time when he most needed one. She also presented him to the people who were afterward most useful and necessary to his career.

Speaking of Georges Sand, Madame Viardot waxes most eloquent in regard to the profound goodness of her nature, a quality which was eclipsed by her intellect in the eyes of many. No words, she says, can fitly represent the goodness of Georges Sand's character.

Mme. Pauline Viardot has three daughters and one son. One daughter is Mme. Louise Heritte, widow of a consul of France to a China port, now living at Aix, a woman of great instruction and intelligence, who has traveled much. She says herself she has spent about three years in each country. In rather delicate health, her present home is at



PAULINE GARCIA.
At the Time of Her Marriage.

Aix. Another daughter is Mme. Claude Chamerot, god-child, by the way, of Georges Sand, and whose husband is engaged in printing, and the third is Mme. Alphonse Duvernoy, wife of the composer of "Hellé." All are devoted to her, and she is very fond of them all. Her son Paul is a superior violinist, whose nerves are of later years better governed than at the commencement of his career. He plays much in Paris and always arouses great enthusiasm. He makes many tours, too, and is always successful. Attempts are being made to get him to go to South America next year. He would much prefer North America, however, and no doubt would make a great success there, as he is a thorough musician and an artist of power.

A son of the oldest daughter is at present consul in Shanghai, and has two children, born in Germany. M. Viardot had a brother an artistic designer of much talent. He is still living and in Paris. A daughter of Manuel Garcia and his French wife is living in Paris also, and is passionately devoted to Mme. Viardot.

Pauline Viardot inherited all the facility of her remarkable parents, and all the grace and courtesy of the time in which she lived. She is a sort of apostle and gospel in

Paris for all that is good, noble and dignified and artistic. She is reference and authority on all things. Her facility has always been so great that it has never been regarded by herself or her family as anything but perfectly natural.

She sang at the age of six, and remembers being impressed and affected by the words "vengeance" and "remorse," &c., while having no idea of their meaning. She accompanied her father's lessons at eight, being herself at the time one of his most faithful pupils. She remembers him standing at the end of the piano writing while she played her exercises, and at the close placing the manuscript before her, to be correctly read at first sight, or to be studied with a view of correcting some fault or strengthening some weakness. He also composed thus little songs for her to sing. He wrote constantly exercises to fit the needs of his pupils. She does not remember ever hearing a "humming exercise." His idea always was to make a voice clear and equal. Breathing was the basis of all his work.

Pauline first studied piano seriously. It was not till her sixteenth year that her mother allowed the serious study of singing. Liszt, after giving her some lessons, wrote the mother that he was the one who was the student. Liszt was the love of her life. She had for him a blind idolatry unlike any other sensation that she has ever known in life. She remembers on the days of her piano lessons being taken with such trembling that she could not dress herself properly. She remembers seeing her shoes laced up crooked and being unable to straighten them. She felt capable of all power under his direction.

She remembers singing Spanish songs once for Mendelssohn. Later, when attending a concert given by him in London, he was improvising as usual. Turning, he saw her in the audience. To her utter bewilderment he immediately worked into the movement one of the songs of Spain, which had specially affected him a few weeks previously.

When four years of age she remembers seeing Weber directing "Freischütz." She was impressed by the strange cameo profile against the dark space background. Once, when singing in Russia, all memory suddenly left her as she came upon the stage. She improvised several phrases before consciousness returned, and she passed to the theme. No one but the astonished musicians knew that anything was the matter. The opera of "Trovatore" she learned in less than two days. Something happening to one of the singers Verdi came to the house in distress at lunch hour, saying she must learn it to sing the following evening. He went over the opera sitting beside her on the sofa, and then they went to the piano. She sang it the next evening. When seventeen she sang at Mme. Recamier's, Rachel playing the same evening. Rachel was about the same age at the time, she thinks. Mme. Recamier was dressed in snow white, which, with the snow-white hair, the small, refined face, delicate pink and white skin, gave the impression of a moving powder puff, or, more poetically, a white rose.

Mme. Viardot is almost as much a littérateur as a musician. Her first revelation in literature came from an unfortunate bohemian American, who had wandered to Brussels and had been actually engaged there in sweeping the streets till some kind fate rescued him. He was an enthusiastic and savant book worm, and gave her her first impulse in literature. His name was Sivery, and he died in Brussels a short time ago.

She describes her life as a "quiet and uneventful one." Her souvenirs are more amusing than sad. In fact, she

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laughs much in going over them. Humor and railery are a strong trait of her nature. She is marvelously progressist to the latest movement. She is filled with admiration for the "Meistersinger."

The life and portrait of Mme. Artot, who is in sort regarded as the legitimate inheritor of the Viardot school, was printed in THE MUSICAL COURIER, in the issue of April 8, 1896. Mme. Artot was one of the most devoted and enthusiastic disciples of the great artist. She commenced lessons with her in London, and later followed her to Paris. She was frequently at Mme. Viardot's country chateau, Courtavenel, near Brie. She is teaching here in her own home, Rue Prony, a few doors from Melba's apartment, near Park Monceau. Her husband, Padilla, a Spaniard, was a master of opera bouffes in his day, and is one of the most capable of singers and agreeable of men to-day.

Madame has two charming daughters, young, intelligent and pretty, of Spanish type. She is herself very much of a mystic in temperament. She is specially approved as professor by M. Gailhard, of the Paris Opéra. Her brother, Joseph Artot, was a celebrated violinist. She has sung with all the great singers (beginning, however, when they left off), Grisi, Mario, Lablache, &c. Berlioz was friend and father. She was chosen as mother in the "Prophet," by Meyerbeer. She calls Mme. Viardot "an encyclopedia."

[The above interesting sketch would be incomplete, so far as interests in our country are concerned, without reference to the fact that the representative in America of the Viardot and the Artot systems, practically one and the same system, is Mme. Katharine Evans von Klenner. It is this vocal teacher who is following here directly in the laws and traditions of the Garcia vocal method, as expounded by the two famous women still residing in Paris. Madame Artot in a letter from Paris dated December 2, 1897, writes to Madame von Klenner: "You represent in America our Viardot-Garcia method, as I represent it in Paris under the very eyes of our dear teacher, Pauline Viardot-Garcia."—Eds.]

Mancinelli.

The opera, "Hero and Leander," by Mancinelli, had great success at its first production at the Theatre Royal, Madrid. It was conducted by the composer, who was called out thirty times.

Poor Mozart.

In a review of Fumagalli's performance of "Don Juan," at Berne, a critic seized the opportunity to express his opinions on Mozart's music. The conclusion of his remarks on the ever young masterpiece of Mozart ends with the words "The musical portion we found, for the most part, antiquated and *fade*." This sees Mr. Finck and goes him one better.

Clarence De Vaux Royer Buys.

The talented violinist, Clarence de Vaux Royer, has been filling a large number of engagements, public and social, recently, and has made several for the near future. His performance at the residences of Mr. Lewinson, 128th street, and of Mrs. Bates, Eighty-ninth street, delighted the large audiences present. On Sunday, January 2, Mr. Royer played at the Mulligan organ recital in St. Mark's Church; on Tuesday, January 4, at the song recital of Albert Gérard Thiers; on Thursday, January 6, he played with the Brooklyn Cantata Club, and on January 30 played in Rockville, Conn.

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Music and Common Sense.

THE above words are not always brought into such harmonious relationship as they were in the address given in Brooklyn last week by Miss Emilie Frances Bauer, THE COURIER representative in that borough. The immediate occasion of the address was the unveiling of a bust of Mendelssohn which Professor E. W. Bowman, organist and conductor of the Baptist Temple choir presented to the second division of his choir; and Miss Bauer, after a brief but comprehensive review of the composer's life and works, added some earnest and pertinent comments on musical matters in general. These were received warmly and spoken of by the press and by individuals as inspiring new thought concerning the real dignity of music and the danger of over-sentimentality.

It is a just matter of pride to THE MUSICAL COURIER that Miss Bauer, who has been in Brooklyn but little more than a year, should in that time have become an appreciated centre of musical life there. For the benefit of many of Miss Bauer's friends who could not hear her address we reproduce it in part.

I do not want to discuss music from a romantic, psychological point of view; I do not want to put a halo around the composition and the composer and remove them so far from your actual touch and daily life as to make them almost an abstract. I want to make them tangible; I want to make them real; I want to make you think of the composers as men who grieved, rejoiced, loved, hated, enjoyed, suffered, just as every man you know experiences these emotions. I want to make you feel that within yourself or the one who sits next to you there may be the same possibilities, the same genius, as that which you worship in the dead masters, and that within your own hands may lie the power of development, as also the power, equally great, if not greater, of encouragement.

I believe that if Mendelssohn and Beethoven could hear me tell you to-night that some of you or someone that you know may become as great as they were or are—for they still live and always will—they would feel thankful, because they were too great to be vainglorious; they only lived to advance the art that they loved and that they ennobled, and art has no enemy so deep, so effectual, as hero worship. Again I beg of you not to misunderstand me. I do not, indeed I do not, mean to undervalue the man, or his life, his home influences, his training or his character; but, however great the man, his work is greater. It is neither my desire nor my intention to speak of the moral character of any of these great men, but if it were, how long would it take me to convince you that the analysis of a sonata or a symphony is less apt to reveal impurities than the analysis of the life of the composer, for, as I take it, these works are the emanations of the highest and noblest impulses of their creators. With these impulses, these expressions, we have to deal directly, but not with the life and the surroundings of the man who made them, further than what we require to preserve an idea of the customs and conditions of the age in which he lived, that we may know who lived before him, and from what he derived his inspiration or ideas, in whose footsteps he followed, or what precedent he established for those who would follow him.

If you have followed me through this, you will have seen that I believe that man is human, but his work is divine. The work must be divine because it is immortal.

Now, I want to ask whether you believe that anything has occurred to extinguish this divinity? Does not the world exist under the same supreme government now that it did in the beginning? Why, then, should you not feel that what man has done, man can do. What should stand in the way in 1898 that was not present back through the years which gave us Bach, Beethoven and those who followed?

And yet there is something, and a very dangerous something. There is an overplus of sensationalism, and a tendency to hero worship, which is more detrimental to the advance of music among the people than anything else could be. But the hero worship of which I speak now is of a totally different form to that to which I referred to before, and I really would not know which to pronounce the more dangerous to the advancement of music. By the former a halo has been placed around the past, and really around the names, only, for the actual works of the dead masters are for the greater number of people dead letters, but they are firm in the belief that all art died with the past; there is nothing left for anyone to do. There is a tendency to deity composers who were,

believe me, very human, and to hold valuable some of their inferior works, deeming the name upon them as guarantee for their merits. The composers of the present day are targets of ridicule for those who do not know a canon from a symphony, but who feel that it is quite the proper thing to turn up their musical noses and worship at the shrine of the immortal departed ones.

On the other hand, the personality of a soloist will carry more weight than the most marvelous creation of Bach or Beethoven. But, unfortunately, the soloist has to be of such a calibre that the people are wrought up to a state of hysteria which is inexplicable, even to themselves. This condition is probably brought about by reading press agents' reports of how the women fainted and the men sobbed. Then, if they should chance to go to a musical affair where the atmosphere is healthy and sound, in vain they look for the fainting women; in vain they listen for the sobbing men; and, failing to discover them, they decide that here is no feeling; this player is so-so; and a program that offers every musical delicacy of the season is totally ignored, because the public has been wrought up to such a pitch as regards the soloist that it has become totally apathetic on the subject of music. I know one hundred musicians whose interpretations are worth as much as some who work upon the hysterical side instead of upon the intellectual; but the people who need their interpretations the most will be the first ones to say, 'Oh, he is not as great as I, and so I don't care to hear him.' Everything has been brought into such an atmosphere of exaggeration that every condition is distorted, and not only does this make the work of the musicians, the composers, the teachers harder, but there is not an individual who is connected with music in any line who does not feel the intensity and the ridicule of the strain, the more painful it is to him who knows how very much good could be accomplished with these conditions removed. Never in the whole history of art have the earnest ones worked so hard to accomplish educational results as those who are working in the field of music to-day. From the work which is being done in the public schools to those who control the great orchestras, every force is being directed toward interesting and bringing into the realm of music the many who have nothing to do in the matter except to permit themselves to be educated up to this appreciation. Do you understand that everyone is working for you? The organists and their choirs, the orchestras, musical clubs and societies, individuals, are giving their time and their strength to bring music within the reach of all of you, and to bring you into the understanding of music. Won't you open your eyes to actual conditions? Won't you put the romanticism and unhealthy sentimentality out of it? Undo music from the swaddling clothes which are stifling it. Leave it in its natural condition. Urge the students that you know to go to concerts. Teach them that one orchestral concert with Paur or Seidl at the baton is worth six lessons. Teach the young people who have not all the money they want at their disposal that it is better to go to the gallery four times than once to the parquet. Teach them to hear music every time it is possible, whether the name of the soloist be Paderewski or John Smith. Teach them that they must reflect a work of merit whether the composer was born in 1760 or 1860. Teach them the difference between the words art and fad, and soon you will feel the change of atmosphere, you will realize that there is a healthy, intelligent understanding, which may be likened to the truths and dignity of mathematics, or of divine poetry, among the young, instead of the paper novel romanticism which is holding the great art of music in chains of iron now. When I hear talk of musical degeneration I want to answer that the blame must be laid upon the people, not upon the artists and composers, and must be attributed to this age of sensation.

The Mendelssohn bust was made by Michael, of Berlin. The musical part of the program consisted of "Farewell to the Forest," a part song by Mendelssohn, and selections from the oratorio, "St. Paul." Miss Bessie Bowman, contralto, sang "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own," Miss Geneva Waters, of Manhattan, played the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The bust was formally unveiled by Miss Bertha L. Matthews, and Mrs. Myra Mockridge received it on behalf of the choir.

The temple choir is said to be the only one of the kind in this country, being organized on the same plan as the temple choir of King Solomon's time. Besides the presentation mentioned, thirty-four members of the choir who had been perfect in attendance were presented with bound volumes of Mendelssohn's oratorios.

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THE detrimental effect of noises on the human system is receiving more and more attention. One of the latest bits of confirmatory evidence was given in a case tried in Newark recently. The defendant is a coppersmith, and the plaintiff declared that the defendant and his men pounded fiercely upon copper boilers night and day. Vice-Chancellor Pitney interrupted one of the lawyers to say (at least the *Sun* says so):

The rule is that that which renders life uncomfortable should be stopped. The Court must be the jury in this case, and the Court has been in a boiler shop and knows what it is. So far as the effect of noise should be considered, it should be as applied to ordinary every-day people, such as these are, not people brought up in a palace, unused to noise of any kind, nor people who live in a pigpen and not caring for noise of any sort. It is a well-settled fact that, all other things being equal, people living on crowded streets and being subjected to their noises do not live as long as other people. Noises do tend to shorten life. Why, this noise would have killed me in a year, probably.

These are sensible words of the Court. If the noise is not entirely suppressed by this time we offer to the defendant the following suggestion: Tune the boilers; convert them into tympani; hire musical-minded coppersmiths and have them play passages from Berlioz and Wagner. Don't shorten the plaintiff's life, lengthen it.

THE DAM-BOSH SEASON!

GREATER NEW YORK is about to have its civic fortitude put to a supreme test; Greater New York will next week be enveloped in a fog of bad opera, a dense fog of butchered Wagner heroes and miasmic French and Italian operatic music. Observe Mr. Damrosch when he faces his orchestra, and if you happen to have a score follow his devious trail; his ruthless mutilation of rhythms, of meanings, of tempi and dynamics. And after all the gush indulged in by the young Napoleon of Non-Conductors how does he intend opening his season? After all his professions and protestations on the subject of Wagner's music will he even begin with a masterpiece of that composer?

No, not Wagner, but Verdi, and not the Verdi of "Falstaff," of "Otello," or even the Verdi of "Aida," but the Verdi of "La Traviata," and with Melba as the consumptive harlot are we to be regaled next Monday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. Walter Damrosch after doing all he could to minimize German opera in 1890—we could tell many things about that season—sneaked in by the back door a few years ago with a third-rate operatic organization, and so implanted is the love of Wagner in this city that he was accepted, not for the deed, but for the intention. Emboldened then by one season's success he launched forth as an impresario, and a fine mess he has made of the undertaking.

Last season, so we supposed, was the limit of the public's endurance, but we are promised worse this approaching one. There is every indication that we are to be deluged next week and the succeeding four with bad singing, silly, misfit scenery, and execrable costumes. The Damrosch company contains a few, only a few, promising names, and with worn-out prima donnas, mediocre conductors and a wretched and cheap ensemble, there is fun ahead for the metropolitan music critic.

A SILLY CONTROVERSY.

THE silly controversy to which the *Herald*, with its usual perspicacity, has thrown open its columns is not worthy of extended consideration in *THE MUSICAL COURIER*. Years ago, and less than a year ago, we protested against the barbaric custom of having to listen to bad music at our meals. We went farther, and denounced the employment of even good music while dining or supping in a restaurant. Others are evidently of the same mind, for the *Herald* has been publishing the remarks of a gentleman who signs himself "Dyspeptic." We

admire his courage, also his independence of opinion when he wrote that not a corporal's guard of music-lovers attended the Philharmonic concerts. Phew! there's candor for you!

To be forced to listen to music while you eat your dinner is maddening to many persons, and to such we advise frequenting restaurants where music is tabooed. If the majority of diners-out prefer music, why, in Apollo's name, let them have it. Everyone to his—or her—taste. We think the evil lies deeper. It is degrading to music to make it a mere accompaniment to the Belly-God; a melodic commentary on a *ménu*. There was a time when music was not only the handmaid of the arts, but the pitiful slave of religion, of the theatre and a ministering devil to the lascivious minded. It ambled and jiggled to the tune of its patrons, and only the genius of its devotees, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner has elevated it to a position above the pleasuring of the idle.

Principally for this reason we dislike music at meal time. Persons who eat to the clatter of a Hungarian band or the braying of a cornet and pounding of a piano are not musical people. They are merely noise-loving human beings, who are neither good judges of cooking nor of harmony.

CLEARING THE WAY.

ENCOURAGE home talent! Encourage home institutions! Encourage home art—these words we have been saying in effect for the past few years. There is absolutely no other way by which this country can place itself on a musical equality with other nations. The beginnings of art must be nurtured; an atmosphere of interest created; a welcome extended to aught that indicates effort to advance American musical interests.

Whoever has a spark of patriotism in his soul or any feeling for art in his nature must realize the necessity of this point of view. Without patriotism there can be no nation. Without encouragement there can be no art.

Eighty American artists are now singing opera in English in this city. Fortunately for the credit of the city they are not singing to empty air, as might have happened sometimes in the past. The constant and increasing attendance is one of the most favorable signs of the times we have noted of late. It is a sign that the wedge which has been inserted by *THE MUSICAL COURIER* is slowly but surely beginning to split the solid log of conservatism. That log, which is an inert mass compounded of the high-salary system, preference for foreign artists, high prices, which keep the people out of their just musical rights, and other evils of stupidity which we have long been fighting—that log has been blocking musical progress quite long enough. May it soon be split into kindling wood and fire a funeral pyre upon which shall be burned all unjust prejudices and discriminations.

Certain principles which have underlain all this fighting on our part in defense of the American artist have not been so thoroughly understood as they might be. We will not undertake a discussion of them again just now, but simply remind our readers that unless the old system of operatic rings is broken down there can never be a fair field for the American artists. They can never develop into the grand opera artists, the first-class American orchestral players which they are capable of becoming, unless they are allowed to develop under the same laws that govern other developments. It is the people themselves who must clear the way for their own countrymen and their own countrywomen. And a long, continued agitation on our part has been mainly for the sake of inducing people to think for themselves; to judge for themselves; to act for themselves. The American people, and at this moment particularly the people of Greater New York, must consider and weigh other

questions of great musical importance in looking at this question of sympathy with American artists.

We do not wish to be understood as encouraging poor art. We do not wish to be understood as discouraging any foreign artist who is honest enough to appreciate an American success, who is just enough to sing here at the same salary for which he sings abroad, who is in fact a true lover of music, a true artist. We do wish to be understood emphatically as desiring to awaken in behalf of American musical freedom that instinct for right, that instinct for justice, which led the American people to "fight, bleed and die for independence."

Foreign control in art can never result in our musical independence. But aside from all questions of principle or of policy or of patriotism there are many reasons from the art standpoint to lead people anxious for musical improvement to go to the performances now being given by the Castle Square Company. These performances of favorite old operas and new light operas are successful to the extent of compelling even the devoted adherents of foreign opera to admit that there is a desire for opera in English. But they would be still more successful if the educational value was fully appreciated. They are certainly the best performances that the conditions will permit. They are not poor judging from the all-around standpoint. If they were poor they would not be so well attended. Anxious as the general public is for music at prices within its means, that public has not so little musical knowledge as to crowd the opera house from foyer to gallery for the sake of being unconsciously bored. No; the American public will not bore itself even for a principle.

Grand opera at the high prices prevailing is practically out of reach of the great majority of music-lovers. How can a student living on a starvation sum for the sake of procuring a musical education pay even \$1.50 for a seat? And even if he could, or would, why should he not pay for hearing three operas instead of one; become familiar with the score, with the composer's style, have his ear trained by attentive listening and his critical faculties trained by observing faults and merits. The ordinary student does not hear enough music. He too often limits himself to attending recitals or minor concerts to which he has free tickets, varying this by an occasional orchestral concert. But for him, as for everyone not yet thoroughly trained by years of listening to the best possible music, going to an opera is a necessary factor of his musical education. The oftener he can go the better.

Opera sung in English is specially advantageous to Americans not understanding foreign languages. Many Americans cannot, some will not, buy librettos. Hence, in hearing German or French opera, they get but a confused impression of the words, and, not comprehending the words, do not grasp clearly the meaning of the music. And while the words are not always satisfactory they do help marvelously to clear up musical situations, especially for the average hearer.

Hundreds of city residents do not go to German opera because they are not yet so educated as to appreciate the most serious operatic music in German. Shall they therefore be advised to hear no opera at all? To say *not* is about as sensible as to say that because one cannot enjoy Bacon's Essays he therefore should not be encouraged to read Lang's "Literary Letters" or Stockton's stories. It is through constant hearing of musical works that the average man or woman gains that knowledge, that cultivated taste which enables him to fully enjoy the sublimest modern compositions, oratorios, symphony or opera. And whoever outside the ranks of students and professionals learns to listen and enjoy good music has gained, as has been often said, a sixth sense, one which he would no more part with than he would part with his power to enjoy his Shakespeare or his—daily newspaper.

This pleasure of a sixth sense, it must be repeated, is within reach of all except the hopelessly unmusical. In America these are but few. For America is naturally, not by training, the most musical nation in the world excepting the Italian.

So many reasons exist, which may be either personal or general, for attending the American opera that to select any for special mention is a matter of no small difficulty. But, happily, there is small need of more than indicating a few. The people of Greater New York are to all appearances coming rapidly to their senses, and are beginning to see what possibilities lie before them in music. By interesting themselves in this attempt to establish in New York a permanent American opera with American artists who are trained in America they are clearing the way for musical progress and removing from themselves the unworthy imputation of being ruled by foreigners.

Honor the flag of freedom!

THE STRAUSS CASE AGAIN.

AT present the musical world, both home and abroad, is agitated over the case of Richard Strauss. On the Continent he has been bitterly attacked by the critics, while the conductors to a man have taken him up and play him continually. In a word, whether for good or evil, as the century draws to a close Richard Strauss is the dominating figure. Grieg has had his little say years ago, Saint-Saëns is working out contrapuntal puzzles and Dvorák writing for the trade. There is a discouraging want of activity among the operatic composers, most of them making one act plays about murder and lust. Such conductors as Arthur Nikisch, Felix Mottl, Hans Richter, Obrosch, Mahler, Weingartner and others are all giving Strauss a chance to be heard, despite the diabolical difficulties of his music; difficulties that doubtless will keep his name from figuring on any of our own Philharmonic Society programs for at least another generation. Strauss, himself a remarkable conductor, has carried the war into England, and, strange to say, the English, musically the most unimaginative race alive, have not received his music with derision. Possibly their treatment of Wagner, while they cuddled the second-rate talent of Mendelssohn, has made them critically wary; but be it as it may, Joseph Bennett did not uncork the vials of his British wrath, and that testy old gentleman of Vienna, Edouard Hanslick, did.

There's a chance yet for Old England!

In the Vienna *Free Press* Dr. Hanslick employed all the old stock arguments against the score of "Also Sprach Zarathustra;" the dear old arguments with which he demolished Liszt and Wagner—or thought he did. He is said to view Wagner with more leniency nowadays; so against this later disciple he renews his old spite. He, like most of the critics who attack Strauss, first erects a man of straw and then proceeds to smash the figure. The absurdity of such criticism is patent. Who may dictate to Herr Strauss the form which he shall write in, or the subject, the content of his music? It is not the province of the critic to say, "Stick to the symphonic form," or, "The old symphony is played out; you must imitate Tchaikowsky." Because Strauss does not imitate Brahms or Bruckner, he is condemned by one coterie; because he does not pattern after Mozart and Beethoven, he is reviled by another. He is a pariah in all musical camps and all men's hands are raised against him; all but a devoted minority, who in reality admire his courage and *tendenz* rather than his native originality.

Let it be confessed at once that Strauss has not so far proved himself fertile in thematic invention; but his interest for us consists in his boldness of imagination and marvelous technical equipment. Remember, that while Berlioz has not added to the great melodies of the world, he is nevertheless an important figure in the musical Pantheon. From

him Liszt and Wagner learned much, although the latter discredited and disowned him, calling his music a "grimace." Strauss may be a second Berlioz, and if he will not lead us into a new land of music he can play the part of Moses, the part played by Berlioz, who never saw the land flowing with milk and honey, the land conquered by Wagner.

The London *Musical Standard* contains by far the most interesting criticisms of the distinguished conductor and composer.

As a conductor it was curious to see how he reflected himself as composer. Strauss' is a meditative nature, in spite of the realism into which he forces himself; he is fanciful rather than imaginative; eccentric than passionate. But at bottom he is a dreamer, a mystic. * * * Richard Strauss has a personal magnetism that enables him to obtain the effects he desires, although it may be somewhat roughly. His interpretations were surcharged with a distinguished poetic feeling. He did not realize the passion of the "Tristan and Isolde" Vorspiel (any ordinary conductor can do that), but, instead, he brought out what I may call the poetic philosophy of the love and death of Tristan and Isolde. The idea of the drama is Buddhistic, inasmuch as both hero and heroine welcome death as the prize of life; and this side of the drama Richard Strauss brought out very finely, as one would expect from the composer of "Tod und Verklärung." The "Meistersinger" overture was full of color and fire, but the best thing achieved by the young composer was the performance of the "Tannhäuser" overture. To make so hackneyed a work interesting is a wonderful achievement in itself; but Strauss did more than that; for he put before us all the spirituality of the drama, the eternal fight between good and evil, the eternal battle between the flesh and the spirit. Strauss should have composed his version of the Tannhäuser legend with the insight and genius with which he conducted Wagner's symphonic poem!

The writer of the above makes the following nice distinction between subjectivity and objectivity in a symphonic poem:

The composer of the symphonic poem, says Wagner, in effect, must acquire facility of musical expression in the same manner as one learns a language. Richard Strauss has done so. That which is utterable in music is limited to feelings and emotions; when we get outside the expression of emotions and feelings we require speech; therefore the symphonic poem writer must confine himself to the emotional poetic content of his subject. And whose emotions is he to express? He has no dramatic personæ. Therefore his expression must be subjective; it must be the speech of the composer, who pours into it the emotions he feels from contemplating his subject. (Parenthetically, I may remark that nearly all Wagner's orchestral speech is really subjective; his own comment on the drama; his works, indeed, are symphonic poems with dramatic action.) Now this is precisely the opposite to Richard Strauss' attitude. He is always objective, describing something outside his own feelings. He stops the natural flow of subjective music to describe something he sees in his mind's eye, but which we, as if struck blind, cannot see; we grope for that which shall lead us to the light, but no hand is put forth to help us.

The case of Richard Strauss is far from being settled.

PITTSBURG ORCHESTRA PROTESTS.

THERE is trouble in the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Three of its men have already left, the first violin, first cello and another, and the remainder of the ranks are reported to be in a seething condition of discontent.

Now we will preface the story of the case by stating that our sympathies in this matter lie all with the men, and our idea is that it is a great pity the inescapable question of bread and butter did not enable the entire organization to make one irrevocable strike. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra was called upon to play in an operatic performance of the "Barber of Seville," with Melba, on Monday evening, January 3, in the Pittsburgh Carnegie Music Hall. The opera required three rehearsals, which, with the evening performance, were demanded from the men by the orchestra board of managers without payment. The Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company did not propose to go to the expense of transporting its orchestra to Pittsburgh. It is, of course, understood that the Pittsburgh board of management received certain financial acknowledgment, but not nearly sufficient to offer any just compensation to the men, if division were made, and no more than a small fraction of the amount it would have cost the Damrosch-Ellis Company to move its own organization.

When the announcement was made the Pittsburgh Symphony men raised a howl of revolt. Three of

the most independent spokesmen were promptly discharged. They voiced the rights of the band too logically and accurately and their presence was dangerous. This body of men did not object to play because of hard work and no extra payment. The men objected because they are members of a permanent organization, the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra, and were called on for an operatic performance. Their contract binds them to play at all "concerts" the managers arrange for during their engagement without any extra compensation. But an operatic performance is not a "concert," the musicians say, and they are right. The extra "concerts" in which they might be assumed to play would be on a musical par with their symphony work. Opera at its strongest and best means a different field of labor, but when it comes to the mere accompaniment of a "star" in a work like the "Barber of Seville" the situation is too absurdly trivial and undignified for seriously minded musicians. No man worthy a place in a permanent symphonic body should care to involve his prestige by willing response to an incidental Italian opera call.

In resenting the imposition the men were true not alone to the spirit but even the letter of their contract. Pity it was, we repeat, that a matter of dependence should disable men against practical defense of their principles. Not only had the band to hold together with three new men to replace the three left, and to play at the Pittsburg opera, but many of its members had to go to Cleveland on the 5th and repeat the Damrosch-Ellis work in opera there. From such indications there is no telling where the permanent Symphony Orchestra of Pittsburg may wind up. There are several comic opera companies on the road, and it need not be surprising if Pittsburg's band be put in harness with one or other before long "by order of the board."

For where is the line to be drawn? This opera precedent established by the board may dissolve through any number of stages until it reaches the promenade pier or the dinner dance. So long as a board of management has not the artistic feeling or discretion to follow the rule defined in dignified practice by every model symphonic body, what guarantee have the players in future as to what may be asked of them? Already the Pittsburg men have been forced to take the first false step and the conditions which compelled them here may do so to any point of decadence should the management insist. These men knew it was a false step and revolted, but they had to take it and their injury and disappointment are about equal. Naturally when they enlisted in these ranks under the symphony banner they relied on the unwritten law which forbids musicians of any permanent orchestra to appear in random or irregular performances and based their security on the observance of what Carlyle has sanely styled "the majesty of custom."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, the leader of all musical organizations in this country, is simultaneously a type of that rigorous etiquette on the score of public performance which will be found to govern every symphonic body laying just claim to consistency and dignified repute. Its plan of tactics, inflexibly observed, is exactly the plan which the Pittsburg orchestra sought to maintain, but they got no further than theory. Again we say "the pity of it!" that these men could not afford to adhere to their principles and let contracts and Rossini opera-go begging.

Who would not open his eyes and lose his artistic faith to see Boston's permanent band loom up in any operatic scheme or perform a tittle of orchestral work under any auspices save those designed by their own symphonic conductor? No such condition of things would be permitted by Mr. Paur for a moment, nor would the Boston Symphony leader tolerate that his band should appear en masse

under any other conductor. Separate members of this or of other bands are at liberty to engage in any musical enterprise on their own account which will not interfere with their work at home and on tour, but these offshoot undertakings, all invariably on a plane of musical importance in keeping with the scheme of the orchestra from which they spring, and serve ordinarily to bring into more intimate public appreciation the merits of some of its leading members. The Kneisel Quartet is a felicitous case, representing at close range the finished detail of the Boston Symphony's leading string musicians. The Bradsky String Quartet, in days gone by, represented the New York Symphony Orchestra in the same manner, and the Thomas orchestra sanctions an independent quartet, while the list might be multiplied to a length needless to note here. This is legitimate and serves substantially a double purpose.

But imagine Mr. Kneisel—in the heart of the season too—sitting at his concert-master's desk, leading the band in an accompaniment to Melba's *Rosina*, *Camille* or *Lucia*! No, no. Let us thrust the impossible vision aside. Consistency thou art yet a jewel, starring the crown of many an orchestral body, even though Pittsburg may have rashly ignored your precious beauty and your virtue.

We extend our sympathies to the Pittsburg musicians, and trust that the board of management may repent it of its ways, and fashion a new code of tactics worthy of an enduring Symphony organization.

NOT alone did the Philharmonic Society make a mistake in placing a ridiculous composition—or de-composition—by Siegfried Wagner on the program of its last concert, but it also pushed forward a solo violinist who had no business to be there—Henri Marteau.

If the supposed standard of these affairs is to be maintained—we say "supposed standard," for it is all in the air and exists only in the minds of its directors—first class solo performers must be secured, else the whole scheme will tumble earthward. The audiences of the Philharmonic Society are composed of persons who go to listen to the soloists. The band by itself could not draw half a house, and if the soloists are mediocre, why then all the worse for the Philharmonic Society.

Marteau, when he was a pretty boy, excited some attention, but he is a man now and must be estimated by mature standards. He does not play well enough for a serious symphonic concert, and his cool reception Saturday night was natural. The Boston Symphony Orchestra can give a concert and pick the soloist from its own ranks; but then the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a real orchestra, while the Philharmonic Society is not; only an occasional band that never rehearses, and consequently never plays well.

Gamble.

Ernest Gamble, who is solo bass in Trinity Chapel, corner Broadway and Twenty-fifth street, is booked for a two weeks' recital in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, opening in Meadville, Pa., January 19. He will accompany Mlle. Verlet on her tour through the South.

Miss Carrie Bridewell.

Miss Carrie Bridewell, contralto, who succeeded Gertrude May Stein at Dr. Parkhurst's church, has accepted an engagement for the entire month of May to sing at the Southern May Musical Festivals, under the direction of J. S. Atkinson & Co. Miss Bridewell is the young contralto who was "discovered" by Victor Thrane during one of his visits out West.

Becker Lecture-Musicales.

Owing to the recent serious illness with gripe of Mrs. Gustav L. Becker, the interesting series of lecture-musicales, given at M. Becker's studio, are temporarily discontinued. They will be resumed, Mr. Becker expects, by the last Saturday of the month, when Mrs. Becker will have returned from a winter resort, where she is at present recuperating.



THE RED-HEADED PIANO PLAYER.

THE two young men left the trolley car that had carried them from Bath Beach to the west end of Coney Island, and walked slowly up the broad avenue of confusing noises, and smoked and gazed about them with the independent air that notes among a million the man of New York. And as they walked they talked in crisp sentences, laughing at the seller of opulent Frankfurter sausages and nodding pleasantly to the lovely ladies in short, spangled skirts, who, with beckoning glances, sought their eyes. The air reverberated with an August evening's heat and seemed to be sweating; its odor modulated from sea brine to Barren Island, and the wind was north. The clatter was striking; the ardent whistling of peanut steam broilers, vicious brass bands, hideous harps and organs, hoarse shoutings and the patient, monotonous cry of the fakirs and photographers were all blended in a dense huge symphony, while the mouse-colored dust churned by the wheels of blackguard beach-wagons almost blurred a hard blue sky from which pricked a soft hanging star. It was back of the Boynton chutes, but none of the shooters noticed it as they fell away on the sheer, foaming incline to the little lake, which boiled as each boatload of shrieking men and women entered it. It was 7 o'clock in the night, and the two friends felt laconically gay.

"Let's eat here," said the red-haired one.

"Never on your life," answered the other, a stout, cynical blond; "you get nothing but sauerkraut that isn't sour and dog-meat sausage. I'm for Sousa and a good square meal at the Manhattan."

"Yes, but Billy, there's more fun here, and heavens knows I'm dead tired." The young fellow's accents were those of an irritable, hungry human animal, and his big chum gave in.

They searched the sandy street for a comfortable beer place, and after passing dime museums, unearthly looking dives, amateur breweries, low gin mills and ambitious establishments full of scarlet women the pair paused opposite a green, shy park of grass and dwarf trees and listened.

"Piano playing, and by the Lord Harry not bad," cried Billy. They both hung over the rustic palings and heard bits of Chopin's military polonaise, interrupted by laughter and the rattling of crockery.

"I'm for going in, Billy," said his friend, and they read the sign that announced a good dinner, with music, for 50 cents. They walked along the artificial lane to a large summer cottage, about which were bunched drooping willows and, finding all the tables occupied, they went inside.

A long room furnished for dining, gaudy pictures on the walls, and at one end on a raised platform a grand piano. The place was full, and the tobacco smoke, chatter and calls of the waiters disconcerted the two boys; just then the piano sounded. Chopin again, and curious to know who could possess such a touch and still remain at Coney Island, the friends went to a table just to the right of the keyboard and sat down. As they did so they looked at the pianist and both exclaimed as if wound up:

"Paderewski or his ghost!" The fellow wore a shock of lemon-tinted hair after the manner of the Polish virtuoso, and his face was shaven clean.

"Harry, he looks like a lost soul from hell out on

a furlough," said Billy, who was rather hard and plain spoken in his judgments.

"Let's give him a drink," whispered Harry, and he called a waiter. "Whiskey," said the waiter after a question had been put, and presently the piano player was bowing to them as he threw the liquor into his large mouth. Then the Chopin study in C minor was recommenced and half-finished while the two music-lovers forgot to order their dinner. The waiter had already asked them twice, and the manager, seeing that music was hurting trade, went to the piano and coughed. The pianist instantly stopped, and a dinner was ordered by Harry. Billy, out of reach of the music, looked around him with a trained eye. He noticed the women were all sunburned, and that they wore much glittering jewelry. The men looked like countrymen, and were timid in the use of the fork. When the music began they stopped eating and their companions ordered fresh drinks. Billy could have sworn he saw one woman crying. But as soon as the music ceased conversation began, and the rattling of dishes was deafening.

"I say, Harry, this is a queer go. There's something funny about this place and this piano. It upsets all my theories of piano music. When the piano begins here the audience forgets to eat, and all its passion mounts to its ears. Not like the West End at all, is it?" Harry was busy with his soup. He was sentimental, and the sight of kindred hair—the hue beloved of Paderewski—roused his sympathies.

"By George, Billy, that fellow's an artist. Just look at his expression. There's a story in him, and I'm going to get it. It may be new.

"All the news that's fit to sprint, as they say in the *Times*," laughed Billy, who was drifting into his second "schooner" of lager. They chatted, and made the waiter ask the pianist to join them in another drink. Whiskey was sent up to the platform, and the musician drank it at a gulp, his right hand purling over the figuration of "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen." But he took no water. Then, making them a little bobbing and startled bow, he began playing. Again it was something of Chopin, and on his lean features there was a look of detachment from his surroundings and the watching pair were quite struck with the interesting forehead, the cheeks etched with fine seams of suffering and the compressed lips.

"I'll bet it's some German who has boozed too much at home, and his folks have thrown him out," hinted Billy.

"German? that's no German, I swear. It's Hungarian, Bohemian or Pole. Besides he drinks whiskey."

"Yes, drinks too much, but it hasn't hurt his playing—yet, just listen to the beggar play that prelude."

The B flat minor prelude, with its dark, rich, rushing cascade of scales; its grim iteration and ceaseless questioning spun through the room, and again the curious silence. Even the first overseer listened, his mouth ajar. The waiters paused midway in their desperate gaming with victuals, and for a moment the place was wholly given over to music. The mounting unison passage and the smashing chords at the close awakened the diners from the trance into which they had been thrown by the magnetic mucilage at the tips of the pianist's fingers; the bustle began, and Harry and Billy ordered more beer and drew a deep breath.

"He's a wonder, that's all I know, and I'm going to grab him. What technic, what a tone, what a touch!" cried Harry, who had been assistant music critic on an afternoon paper.

"He beats the Pied Piper of Hamelin," grunted Billy. A card, with a penciled invitation, was sent to the pianist, and the place being quite dark the electric lights began singing hoarsely in a canary colored haze. The musician came over to the table, and, bowing very low, took a seat.

"You will excuse me," he said, "if I do not eat. I have trouble with my heart, and I drink whiskey. Yes, I will be happy to join you in another glass of very bad whiskey. No, I am not a Pole; I am English, and not a nobleman. I look like Paderewski, but can't play nearly as well. Here is my card." The name was commonplace, Wilkins, but was prefixed by the more unusual Feodor.

"You've some Russian in you after all?" questioned Billy.

"Perhaps. Feodor is certainly Russian. I often play Tchaikowsky. I know that you wonder why I am in such a place. I will tell you. I like human nature, and where can you get such an opportunity to come in contact with it in the raw as this place?"

Billy winked at Harry and ordered more drinks. The pale Feodor Wilkins drank with the same precipitate gesture, and as if eager with thirst. He spoke in a refined manner, and was evidently an educated man.

"I have no story, my friends. I'm not a genius in disguise, neither am I a drunkard; one may safely drink at the seaside, and if perhaps like Robert Louis Stevenson I like being an amateur emigrant. I certainly do not intend writing a book of my experiences."

The newspaper boys were disappointed. There was then no lovely mystery to be excavated, no subterranean story unraveled—no romance at all—nothing but a spiritual looking Englishman, with an odd first name and a magnificent gift of piano playing.

Mr. Wilkins gave a little laugh, for he read easily the faces of his companions. As if to give another accent to their disappointment he ordered a Swiss cheese sandwich, and spoke harshly to the waiter for not bringing mustard with it. Then he asked Harry:

"You love music?"

"Crazy for it," answered the young fellow. "but see here. Mr.—Mr. Wilkins, why don't you play in public? I don't mean this kind of a public, but before a Philharmonic audience! This sort of cattle must make you sick, and for heaven's sake, man, what do they pay you?" Harry's face was big with suppressed questions. The pianist paused in his munching of bread and cheese. His fine, luminous eyes twinkled as he replied: "My dear boy, I have a story—a short one—and I fancy that it will explain the mystery. I am twenty-seven years old. Yes, that's all, but I've lived and—loved."

"Ah, a petticoat!" exclaimed Harry, triumphant; "I was sure of it."

"No, not a petticoat, but a piano was the cause of my undoing. Vaulting ambition and all that sort of thing. My parents were easy in circumstances, and I was brought up to be a pianist. Deliberately planned to be a virtuoso, I was sent to Leschetizky, to Von Bülow, to Rubinstein, to Liszt. I studied scales in Paris with Planté, trills in Florence with Buonamici, chords with Zwintscher in Leipzig, in Vienna I met Pachmann, Vladimir of the Wicked Whiskers, and with him I studied double notes. Wait until later and I shall play for you the Chopin study in G sharp minor! I mastered twenty-two concertos and even knew the parts for the tympani. Then at the age of twenty-five, after the best teachers in Europe had taught me their particular craft I returned to England, to London, and gave a concert. It was an elaborate affair. The best orchestra, with Hans Richter, was secured by my happy father, and after the third rehearsal he embraced me, saying that he could go to his grave a satisfied man, for his son was a piano artist. There must have been a strain of Slavic in the old man, he loved Chopin and Tchaikowsky so. My mother was less demonstrative, but she was as greatly delighted as my father. Picture to yourself the transports of these two devoted old people, and when I left them the night before the concert I really trembled.

"In my bedroom I faced the mirror and saw my secret peering out at me. I knew that if I failed it would kill my parents, who, gambler-like, were staking their very existence on my success. As the night wore white I grew more nervous, and at dawn, not being able to endure the strain a moment more, I crept out of doors and went to a public house and began drinking to settle my nerves."

"I told you it was whiskey," blurted out Billy.

"No, brandy," said Mr. Wilkins, looking into his empty glass, "now it's whiskey. Yes; thank you very much. Well, to proceed.

"I drank all day, but being young I did not feel it particularly. I went home, ran my fingers over my grand, got into a bath and dressed for the concert. At 8 o'clock the carriage came, and at 8:45, with one more drink in me, I walked out on the platform as bold as you please, and despite the size of the audience, the glare of the lights and the air, charged with human electricity, I felt rather at ease. The orchestra went sailing into the long *tutti* of the F minor concerto of Chopin, and Richter, I could feel, was in good spirits. My cue came; I took it, and struck out and came down the piano in the introductory unisons—a divine beginning, isn't it—and my tone seemed rich and virile. Then I played the first theme, and all went well until the next interlude for the orchestra; I looked about me confidently, feeling quite like a virtuoso, and soon spied my parents, when suddenly my knees began to tremble, trembled so that the damper pedal vibrated. Then my eyes blurred and I missed my cue and felt Richter's great spectacles burning into the side of my head like two fierce suns. I scrambled, got my place, lost it, rambled and was roused to my position by the short rapping of the conductor's stick on his desk. The band stopped, and Herr Richter spoke gruffly to me.

"Begin again," he said.

"In a sick, dazed way I put my fingers on the keys, but they were drunk; the cursed brandy had just begun to work, and a minute later, my head reeling, I staggered through the orchestra, lurched against a contrabass, fell down and was shoved out of sight.

"I lay in the artist's room perfectly content, and even enjoyed the pinched, chalky face of my father as he stooped over me.

"My God, the boy's drunk," he cried aloud, and big Richter nodded his head quite philosophically, and said, "Ja, er ist ganz besoffen," and left us to go to the audience. I fell asleep. The next evening I found on awakening a horrible headache and a letter from my father. I was turned out of doors, disowned, and bade to go about my business. So here I am, gentlemen, as you see, at your service, and always thirsty."

The friends were about to put a hundred questions, when a thin, acid female voice broke in on them: "Benny, don't you think you've wasted enough of the gentlemen's time? You'd better get to work. The people are nearly all gone." Feodor Wilkins started to his feet and blushed as an old, fat woman, wearing a Mother Hubbard of gross pattern waddled toward the table. The sad pianist with the flaming hair turned to the boys and said quite simply:

"My wife, Mrs. Wilkins, gentlemen!" The lady took a seat at Billy's invitation and also a small drink of peppermint and whiskey. She told them that she was tired out; business had been good, and if only Benny would quit drinking and play more popular music, Sousa and Gilmore, why, she couldn't complain! Then she drank to their health, and Billy thought he saw the husband make a convulsive movement in his throat. It may have been caused by hysterical mortification—the woman was undeniably vulgar—but to the practical minded Billy it was more like an envious involuntary swallowing at the sight of another drinking. Then the pianist mounted his wooden throne amid the dust

and trappings, and in the murky air he began to toll out the bells of the Chopin "Funeral March."

"Funny how they all quit eatin' and drinkin' when he speels, isn't it?" remarked the wife with a gratified smile. "Why, if he was half a man he'd play all day as well as night and then folks out yonder would forgit their vittles altogether. I suppose he give you the same old yarn?"

Harry, bristling all over, said: "What old story, madam? Mr. Feodor Wilkins told us of his studies abroad and his unsuccessful debut in London. It's a beautiful story. He's a great artist, and you ought to be proud of him."

The woman burst into laughter. "Why, the old stiff, he has been stringing you. Fedderr, he calls, himself! His name is Benny, just plain Benny Wilkins, and he never saw London. He's from Boston way, took lessons at some big observatory up there, and he run up such a big slate with me that he married me to sponge it out. *Schwamm d'ruber*, you know! My first husband left a nice little tavern, and them music stoddents just flocked out after lessons was over to drink beer. Oh, dear me, Benny was a nice boy, but he always did drink too much. Then we moved to Harlem and I rented this place for the Summer. I expect to make a tidy sum before I leave, if Benny only stays straight."

There was something peculiarly pathetic in this last cadence, and the two boys leaned back and listened to the *presto* of the Chopin B flat minor sonata, which Wilkins took at a tremendous pace.

"Sounds as if he were the wind weaving over his own grave," said Harry, mournfully. The boys had drunk too much beer and the close atmosphere, hop juice and music were beginning to tell on their nerves.

"He's a bum of genius, that's what he is," growled Billy crossly.

"But we've got a story," interjected the other.

"Yes, and got taken in finely. Hanged if I didn't believe the fellow while he was varning."

"You gentlemen won't mind me leaving you, will you? It's near closing up time, and I've got to be the boss. Benny, he sticks close to the pianer as it gits late. I reckon he feels his lick. Ain't he a dandy with them skinny fingers o' his?"

She moved away, giving her husband a warning not to leave his perch, and tramped to the bar to overhaul her receipts.

The lights were nearly all out now, and the drumming of the breakers on the beach could be clearly felt. The young men paid their bill and shook hands with the pianist. He leaned over the edge of the platform and spoke to them in a low voice.

"Come again, gentlemen; come again. Don't mind what she tells you. I'm not her husband, no matter what I said just now. She owns me body and soul for this year. I swear to God it's not the drink. I need the experience in public. I must play all the time before that awful nervous terror wears off. This is the place to get in touch with common folks; if I can hold them with Chopin what won't I be able to do with an appreciative audience? Believe me, gentlemen, I pray of you; give me a year, only one year, and I'll get out of this nervousness and this nightmare, and the world of music will hear of me. Only give me time." Feodor Wilkins placed his hand desperately on the pit of his stomach; his wife screamed:

"Benny, come right over here and count the cash."

The boys got into the open air and scented the surf with delight; a moon enlaced with delicate cloud streamers made magic in the sky; then Harry murmured:

"Say, Bill, do you believe that story?"

"Oh, hell!" said Billy in surly tones.

They missed the last boat, and went home by the Bath Beach trolley train.

Pugno's Superb Playing.

RAOUL PUGNO, the Parisian piano virtuoso, played Saint-Saëns' Concerto in C minor last Sunday night at the popular concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, and played it as it has never before been heard in this city.

Paderewski made his debut, it may be remembered, in this work—the most solid in content and classical in form and spirit of its composer—but Paderewski never compassed the possibilities of its music as did Pugno. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler has also been heard in the concerto, but for dazzling, bewildering style, large, free, buoyant, brilliancy of technique and satisfying musical feeling, Pugno's interpretation stands alone. His rhythmic sense, his delicacy and breadth of tone—his *pianissimi* are ravishing in tone-quality—and firm control of the contour of the composition place this artist among the world's greatest pianists. Paderewski, not to make an invidious comparison, but put as a matter of fact, could never deliver the dramatic and characteristic measures of this concerto as did the gifted Frenchman.

It was great piano playing. For a recall piece he gave a dainty and charming "Serenade à la Lune" of his own.

The other artists on the program were Mme. Dyna Beumer, the crystalline soprano, whose brilliant coloratura dazzles while it pleases, Gerardy, the 'cellist, and the inevitable Plançon.

Mme. Beumer sang a melancholy, appealing air from Monsigny's "La Belle Arsène" with tender feeling and smoothness, and later the waltz from "Mireille" with delightful spontaneity and finish. Encored, she gave Proch's Air with Variations, in which her ease and fluent floriture stood well a comparison with Sembrich in the same number.

The cello playing of Gerardy was, as usual, true, soulful and singing, with the newly added depth which now makes his performance so complete. He played an Allegro Moderato from the Second Concerto of Jules de Swert, a bit of composition not over calculated to show his more interesting qualities. For encore he gave Popper's "Les Papillons" at a tremendous tempo and brought down the house, as might be expected, by his virtuosity.

Plançon was the usual favorite, admirable in voice and monotonously good in delivery. A group of French songs, with the "Air der Laboureur," from the "Seasons," were his numbers.

Owing to indisposition on the part of Mr. Seidl, the orchestra was conducted by Henry Schmitt. Its program was popular—Grieg, Delibes and Meyerbeer. M. Aime Lachaume and Hubert de Blanc were at the piano. The house was a large one.

Joseph S. Baernstein Busy.

Mr. Baernstein sings in the "Creation" in Bridgeport soon, and is engaged for three song recitals, in Meriden, Middletown and Hartford, Conn., respectively.

Anita Rio Will Sing.

Mme. Anita Rio, the brilliant soprano, will sing on Friday evening, January 14, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and on February 3 will be heard at New Britain, Conn. Madame Rio never fails to make a thoroughly artistic impression.

Mulligan, Organist, Pianist, Accompanist.

At the concert in Chickering Hall last Thursday evening, William Edward Mulligan again proved his versatility, playing organ solo (Salome; Offertoire, op. 8), piano solos (Widor; Prelude, Valse), and all the accompaniments. Last Monday he appeared with Mr. Kaltenborn, in Yonkers, N. Y., for the Choral Club, playing duets for violin and piano.

St. Petersburg.

AT the Italian opera, St. Petersburg, "Mignon" was given on the 10th of this month, with Sigrid Arnoldson in the title role. The large hall of the Conservatory was well filled, and the performance was a triumph for the distinguished artist. Not only vocally but dramatically she made an admirable representative of the French modification of Goethe's character, and it was difficult to say in which department of art she was most successful, for both were in perfect harmony. The applause was demonstrative.

Masini was the young Wilhelm Meister, and as he had sacrificed his whiskers he looked ten years younger. He sang, as he always does not, with good tone, but uncertain and unrhythmic, and his chief parts of the roles he transposed a whole tone.

Signora Paccini as Philine was only a coloratura concert singer in costume, who sang her numbers in a way to deserve applause. Getam distinguished himself as an actor, but is really hampered by his age, yet he had some good moments at the end of the opera. The slight episodic roles of Laertes and Friedrich were in the hands of Dolcibere and Signora Carottini, and were satisfactorily treated. The orchestra occasionally failed to play well together. It was under the direction of Podesti. The next opera to be given is "Faust," with the new lyric tenor Bonci in the title role.

National Conservatory of Music.

THE results of the semi-annual entrance examination at the National Conservatory of Music last week were most satisfactory. All the various classes were well attended, and the operatic department secured some fresh, beautiful voices. Of these four were accepted free and under contract. Among the applicants for violin there was one gifted person, to whom a free musical education will be given.

In the piano classes—already crowded—there was the usual amount of mediocre ability displayed, and not many were able to stand the trying tests of the examinations. We are, of course, speaking of candidates for free scholarships. President Jeannette M. Thurber is willing and anxious to aid and encourage talent; but only the highly gifted are accepted free. In this she displays judgment, as it would be obviously unfair to allow mediocrity to tread on the heels of talent. Altogether there was a gratifying display of ambition, and the season at the National Conservatory of Music promises to be one of its most brilliant and satisfactory.

Jessie Ayres Wilson.

Miss Wilson is an organist and vocalist; in the latter capacity a pupil of Francis Fischer Powers. She is a medalist of the Cincinnati College of Music, and her organ-playing is distinguished by a fine pedal-technic, quick adaptation to a new instrument, and excellent taste in registration.

The Eppinger Conservatory of Music.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the work done at this conservatory is excellent in every respect. The number of pupils already enrolled this season is very much larger than Samuel Eppinger, the director, expected in so short a space of time.

Southern Festivals.

The series of May festivals, to be given in the principal cities of the South, under the direction of J. S. Atkinson & Co., promise to be the greatest musical events ever undertaken in the South.

Mlle. Alice Verlet, soprano, of the Opéra Comique, Paris; Miss Grace Preston, contralto, of the Nordica Concert Company, and Miss Carrie Bridewell, contralto, successor of Gertrude May Stein, of Parkhurst church fame, are among the prominent artists who have been engaged through Manager Thrane.

An orchestra, composed of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Seidl's orchestra, will participate at all the festivals.

THE

National Conservatory of Music of America.

FOUNDED BY
MRS. JEANNETTE M. THURBER.

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"The Greatest Musical Good for the Greatest Number."

ADMISSION DAILY.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
206 Wabash Avenue, January 8, 1898.

LOCAL interest at this week's orchestral concerts centred chiefly in the performance of "Edris," the symphonic poem of the best-known Western composer, Frederic Grant Gleason. This work received its first production in April, 1896, at which time it excited much admiration, and found recognition easily as the finest work written by any local or Western musician. Yesterday the reception accorded to the orchestral performance of the symphonic poem amply justified its reputation.

The audience found great favor with the composition, and evinced sincerest appreciation of Mr. Gleason's beautiful orchestration. It was the first work placed on the "request" program of the season, and received a very adequate interpretation, which must have been gratifying to the composer. The so-called "request" program instead of being of the popular order approached the severe style, and was calculated to produce a melancholy and depressing effect. "Edris" is a weird subject to commence with; "Death and the Maiden," of Schubert (the celebrated quartet orchestrated), Siegfried's Death March and "Thus Spake Zarathustra" completed the orchestral portion of the first part. But this first part of the program also served to introduce Mme. Josephine Jacoby to a Chicago audience. She came, sang and conquered us. With one accord we were enthralled by her beautiful voice, so rich, round and flowing. With beautiful low tones, full middle register, Mrs. Jacoby was by far the best contralto the orchestra had as yet engaged. As one man said: "She's the finest contralto we've had around the country for years. I have not heard anyone whose voice so appeals." I will add to his opinion and say such poise of the head, such superb carriage and such a splendid way of "taking" the stage I have not seen in many months. Josephine Jacoby knows how to acknowledge the plaudits of an audience. She advances to the centre of the stage and includes everyone in her bow of thanks. She is an example of grace and graciousness which it would repay many great artists to study.

And how handsome she is! It is rare to find two such gifts as are united in Josephine Jacoby. If she had only

sung from a work which would display her voice to perfection! The aria from "Samson and Delilah" is not the most grateful, and it would have been more advantageous if she had selected something not so sombre in quality. As an encore she gave a German song, by Franz, which was not only of sombre quality, but suffered from an excruciatingly bad piano accompaniment, which Mrs. Jacoby being a thorough artist kindly overlooked. Now this accompaniment part of the orchestra must be rectified. Everything else has gone remarkably well this season, fine soloists have been engaged, all the minor details attended to, with this one exception, and this must be altered.

The program further contained Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Hugo Kahn's new "Festival" March, which was fully described in these columns some weeks ago. The "request" program occupied nearly three hours, and was the longest and most varied yet given.

* * *

Since the departure of Mrs. Katherine Fisk and Mrs. Julie Wyman we have had no real prominent contralto here, and therefore it was doubly a treat to hear Josephine Jacoby, and I hope her engagement with the Apollos is but a matter of a few weeks.

In the meantime why does not some influential person or the big organizations draw attention to Mrs. Maude Hartley, an Englishwoman, with a glorious contralto? She only wants to be heard to be in demand. As William Armstrong, of the *Tribune*, said to me recently: "Why does not some far-seeing person engage a woman with a voice like that?" I have heard Mrs. Hartley, and was much impressed with the beautiful quality of her voice. Here is an artist who could be a legitimate success.

* * *

Leopold Godowsky gave a great piano recital this week, which I will speak of in extenso in my next letter.

* * *

With an Italian population numbering 60,000, without any consideration or regard to the harsh treatment a foreign body of musicians had experience in this city, a goodly audience might very reasonably have been anticipated for the initial appearance of the newspaper lauded Banda Rossa. The result as regards numbers, either at the concert given last evening in the Central Music Hall or the two concerts to-day in the same place, was disappointing in the extreme.

That such a good band should play to any empty seats was a matter of surprise to all who attended, while that there should be so sparse an attendance after the enthusiasm aroused by Friday's concert was simply astonishing. It can be accounted for in only one manner, that the strike of musicians of the previous week, and which from reliable accounts was amply justified by circumstances, had killed public reliance on the filling of the engagement.

Rich indeed, however, was the treat given to those of

larger faith. The Banda Rossa was equal to any band we have heard in Chicago, and recalls pleasurable reminiscences of the famous band of the English Coldstream Guards or the Garde Republicaine Band of France. Numerically most strong, the band filled the Central Music Hall stage, and when Signor Sorrentino's baton called, the Central Music Hall, large though it is, was overpowered with the vast force of melody evoked.

Most noticeable indeed is the command possessed by the military precision and martial bearing leader. The overture to "William Tell" opened the program, and at once demonstrated the excellence of the organization. Donizetti's "Lucia" was received with enthusiastic applause, but a climax was reached in the wonderful interpretation of "Carmen," which simply stirred the blood of everyone in the audience. Several selections from Sousa were also given, and in such a manner that even that great bandmaster would have been proud to hear. The chief characteristics of this band are its wonderful precision and its brilliant force. In the latter reserve power was at all times apparent, and the taking of crescendos was admirable.

The Banda Rossa has unquestionably established itself, and under proper management its success throughout the United States is absolutely assured.

The soloist last evening was Miss Kate Condon, who sang the flower song from "Faust," and in response to a well-deserved encore, gave "Tit for Tat."

I hear that Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler is rejoicing in the advent of a little son. The famous pianist will soon depart for Europe, where she is under engagement to play in England and France. As she leaves her family in Chicago, it is probable that her stay abroad will be of short duration, and we shall soon welcome her return.

* * *

William Armstrong lectures at Indianapolis before the Contemporary Club January 26, and probably on the 27th, as negotiations are now pending for him to give another lecture before the Woman's Amateur Club. January 31 and February 2 he lectures in Chicago for the benefit of a North Side hospital. These lectures are under distinguished patronage, and promise to be a big success. On each occasion some well-known local artist assists Mr. Armstrong.

* * *

Bruno Steindel, the 'cellist, of Chicago, and it might be said one of the best 'cellists in America, has been much in request for solo playing in several cities of the West. He will be heard with the Choral Symphony Society of St. Louis January 20 in the Saint-Saëns concerto, and February 10 Mr. Steindel is engaged to play in Cincinnati.

Wilhelm Middelschulte's concert on Monday was an emphatic success. The distinguished critic, Bernard Ziehn, said of the gifted organist the next day in *Der Westen*:

The most important number on Mr. Middelschulte's program at the University Church last Monday evening

Remington Squire, Manager for Leading Musical Artists, 125 East 24th Street, New York. • Sole Control:



Kathrin Hilke, Soprano.



J. H. McKinley, Tenor.



Mary Louise Clary, Contralto.



Earl E. Duff, Basso.



Eleanore Meredith, Soprano.



E. E. Towne, Tenor.



Chas. H. Rice, Tenor.



Lillian Carlsmith, Contralto.



Clemente Belogna, Basso.



Heinrich Meyn, Baritone.

The New York
Ladies' Trio:



Dora Valesca Becker,
Violin.



Flavie Van den Hende,
'Cello.



Mabel Phipps,
Piano.

Each a
Soloist!

was, without doubt, his canonic variations on the choral "Vater Unser in Himmelreich." They furnished proof of the deep artistic fervor and extraordinary activity of the author.

It is doubtful if another organist could be found, who, in these strict forms, is able to express the music language of the nearest future as Middelschulte. That such works cannot be appreciated by the ordinary concert audience is easily understood.

Such compositions demand a "Parquet of Kings"—they are worthy an audience of the most educated musicians. The writer of these lines is of the opinion that in the future the canonic variations of Middelschulte, in their entirety as a classic study, will be named with Bach's "Canonicen Veränderungen" on the choral "Van Himmel Hoch," and the canons of Klengel.

The following was the program given by Mr. Middelschulte:

Sonata—(op. 23).....	Ritter
W. Middelschulte.	
Chromatic Fantaisie and Fugue.....	Bach
Arne Oldberg.	
Ave Maria.....	Bach-Gounod
(Organ, harp and violin accompaniment.)	
Miss Helen Buckley.	
Legende.....	Wieniawski
Bruno Kuehn.	
Fantaisie for harp—(op. 35).....	Schuecker
Edmund Schuecker.	
Canonic variations.....	Middelschulte
W. Middelschulte.	
Variations on an original theme—(op. 11).....	Oldberg
Arne Oldberg.	
Romanze.....	Bohm
Bruno Kuehn.	
Largo.....	Händel
Violin, harp, organ.	
Noel.....	Adam
Miss Helen Buckley.	
Etude—(op. 25, No. 6).....	Chopin
Arranged by W. Middelschulte.	
Concertsatz in C minor.....	Thiele-Haupt
W. Middelschulte.	

And while speaking of Wilhelm Middelschulte it would be well to state that he first introduced the celebrated Guilman Symphony April 28 and 29, when he made his debut with the Chicago Orchestra, April 28 and 29, 1894. He was then acclaimed by the critics the peer of any organist in America, and since that time he has steadily advanced, until to-day his position is unrivaled.

Guilman will be heard in Chicago this month, and will play the work which Middelschulte has already made known to us. When the latter performed it the symphony was rechristened and called "Concerto," as it is undoubtedly an organ concerto and not an organ symphony.

The fourth of the series of chamber concerts given by the Spiering Quartet will take place Tuesday evening, January 18, in Händel Hall. Emil Liebling will assist in the piano quartet in G minor by Brahms, a quartet by Weidig and the sextet for strings and French horns by Beethoven constitute the remainder of the program. The Beethoven work will be performed for the first time in Chicago.

August Hyllested's tour in Canada was marked by unwonted enthusiasm, according to newspaper reports, of which the following are but samples:

A thoroughly representative gathering of the musical culture of the city greeted the Danish pianist, August Hyllested, last night in Association Hall, on the occasion of his first appearance in Toronto. There were few vacant seats in the hall, so that the audience may be said to have been exceptionally large in these days of public indifference to high-class attractions. Mr. Hyllested, who gave a varied and exacting program, proved himself to be a remarkable player—one who is not only picturesque, but occasionally almost sensational in style. He delights in vivid contrasts, and while at one moment he plays with a power and vigor almost to the extent of forcing the tone of his instrument, at the next moment he delights the ear with the sweetest and softest of sounds, that suggest to the mind the touch of velvet-tipped fingers. His

technic is astonishing, far beyond what was anticipated, and in soft legato and staccato passages his touch is exceedingly delicate. His reading seems to be often capricious and fanciful, but there is no denying that it is effective with the general public. His brilliancy of execution was most easily apparent to the ordinary hearer in his own arrangements of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," the Chopin Valse, and the music from the garden scene in Gounod's "Faust," as also in the original version of Liszt's second "Rhapsodie." In the Weber and Chopin numbers Mr. Hyllested added transcendental difficulties to the already serious difficulties of the composers. The drawback with these "improved" arrangements is that the idea of the composer is often distorted or obscured. No doubt this reflection came to the minds of many of Mr. Hyllested's hearers when he was playing the opening to the Weber "Invitation." His playing of the Liszt number was a great exhibition of virtuosity. In the earlier part of the evening he gave a sentimental, and in its way beautiful, rendering of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and a very rapid and facile execution of the same composer's "Spinnerlied." Mr. Hyllested was enthusiastically received, each number being followed by warm applause.—Toronto Mail and Express.

A large and thoroughly representative audience greeted the celebrated Danish pianist, August Hyllested, on the occasion of his first Toronto appearance at the recital given in Association Hall on Wednesday evening of last week. The program included Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, op. 13; three Songs Without Words, Mendelssohn; a group of compositions from the performer's Suite in Old Style, op. 21; Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," Gounod's Garden Scene from "Faust," and Chopin's D flat Valse, arranged by the soloist; Liszt's Rhapsodie, No. 2, and several works not mentioned in the program, the performance of which at the beginning of the recital, without any explanation to the audience, served to hopelessly muddle many until familiar numbers were reached. In the arrangement (or, as many would be pleased to term it, the "derangement") of Bach's dramatic organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor, with which the recital was begun, Mr. Hyllested's technical attainments and originality of style were immediately demonstrated. Indeed, throughout the entire program his virtuosity and the somewhat unique, and at times fantastic, character of his interpretations were predominant features of his playing. As a composer he shone to excellent advantage in the works chosen from his pen. His arrangements of the three compositions mentioned above, however, struck the popular vein among his hearers and commanded the admiration of even the more conservative of the musically educated present, although some may not have approved of the wholesale mutilations and "improvements" of works which men are content to regard as quite adequate as left by their composers in their original form. Mention should be made specially of the daring treatment of the second strain of the Chopin Valse, in which the first strain was made to serve as a free accompanying figure to the second, the two strains moving concurrently. This exceedingly clever and somewhat audacious conception was one of the most striking feats of the recital.—Toronto Saturday Night Critic.

Miss Mary Wood Chase and Miss Helen Buckley promise all attending a most delightful concert next Wednesday. Both artists are well and favorably known as musicians of uncommon merit, whose work is always up to the standard. Miss Buckley was heard several times in the Auditorium last season, and has also been one of the local artists heard with the orchestra this year. As a ballad singer she is especially in her element, and judging from the program put forward, understands the art of selecting judiciously, variety and quality being noticeable. Miss Mary Wood Chase is undoubtedly one of the leading pianists of the West, and has created most enthusiastic enthusiasm. Her playing is distinguished for its clean technic, breadth of tone, and fine musicianship. The following is the program given by Miss Chase and Miss Buckley:

Finale, from op. 143.....	Schubert
At Evening.....	Schumann
In the Night.....	Schumann

Miss Mary Wood Chase.

Once More Only (new).....	Meyer
Based on a theme of Chopin's Piano Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2	
May-Roses (new).....	Meyer
Du bist wie eine Blume.....	Meyer
Canary Bird.....	Tchaikowsky
A Song of the Four Seasons.....	Allitsen

Miss Helen Buckley.

Capriccio, op. 76.....	Brahms
Intermezzo, op. 76.....	Brahms
Masquerade and Unmasking.....	Moszkowski
The Juggleress.....	Moszkowski

Miss Chase.

Aubade (new).....	Faure
Absence (Les nuits d'été).....	Berlioz
Si mes vers avaient des ailes (new).....	d'Erlanger
Villanelle.....	Chaminade

Miss Buckley.

Impromptu, op. 36.....	Chopin
Two Preludes, op. 28.....	Chopin
Nocturne, op. 62, No. 2.....	Chopin
Ballade, op. 47.....	Chopin
Scherzo, op. 20.....	Chopin

Miss Chase.

Sheep under the Snow (old Manx song, from "The Christian").....	Hall Caine
Pur Dicesi.....	(Old Italian) Lotti
Turn Ye to Me.....	(Old Highland Melody)
Good Morrow, Gossip Joan.....	(Old English Song)

Miss Buckley.

George Hamlin is an example of home talent and training, whose good work obtains for him many engagements. He has been selected by the Apollo Club authorities (for the second time this season) for their most important production of the year, Stanford's "Requiem," which will be sung February 21. This is the first hearing given to the work in America, and it is regarded as an event of considerable interest to the musical world generally. Mr. Hamlin has also been engaged as principal tenor at the Indianapolis May Festival.

Frank T. Baird is invariably successful with his pupils; some of those of recent months are especially promising. Arthur Burton may be mentioned as having obtained considerable prominence in private musicales, and now I hear from Berlin that another pupil of Mr. Baird's has met with the greatest encouragement. Walter Balfour studied exclusively with Frank T. Baird, and went abroad a few weeks ago. He stayed some time in London, where he sang for Moriani and Frederick Walker, who highly complimented him upon his voice production. He then went to Berlin to study German songs with Julius Hey, who told him that his voice had been exceptionally well trained. He advised Mr. Balfour to study for opera, and offered him an engagement. The young artist has not decided upon his future course, but it is certain, whatever he undertakes, it will reflect credit both upon himself and his master, Frank T. Baird.

A fashionable musicale was given in Riverside December 14, at which the Vilim Trio, assisted by Mme. Ragna Linné, gave the following program:

Trio in C minor.....	Beethoven
I Love Thee.....	Grieg
Bonne Nuit.....	Massenet
Romanze in E flat.....	Goltermann
Romanze.....	Wieniawski
Canzonetto.....	Godard
Finale—Zigeunerweisen.....	Sarasate
Burst Ye Apple Buds.....	Emery
Traumerei.....	Schumann
Musette.....	Offenbach
Elegie.....	Jiraneck
Mazurek.....	Neruda
Grand Ensemble—Ave Maria.....	Gounod

Emil Liebling played at Charles W. Black's concert at Van Wert, Ohio, January 11.

The American Conservatory will give a series of recitals by advanced pupils who wish to fit themselves for concert work. The first one will take place next Wednesday, Jan-

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uary 12, in Kimball Rehearsal Hall. The following is the program:

Loure	Bach
Novelette in E major	Schumann
Nocturne	Brassin
Return, O God of Hosts (Samson)	Händel
A June Lullaby	Bullard
My Coursers	Fisher
List to me, Rosebud	Korby
Heralds of Spring	Marston
O, Ruddier than the Cherry (Acis and Galatea)	Händel
Thou Art So Like a Flower	Schumann
Had a Horse (Hungarian Folk Song)	Korby
Over the Desert	Kellie
Papillon	Grieg
A Spring Flower	Haberbier
Hark! Hark! the Lark	Schubert-Liszt
Walderauschen	Liszt
Schoen Gretlein (Fair Margaret)	Von Fielitz
A Cylus in seven songs	Von Fielitz
Waltz, in E major	Moszkowski

At Emil Liebling's class reunion to-day the following program was given:

Piano duet, Fanfare	Bohm
Andante, from sonata, op. 14, No. 2	Beethoven
Piano duet, Elisire d'Amore	Wallace
Shepherds and Shepherdeses	Godard
Fairy Fingers	Mills
Piano duet, Russia and Germany	Moszkowski
Concerto, C minor, first movement	Kullak
Autumn	MacDowell
From Uncle Remus	MacDowell
Fantasia, Rigoletto	Liszt

* With Mr. Liebling.
An organ recital by Arthur Dunham given this week includes a composition of Kate Vanderpoel's, arranged by Harrison M. Wild. Miss Vanderpoel, who has proved herself such a versatile and clever writer of melodies, has caught the popular taste, and has the additional satisfaction of knowing that she is one of the few whose compositions sell. The program played by Mr. Dunham comprises selections of Mendelssohn, Saint-Saëns, Wolstenholme and Guilman.

Clement Shaw announces a recital for next Wednesday. He will be assisted by several more or less known local people.

Miss Ella Dahl and the Spiering Quartet played at the University last night with greatest éclat.

This afternoon's concert, under the auspices of the Chicago Musical College, was given by advanced pupils. As is the rule at the college concerts everything went well,

and the young students acquitted themselves most creditably. Lewis Blackman played Bazzini's "Concert-Allegro" in fine style, and Winifred Townsend performed the adagio and finale from David's Fifth Concerto. Maud Chappelle Henley, a good contralto, who sings with much grace and ease, gave "When the Heart Is Young," Dudley Buck, and Mattei's "Patria." The piano numbers were all interpreted in a highly praiseworthy manner.

Ida Belle Field played "Rhapsodie No. 12," Liszt; Maud Jones, "Rigoletto Fantasia," Liszt, and Bernhard Niernan, "Magic Fire Scene," Wagner-Brassin, and "La Fontaine," Haberbier. The musicale was altogether far above an ordinary pupils' program.

Next Saturday afternoon William Armstrong, the well-known critic, lecturer and author, will talk to the pupils of the Chicago Musical College on "Impressions of Contemporary Music and Musicians in England." This latest lecture of Mr. Armstrong's, besides the principal theme, treats of artistic life in London, Craig-y-nos, Madame Patti's castle in Wales, and interviews with great musicians visiting London from other countries during the season. Musical students will certainly be greatly benefited by listening to this lecture, and Mr. Armstrong's former successes insure a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon. A musical program by English composers will precede the lecture. It will include a sonata for piano and violin, by Walter MacFarren, and songs by Hervey, Farry, MacKenzie, Germain, Borowski and Lucas. The following artists will appear: John R. Ortengren, Felix Borowski, Walter R. Knupfer and Frantz Proschowski.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

Paul and Franz Listemann.

Franz Listemann, the cellist, plays with the Wilmington (Del.) Art Society January 27, and at Mrs. N. Drexel's concert in Chickering Hall January 29. There will be but few more opportunities to hear this excellent artist in the East, as he leaves New York March 1 for a six weeks' Western tour, commencing in Springfield, Ill.

The violinist, Paul Listemann, who has been starring with the Redpath Concert Company, appeared last week in his sixty-fifth concert of this season. The brothers will travel together in the West.

The Eppinger Conservatory.

Notwithstanding the fact that little mention has been made in these columns of late of the above institution, it has been very active, and the success of the school thus far has been above the expectations of the directors. The previous concerts given at the conservatory by the faculty having proved so thoroughly enjoyable to music lovers and beneficial in establishing the institution, Mr. Eppinger announces that he has arranged another faculty concert for January 19 at 8:30 P. M., at which the following artists will participate: Miss Bella Tomlins, contralto; Sig. G. Ponsi, tenor; Carl Binhak, violin; Leo Tausig, cello, and Samuel Eppinger will play some piano solos. The program is interesting.

Third Philharmonic Concert.

THE third public rehearsal of the occasional orchestra that calls itself the Philharmonic Society occurred Friday afternoon last in Carnegie Hall, and the third concert, which was also a public rehearsal, was given Saturday evening. The program at both uneventful affairs was the following:

Entr'acte, 3d Act "Medea"	Cherubini
Symphonic Poem, "Sehnsucht" (after Schiller, new)	Siegfried Wagner
Concerto for Violin, A minor, op. 53	Dvorák
Henri Marteau	
Symphony No. 2, D major, op. 73	Brahms

It would be rank injustice to accuse Mr. Seidl of the fabrication of the above curious and ill-balanced scheme, for even, if the Cherubini were not hopelessly antiquated music, or if the symphonic form had been less silly, the arraignment is a woeful anti-climax. A great symphony like the Brahms should come early in the order and not be listened to after a concerto and two wearisome numbers. Nearly every newspaper criticism Saturday and Sunday spoke of the monotonous effect of the performance. The two supplementary concerts will turn out as we predicted; catchpenny efforts that in the end may give a body blow to the organization. The Philharmonic Society should reduce the number of its concerts by one-half and devote itself to assiduous revision of its band and to arduous rehearsing. This advice may lack novelty; we have given it before, and we propose to tender it again!

The "Medea" music has interest only for the lover of the archaic. Its lean orchestration does not, however, detract from the unquestionable dignity of the themes and the whole piece—produced first a hundred years ago at Paris—has a pre-Beethoven flavor. Mr. Seidl read into it some of our modern, strenuous and intense feeling. Yet it did not make withal a pleasing or profitable impression.

The program notes mentioned the fact that Siegfried Wagner had lessons in his childhood from Mr. Seidl. They must have been piano lessons, as the great conductor could never play the role of godfather to such a pretentious piece of folly as the symphonic poem "Sehnsucht." In all likelihood Engelbert Humperdinck attempted to give the score rhyme, reason and color, and even he failed. We should like to know the true history of this attempt to foist upon musical New York young Wagner's music. The program committee must have been hard pressed to accept it. Possibly the intellectual Herr Roebbelen—who, in Germany, might be happy if he played second violin in a provincial orchestra—had something to say in the matter.

This gentleman is well known for his frantic dislike of American music, and his opposition was but recently exhibited in the case of Harry Rowe Shelley's second symphony. Here is a glorious chance to rap the knuckles of these foreign-born musicians; these men who have been living on and in America for years, and yet despise,



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deride and flout its artistic productions. But the situation, tempting opportunity as it is to furnish us with a text, preaches for itself. The son of the greatest dramatic composer in the world of music, the grandson of a great virtuoso, and almost the creator of the symphonic poem form, has written music not fit for a village festival in England, and yet the Philharmonic Society, with its unpatriotic preference for anything "made in Germany," selects the work, while symphonies, overtures, concertos and symphonic poems by a hundred American composers are contemptuously passed by; works that would make this Wagner weakling seem sillier than it is.

Mr. Krehbiel gives a version of Schiller's poem "Sehnsucht," in the analytical program, with the faintly expressed hope that it may serve to blaze the way for the listener through the mushy morass of this most fatuous score. Here is the motto:

Could I from this valley drear,
Where the mist hangs heavily,
Soar to some more blissful sphere,
Ah! how happy should I be!
Distant hills enchant my sight,
Ever young and ever fair,
To those hills I'd take my flight
Had I wings to scale the air.
Harmonies mine ear assail,
Tunes that breathe a heavenly calm;
And the gently-sighing gale
Greets me with its fragrant balm.
Peeping through the shady bowers,
Golden fruits their charms display;
And those sweetly blooming flowers
Ne'er become cold winter's prey.
In yon endless sunshine bright
Ah! what bliss 't would be to dwell!
How the breeze on yonder height
Must the heart with rapture swell!
Yet the stream that hems my path
Checks me with its angry frown,
While its waves in rising wrath
Weigh my weary spirit down.
See—a bark is drawing near,
But, alas! the pilot fails.
Enter boldly—wherefore fear?
Inspiration fills its sails,
Faith and courage make thine own—
God ne'er lends a helping hand,
'Tis by magic power alone
Thou canst reach the magic land!

Tschaikowsky or Richard Strauss might have given this poem a suitable setting, but Mr. Wagner, having no ideas to express, resorts to musical manstrapation, and with the usual deadly result. He, with the help of Humperdinck, a past grandmaster of orchestration, attempts all the formula of modern scoring; the entire band is turned into solo singers; the strings are divided; the brass utters staccato sentences as the harp plucks arpeggi; there are heavy and abortive imitations of the Walhalla motive—but, oh what a sea-change it suffers in Siegfried's watery brain—and Vienna valse rhythms are served up in brocaded brass when the second section is reached, and "tunes that breathe a heavenly calm," as the poem

runs, are essayed. Realism is more than hinted at when "the pilot falls" or is pushed or shoved overboard by parties unknown. "Enter boldly," god of music, fools always rush in where angels fear to tread!

The poem—Walt Whitman would have called it a "pome"—begins with a dark, mysterious theme, the basses softly stealing, as if in rubber shoes, down a chromatic ladder. Every passage is repeated and cross-relations follow fast. This is the valley episode. Then come the distant hills, with saccharine harmonies almost unearthly in their commonplace progressions. Siegfried Wagner is a bold upholder of the chord of the dominant seventh. "This progression," he remarks in effect, "has been sadly abused, misused. I shall rescue it and lead it forth from the land of Italian bondage," and he floats on its familiar wings to "the breeze on yonder height." At no time is there a suspicion of a theme of import, and the angry aspirations after originality consist in rummaging around Papa Wagner's wardrobe, trying on a half-dozen old themes and not being big enough to fit them, mutilating them almost beyond recognition.

You can never quite kill a Wagner idea; it may be "scotched," but not murdered.

Foolish, sad, ineffably stupid music, and if Mr. Wagner had the ghost of a talent, one would be tempted to applaud, though stifling a yawn. There is no immaturity in this work; it is all painfully finished and rounded off. In it are the sins of his grandfather and father, but sins seen through the large end of an opera glass. All is emaculate and feeble, and we quite agree with Mr. Finck when he declares that Siegfried Wagner has not passed through a Sturm und Drang period. He never encountered one, for he has no temperament. He is no composer, and as a conductor he is a hopelessly respectable mechanical mediocrity.

But he managed to smuggle himself on a Philharmonic Society program, and we hope that Herr Roebelen is content with the results. Messrs. Henderson and Krehbiel gave the brazen composer a savage flogging in their critical columns, and we venture to state that Siegfried Wagner and "Zähnsucht"—as it might be called—has done more for the American composer than many volumes of polemical writings.

Of course something had to suffer on the program, and of course Brahms' symphony was that sufferer. It was carefully read, carefully played, but this care robbed it of its life, its character. There was hardly a tempo to which we can subscribe. It is the most "genial" of its composer's symphonic works, and requires a richness of interpretation and execution that was absent at this concert.

The Dvorák concerto is not the Bohemian's masterpiece, and while we are told that Henri Marteau studied it under the supervision of the composer, we can only remark that the conclusion has not been commensurate with the trouble taken. Marteau has been away three years, serving his allotted time in the French army. He

has lost entirely the youthful charm of his playing. He has no conception of the concerto, or, at least, only a cramped, childish one, and his technics are no longer infallible. He played out of tune, sharp as a rule, and rough hewed his way through double notes and impure octaves. There was an angular and misplaced vigor and of musical feeling, sensuous beauty of tone not a vestige. In a word, the promising lad Marteau has matured into a not very brilliant virtuoso, who has nimble, but not exact fingers, and plenty of showy bravura. The *adagio* was without color and barren of poetry, and the last *allegro* mere wood-sawing. The Saint-Saëns Rondo Capriccioso, played on rather meagre invitation, was little better and given with more infantile precocity than brilliancy, dash or authority. In a word, Henri Marteau has gone the way of most prodigies. If he had not been blond and rather good-looking he would never have been tolerated here.

Mrs. Thomas Protests.

MRS. THEODORE THOMAS desires to inform the press, the public and the amateur musical clubs of America that her name has been a second time fraudulently used in the circulars of the National Federation of Women's Musical Clubs, as the chairman of its board, in spite of her published statement to the contrary and her indignant protest against its unauthorized use in the same connection last fall.

Mrs. Thomas wishes to state emphatically that she is not, and never has, been connected with the Federation in any capacity whatsoever, and that the circulars issued by that association signed by her name as president of its Board, are, so far as she is concerned, fraudulent.

Chicago, January 10, 1898.

Isidor Luckstone.

Isidor Luckstone, the popular accompanist, is engaged to play with Henri Marteau in Buffalo and Troy. Mr. Luckstone is, as usual, very busy with his studio work, teaching a large number of pupils, many of whom are among the most prominent artists now before the public. As a successful repetiteur Mr. Luckstone has no superior.

Cincinnati Symphony in Louisville.

At a concert in Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, on January 6, by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Frank Van der Stucken, director, two young artist sisters, the Misses Zudie and Lilla Harris, made quite a brilliant professional début. Miss Zudie Harris proved herself a pianist of really remarkable attainment, and Miss Lilla Harris a dramatic soprano artist of unusual breadth and feeling. The leading papers of Louisville write with critical enthusiasm and at great length on the superior merits of both artists, among them the *Courier-Journal* and the *Commercial*.



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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
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THE great affair of the week was the third concert of the Seidl Society, with Dyna Beumer, soprano, and Paul Tidden, pianist, as soloists.

Consistent with the admirable plans mapped out by this energetic society, two numbers of talented American composers appeared on the same program, which held such gems as "Kammenoi Ostrow," by Rubinstein, and that great Wagnerian number, "Siegfried Passing Through the Magic Fire," orchestrated by Hans Richter. The orchestra, under the powerfully magnetic baton of Seidl, was simply perfect on this night, and Seidl had innumerable recalls.

Madame Beumer sang an aria from Monsigny's "La Belle Arsene" and that brilliant Gounod waltz, "Mireille." Beumer is a charming singer, the quality of her fine voice being unlike anyone else's. Those present manifested a keen enjoyment, and when she sang that delicious little song, "Les Oiselets," by Massenet, she quite transported her hearers, who enjoyed her quiet sostenuto as well as the marvelous execution, which is far beyond the coloratura singing in general.

Paul Tidden met with a hearty reception and it was well deserved. He played with authority and virility; he has a perfectly clear technic and a well-poised interpretation. MacDowell was fortunate in having his fine concerto presented in such a sympathetic, skillful manner. The concerto as a composition is a good one. It is highly poetic and from the stand of pianism is strong. The second movement is especially interesting. One might wish for more climax than is given to the last movement; but on the whole it is thoroughly good.

The Ballade by Brockway was beautiful. The instrumentation is intelligent and throughout is coherent and consistent with the highest principles of composition. Brockway has indeed a great talent.

At the next concert Joseffy will play two concertos—the Chopin-Tausig and the Liszt A minor. This is assuredly a novelty, and an opportunity which does not present itself often—i. e., to hear Joseffy in two concerts on the same evening. The name of Joseffy, without stating what he would play, would be enough to fill the house. The other numbers of interest will be the overture to Dudley Buck's "Marmion," and "Les Preludes," by Liszt.

One of the most enjoyable concerts of the season was given by the Cantata Club, with Albert Gérard Thiers, who, as conductor, keeps this club's record at the very top notch of perfection. Mr. Thiers has indeed shown more than ordinary success with these young women, because outside of the attack and ensemble, which must be good in any club, they sing with coloring, shading and delicacy, which shows a master in control. Mr. Thiers is pre-eminently fitted for this work, and much interest will be taken in the first appearance of the Lyric Club in New York, which is a counterpart of his Cantata Club of Brooklyn. The club was assisted by Miss Thudichum, soprano, and Clarence de Vaux Royer, both of whom gave very much satisfaction to their audience. Mrs. Kuster, the accompanist, as well as Miss Chittenden, the organist of the club, were at their accustomed places. The next concert will occur in April.

Guilmant, the great organist, whose recital will occur at the New York Avenue M. E. Church on Thursday night, was entertained at the home of Prof. E. M. Bowman. During the evening he had the opportunity to hear Miss Bessie Bowman, a talented pupil of Cappiani, and he expressed himself as charmed with her talent, her voice and her admirable diction. Miss Bowman sang exquisitely at the concert of the Temple choir on Wednesday evening. On this same occasion Miss Geneva Waters, a violin pupil, but indeed far from showing traces of the pupil, of Henry Schradieck, played the two last movements of the Mendelssohn violin concerto. Miss Waters has an admirable tone, a splendid style, and an extremely artistic finish, which, in addition to her own natural talent, shows the remarkable work done by that great violin teacher, Schradieck.

Another Schradieck pupil played with fine success at the affair of Frederic Reddall, who gave another of his delightful musical mornings on Saturday, at which time he had the satisfaction of seeing the music room in the Pouch mansion filled to its utmost capacity with an audience of interested listeners. Mr. Reddall had more satisfaction than this; he had the pleasure of knowing that he was making a showing of which he might well be proud. Mr. Reddall uses his intelligence in his work, and the consequence is that he gets results. The opening number might be taken as a representative of the work which he does, and in taking it so, one could scarcely ask for more until the demand for the heaviest vocal virtuosity is made by the public.

Mrs. Eben Storer, of whom I have written very often, and in very high terms, sings quite as well as she did when I spoke of her as Miss Augusta Tobey; by the way, THE COURIER extends congratulations.

Miss Annie Wilson Arthur, soprano soloist of the Jones Church, who sang with Mrs. Storer, has a beautiful clear soprano that carries well, and makes her in every way an agreeable church singer. All of the young ladies showed the care which has been bestowed upon them, and their numbers, as given on the appended program, were given with success. Mr. Reddall had the assistance of Mrs.

Lillian Sherwood Newkirk, who has a large dramatic and resonant voice. Mrs. Newkirk is an admirable acquisition to a concert program, for, as her delicate work is dainty, so is her heavier work satisfactory. When a singer has reached Mrs. Newkirk's degree of art she may attempt to sing Elizabeth's Prayer and hope to make some effect. In the duet with Mr. Reddall the voices blended finely. Mrs. Newkirk and Mr. Reddall are members of the same choir.

Leroy V. Jackson, a pianist of considerable talent, gave an interesting group of soli. Mr. Jackson played with exactitude and easy technic, and judging from the fact that he is a Bowman pupil, in addition to his own manner of interpretation, I should judge that he had the elements of success. Miss Georgina Walsh was the violinist to whom I referred earlier, as a fine example of Schradieck's pupils; she played in a very interesting manner.

The program was:

Quis Est Homo, Stabat Mater.....Rossini
Miss Annie Wilson Arthur and Mrs. Eben Storer.
Andante and Finale, Seventh Concerto.....De Beriot
Miss Georgina Walsh.
Elizabeth's Prayer, Tannhäuser.....Wagner
Mrs. Lillian Sherwood-Newkirk.
Joan of Arc at Rouen.....Bordese
Miss Edith Lanning.
Tremolo.....Gottschalk
Berceuse.....Chopin
Octave Etude.....Kullak
Leroy W. Jackson.
Ave Maria.....Luzzi
Florence Ward Smith.
The Land o' the Leal.....Foote
Dost Thou Know.....Massenet
Mrs. Lillian Sherwood-Newkirk.
Legende.....Wieniawski
Miss Georgina Walsh.
Still Wie die Nacht.....Götze
Mrs. Newkirk and Mr. Reddall.
Miss Carrie B. Taylor, accompanist.

A piano recital will be given by Mrs. Elford Gould at the home of Mrs. George Henry Clements, at Flushing, on Saturday, January 22 at 8:30. Mrs. Gould, who is an extremely talented pianist, will give the following elaborate and interesting program:

Faschingschwank (1).....Schumann
Gavotte.....Gluck
Polonaise Militaire.....Chopin
Nocturne.....Chopin
Valse.....Chopin
Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead.....Huss
The Twilight.....Huss
Prelude Appassionata.....Huss
Cleopatra's Death.....Huss
Rhapsodie, B minor.....Brahms
Intermezzo.....Brahms
Hungarian Dance.....Brahms
Gavotte.....Gluck-Brahms
Bacchanal.....Dvorák
Siegfried's Death March.....Wagner

Owing to the fact that the address at the Temple Choir entertainment was given by E. F. Bauer I was not able to be at the last song recital of the series, which has been

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"He was applauded with tremendous heartiness and recalled five times."—BEN WOLFF, in *Boston Herald*.

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very successful. This one was given by Emma Juch, soprano, and Victor Herbert, cellist. Madame Juch was ill, and only gave a few of her numbers, which at their worst seemed to have given more satisfaction than the substitute. The fact of Ida Gray Scott not being so successful might not have attracted so much attention but for the announcement that she was to assume the soprano role in the coming production of "St. Paul," and it occasioned much comment. I was not there.

The series of piano recitals has been announced. The first one to occur, January 26, is to be given by Siloti. I regret extremely to state that the Institute has seen fit to give this series in Association Hall, which is more than unfit for such a thing. Outside of an immense loss of prestige which it must engender, the acoustics for piano work cannot have been considered for a moment, and although I would be glad, in fact delighted, to hear that magnificent artist, Pugno, in a recital, I am very glad that he will not play in Association Hall. The Institute ought to reconsider this matter, as also to add a recital by Pugno, for he is too great an artist not to be heard by such an audience as Brooklyn holds.

The recitals announced are to be given by Siloti, January 26; Marteau and Lotta Mills, February 9; Bloomfield-Zeissler, February 24; Constantin von Sternberg, March 8; William H. Sherwood, March 31.

The Apollo Club's next concert will occur on February 8. The club will give no concert under any auspices other than its own. It was invited by the Brooklyn Institute to give a concert under this patronage, but very wisely declined, knowing that while the name of Dudley Buck stands where it does, both as director of this club and in the hearts of the people, not only of Brooklyn but of America, the Apollo Club is all right.

Abram Ray Tyler played his twenty-fifth free organ recital on Saturday at 4. When one stops to consider the standing and capacity of the man, the grade of music which he usually gives, and the soloists who assist him, one can realize what a vast amount of benefit and enjoyment he is giving the people, and I wish that more of the young students might be interested in this very educational work.

On Saturday he had the assistance of Mrs. Kathrene Cavannah Parker, contralto, and Louis and Henry Mollenhauer, violinists. Among other numbers Mr. Tyler played a pastorale and canon, dedicated to Mr. Tyler by Clifford Demarest, a wedding march by Dudley Buck.

On Saturday morning Robert Thallon had the assistance of the New York String Quartet, with a personnel of E. Boegner, Jos. Knecht, F. Schaefer and C. Peters at his weekly musicale.

The next musicale to occur at the very popular Hotel St. George will be on January 21, when Miss Florence Terrel, the pianist who has recently met with such overwhelming success in New York and Boston with Damrosch and Paur, will play. Hubert Arnold, one of the best violinists of New York, will also appear, and Walter McIlroy, who has made an enviable name as ballad singer, will be heard in several beautiful ballads. Miss Kathryn Morgan, a talented young reader, will diversify the musical program.

On Saturday afternoon and evening Sousa and his great organization will be heard here. He brings with him two fine soloists, who, while they have never appeared on this side of the bridge, are not strangers to many of the Brooklynites who heard them when they were at Manhattan Beach last summer, where both Maud Reese-Davies and Jennie Hoyle won both the people and the press.

Everyone in Brooklyn loves to think of Sousa as being in town, as the houses at the Academy of Music will prove.

Louis Koemmenich, of whom I have spoken often as a

man of more than ordinary talent, has decided to give a recital of song, to consist mainly of his own compositions. Mr. Koemmenich has written many beautiful ballads and very many excellent part songs. At this occasion Mrs. Josephine Jacoby and Hildegard Hoffman are to be heard. Mrs. Jacoby, whom Mr. Koemmenich had the honor of first presenting to the public, is too well known in Brooklyn to require comment, and Miss Hoffman, who has been studying with Oscar Saenger for some months and who has made vast improvement, is well worth hearing. The concert is to occur January 18 in Wissner Hall.

Mrs. Jacoby will also be heard on January 19, when she is to be one of the soloists at the concert to be given by the Prospect Heights Choral Society, of which H. E. H. Benedict is the leader and organizer. Victor Herbert, cellist, is to be the other soloist heard upon this occasion.

Herman Dietman, the young baritone, who has become well known to the Brooklyn public, will give a recital of song designated as a "Farewell Recital," in Historical Hall on Tuesday, January 25.

A recital to be given by the pupils of Carl Fiqué occurs on Tuesday night, too late for notice in this issue. Mr. Fiqué will have the assistance of E. A. Kent, tenor, who is growing rapidly in the public favor.

A new course of lectures, to be given by Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, who in this capacity has grown very popular, begins January 10 at the Art Building, on Montague street. Dr. Hanchett is booked to appear in Norfolk, Vassar and New Haven in similar lectures.

Mme. Berta Grosse Thomason has received from her teacher, Franz Kullak, the first copy of a new work on interpretation, which is extremely valuable to a musician or a musical student. Mrs. Thomason was for quite a while assistant to Kullak, and in addition to this master's example and instruction Mrs. Thomason's own worth as a woman and as a talent would make her valuable in any community. She is a very busy teacher, and her pupils show very much more than ordinary results.

Emanating from a stand taken by THE MUSICAL COURIER the decision has been made to open the amphitheatre of the Academy of Music at the matinee performances of the Boston Symphony at 25 cents, for the benefit of students who are spending a great deal of money on a musical education. It is to be hoped that the teachers will urge upon their pupils the absolute necessity of attending these concerts. The teacher carries a certain amount of influence, and it now lies with him to bring his pupil into the habit of hearing the best music available in the United States or Europe at 25 cents. Those living in the Manhattan Borough will not be excluded, and this should be of as much interest to the New York teachers as to those of Brooklyn. The following splendid programs will be given:

FRIDAY MATINEE PROGRAM, JANUARY 21, AT 3 O'CLOCK.
Symphony, No. 46, in D major (without minuet). Mozart
Solo Number.....To be announced
Madame Szumowska, soloist.
Midsummer Night's Dream music.....Mendelssohn
Prize Song from Die Meistersingers.....Wagner
Evan Williams, soloist.
Overture to Tannhäuser.....Wagner

SATURDAY EVENING PROGRAM, JANUARY 22, AT 8:15.
Overture, Leonore No. 3.....Beethoven
Solo Number.....To be announced
Madame Galski, soloist.
Suite, Les Erinnyes (first time).....Massenet
Solo Number.....To be announced
Madame Galski, soloist.
Symphony in D minor, No. 4.....Schumann

The Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané string organization, to give the last chamber music concert of the series on Wednesday night, have been remarkably successful in their Cres-

cent Club engagements. There is no possibility of failure with such material under the cleverest and most charming of feminine managers, Mrs. Louise Kaltenborn. EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Boston Music Notes.

January 8, 1898.

The elaborate service prepared by J. D. Buckingham for Christmas Day at St. Michael's, in Providence, was repeated on the following Sunday to a congregation beyond the seating capacity of the church. The Providence Visitor, the leading church paper of Rhode Island, has the following to say apropos of the music:

The music at the services Christmas Day was rendered by the regular choir, under the direction of J. D. Buckingham. The program was probably not excelled by any Catholic Church in New England. The solos were finely given, and the choruses showed the result of training and rehearsal. The fine organ never sounded to better advantage as under the masterly touch of Mr. Buckingham.

Miss Helen Wright, the popular soprano, finds her services in much demand. This month she sings on the 9th in Norwood, the 19th with the Exeter (N. H.) Choral Society; 23d, the Stabat Mater in Boston; 26th, in Reading and the 24th in Nashua, N. H. A busy month.

Miss Aagot Lunde, who will give a concert in Colonial Hall, Worcester, on January 27, has engaged the Eichberg String Quartet to assist her.

The second in the series of chamber concerts given under the direction of Prof. James K. Hill occurred on Thursday evening at his residence in Haverhill, when one of the most fashionable and critical audiences ever assembled in that city listened to the thoroughly artistic song recital by Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel. It was a superb concert from the first number to the last, and only those who have heard the Henschels can appreciate the pleasure their reading of the program gave. The program was as follows:

Duet, from Giannina e Bernadone.....Cimarosa
Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Sacred Song, Wait Thou Still.....T. W. Franck
Serenata, from Agrippina.....Handel
Aria, from Almira.....Handel
Mr. Henschel.
Canzonet, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair....Haydn
Song, Nymphs and Shepherds.....Purcell
Song, Where Be Going.....Old Cornish
Mrs. Henschel.
Cantata, Vittoria.....Carissimi
Song, Wohin.....Schubert
Romance, So Willst du des Armen.....Brahms
Mr. Henschel.
Encore, song.....Schubert
Die Loreley.....Liszt
Der Nussbaum.....Schumann
Tausendschon, Op. 56, No. 3.....Henschel
Mrs. Henschel.
Encore, Scotch Lullaby.
Duet, Oh, That We Two Were Maying.....Henschel
Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Song, Auferstehn (Resurrection), Op. 57, No. 3. Henschel
Ballad, The Ruined Mill.....Loewe
Ballad, Henry the Fowler.....Loewe
Mr. Henschel.
Song, Midi au Village.....Goring Thomas
Song, Margoton.....Old French
Song, Spring.....Henschel
Mrs. Henschel.
Encore, Comin' Thro' the Rye.
Duet, from De Nouveau Seigneur de Village....Boieldieu
Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.

There will be a recital in Steinert Hall on January 20 by William Dietrich Strong.

Fredrick Smith, the solo tenor at Trinity, who recently made a conspicuous success in the "Messiah" performance at Providence, has already been approached by the committees of two wealthy churches with flattering offers for next year.

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Schnitzler, first violin; Jacques Hoffmann, second violin; Henry Heindl, viola; Carl Barth, 'cello, assisted by Mrs. Edith Perkins, soprano, will give their second concert in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, January 11.

The Ondrick-Schulz Quartet, composed of K. Ondrick, first violin; K. Barleben, second violin; F. Zahn, viola; L. Schulz, violoncello, will give their second concert of the season Tuesday night, February 8. The program will be: Quartet, op. 80, G major, Dvorák; sonata for piano and cello, Klengel Quartet, D major, Haydn (first time).

The third in Miss Orvis' series of concerts for young people was given in Chickering Hall on Saturday.

Mrs. Ella Chamberlain Fenderson, contralto, is now residing at Hotel Beresford.

The Cecelia gives its second concert on Thursday evening, the 13th inst., and will sing Brahms' "Song of Fate," Humperdinck's "Pilgrimage to Kelyaar" and Goring-Thomas' "Swan and Skylark." The soloists for the latter work are Mrs. Mariar. Titus, soprano; Miss Muriel Palmer, contralto; H. Johnson, tenor, and S. Townsend, baritone.

Mrs. Ellen Berg-Parkyn will appear in a recital in Steinert Hall on the evening of January 18. The program will be largely confined to Scandinavian compositions.

Miss Salome Thomas, of Boston, has just returned from an extended Western trip.

The Orpheus Club opened its new clubhouse on Tuesday. Guests were received by President and Mrs. L. Schlegelmilch, First Vice-President and Mrs. Henry F. Naphen, Second Vice-President and Mrs. G. F. Burkhardt, Third Vice-President Caleb E. Niebuhr, Secretary and Mrs. Louis Baier, Mrs. L. Speidel, Treasurer and Mrs. H. C. Lagreze, Solomon Eaton, Mrs. Allen, H. W. Daniell, Max Cramer and James F. Sweeney. During the evening some excellent music was enjoyed, the artists who appeared being Mrs. Bertha Kelterborn, soprano; Clarence E. Hay, baritone; Dr. Kelterborn, pianist, and the Kuntz Orchestral Club.

A concert will be given in Odd Fellows' Hall, Somerville, Thursday evening, February 17, by the Tufts College Glee, Mandolin and Guitar clubs.

Mrs. Flora Barry, so well remembered for her successes on the concert stage, and in imparting voice instruction, has resumed vocal teaching, a fact which her many friends will learn with great pleasure.

Bertha Bucklin.

This favorite young violinist is now here, and may be addressed care of the leading managers. She has appeared with the following organizations: Mendelssohn Glee Club, of New York; Brooklyn Apollo Club, Boston Apollo Club, New York Apollo Club, Troy Choral Club, Buffalo Liedertafel, New York Banks' Glee Club, Brooklyn Saengerbund, North Adams Vocal Society and others.

Lillian Butz.

This charming young prima donna is meeting with unqualified success, as can be seen from many flattering press notices from cities recently visited. Since the late successful appearance of Lillian Butz in New York she sang in Cincinnati December 18 and 20, in Columbus, 22d and 23d of December; Toledo, 27th of December, winning from the musical public and press alike the warmest praise. Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis are bookings for early January.

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CINCINNATI, January 8, 1898.

THE second faculty concert of the College of Music on Friday evening, January 7, in the Odeon, presented as soloists Frederick J. Hoffmann, pianist, and Richard Schliwen, violinist, in the following program:

Prelude and Fugue in C minor, from Well-Tempered Clavichord Bach
Theme and Variations in A flat, from Sonata op. 26, Beethoven
Scherzo in F Scarlatti
Le Trille du Diable Tartini
Four Preludes—D flat major, A major, C minor, and C major Chopin
Notturmo in F minor, op. 55, No. 1 Chopin
Valse in C sharp minor, op. 64 Chopin
Gondoliera, from Venezia e Napoli Liszt
Senta's Ballade, from Flying Dutchman Wagner-Liszt
Adagio and Allegro for Piano and Violin, Op. 70, Schumann

Messrs. Hoffmann and Schliwen.

Mr. Hoffmann has particularly developed the poetic side of his nature. What he lacks from a technical standpoint is strength. There was something exquisitely delicate in his playing of the Chopin nocturne, and the preludes were given with just the right proportion of tempo rubato. In the Ballade he sustained the melody beautifully. Mr. Hoffmann is not a mechanical performer, but has a fine texture of music in his temperament, with much earnestness and devotion to his art.

Richard Schliwen was not heard at his best in "The Devil's Sonata," by Tartini, owing perhaps to fatigue consequent upon his journey to Louisville. His technical resources were in sufficient evidence, but his tone was often raspy and unclear. In a pyrotechnical work of that kind the sparks must be genuine to be enjoyable. As an encore Mr. Schliwen played to much better advantage a Hungarian Dance by Hauser. Romeo Gorno performed the duties of accompanist with discernment and skill. An Adagio and Allegro for piano and violin, by Schumann, closed the concert.

The Popular Music Classes were resumed in the Lyceum last week.

Miss Julia Young is a vocalist of this city of decided promise. She has a mezzo soprano voice of resonance and musical quality. She has temperament and sings with feeling. The dramatic is not lacking in its range of cultivation. Miss Young is a Cincinnati by birth, of German parentage. She received her entire musical education in this city. For four years she studied under Prof.

R. P. Southard, who was connected with the College of Music, and later conducted a school of his own at the Pike Building. He is at present teaching in Boston. Miss Young studied Italian under the late Professor Moulinier. Her voice has been much admired at a number of concerts in Cincinnati and vicinity; also, at St. Xavier's, the Central Christian and other churches, where she was called upon to sing. In singing she uses the English, German, Italian and Latin text with equal facility. Her method of singing is the old Italian. Mr. Southard, her teacher, was a pupil of George L. Osgood, the famous Boston tenor, who himself was a graduate of the elder Lamperti. Her repertory embraces works from the old masters and modern classics. Miss Young has excited the interest of many, and is anxious to continue her studies abroad.

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra scored a decided success last week at Macaulay's Theatre, Louisville, Ky. Mr. Van der Stucken was warmly congratulated, and after the concert was the honored guest of the elite at a social reception.

J. A. HOMAN.

Flavie Van den Hende.

Miss Flavie Van den Hende, the Belgian 'cellist, has returned from her successful Western trip with the New York Ladies' Trio, and is busy filling a number of engagements. On January 8 she played at the Aeolian concert, on the 11th at a private musicale, on the 14th she will play in Memorial Hall, Brooklyn, and on the 15th at an uptown private musicale.

Henschel Farewell Song Recitals.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will give two farewell song recitals in Chickering Hall on Friday afternoon, January 14, and Wednesday afternoon, January 19. Their programs are, as usual, delightfully made, and all lovers of pure and finished lyric art should not fail to hear these admirable artists before their departure, their work being as much a matter of education as of enjoyment.

Adèle Laeis Baldwin.

The gifted contralto, Adèle Laeis Baldwin, whose rich voice and artistic method have won her a prominent position among our best singers, continues to meet with success, and her numerous concert engagements strongly attest her popularity. At a concert given by the Dannreuther Quartet in Orange, N. J., on January 5, she scored a veritable triumph. Mrs. Baldwin has been engaged to sing the alto part in the "Redemption" with the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston.

Marcella Powell, Soprano.

This name is new here as yet, but is unquestionably bound to become familiar soon. She began study with Mrs. George Baker, of Denver, Col., and is now one of Francis Fischer Power's artist-pupils. Her range is from C below to E flat above the staff, a coloratura soprano leggiero. She has sung in amateur opera, in church-choir also, and some time ago sang the "L'Africaine" aria, with much success, at a Chicago conservatory reception. A few years ago she was en tour in Europe, when a celebrated vocal maestro in Milan heard her, and encouraged her to place her whole future in the development of her voice. United with a voice of remarkable purity and sweetness is a charming presence, a youthful, girlish appearance, which at once claims admiration. With so much in her favor, Marcella Powell is sure to succeed.



FANNIE - - - -

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NEW YORK, January 10, 1898.

THE Suami Abhedananda, of the highest order of Brahmins, India, was the drawing card at Miss Lilli d'Angelo Bergh's third song recital, for the spacious parlors were crowded to discomfort by people, who gazed upon Suami, at each other (and, being mostly women, wondered "what it cost?"), listened to the Brahmin's words of wisdom, heard a little music, and then went their way.

The Suami (pronounce Swah-mee) proved to be a distinguished-appearing, lithe and bronze-colored gentleman, attired in a terra-cotta-colored cassock and bright yellow head-gear, wound about the head and falling in a long and graceful fold over one shoulder. He was also garbed in a most becoming and impressive modest air—altogether a very interesting and charming gentleman, with a quiet and exceedingly well-bred manner, attained only by constant association with the gentle sex. I suppose he knows all about everything, large slices of knowingness cropping out from him at all times. In any case he delivered himself of a dissertation on the "Whichness of the How" or something or other, during which time I found myself gazing on his beauteous form, and admiring his well-chosen, nicely-spoken English (full of New Yorker accent), instead of listening to the chunks of wisdom emanating from out his alabaster lips; for the life of me I cannot recall one word or idea of his talk! Miss Bergh sang, Victor Kúzdó played the violin, and Miss Alice Black the accompaniments.

This was organist Charles Heinroth's last organ recital program:

Prelude and Fugue, F minor.....Händel
Adagio, A minor.....Bach
Scherzo.....Chauvet
Musette.....Chauvet
Sonata, D minor.....Maily
Vocal Solo—En Chemin.....Holmes
Marine.....Lalo

Miss Margaret Hubbard.

Theme and Variations.....Thiele

Of these numbers, well chosen as regards contrast and varied content, the writer heard only the first three, other duties calling him away. Heinroth gave the Händel prelude with authority and clearness, his facile pedal-technic standing him in good stead; in the Bach adagio a beautiful variety of registration made the work especially interesting, and the Scherzo and Musette proved grateful, effective genre pieces. A word as to detail in program construction may here be apropos; give us the opus number, or the name of the work from which excerpts are played, also the number of the organ recital. All such

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data are interesting and should certainly have place on the program.

I was sorry not to have heard Miss Hubbard in the church, since I have a fluttering recollection of her pretty voice and person, dating back nearly a year ago, when she had but just returned from foreign study. I say "fluttering," but by changing one single letter, the u to an a, the sense would also still be preserved, for she then impressed me most pleasantly.

Mr. Heinroth's next recital occurs on Saturday evening, January 15, Ascension P. E. Church, Fifth avenue and Tenth street, at 8 o'clock.

Madame Ogden Crane's Student's concert occurs next Wednesday evening, January 19, in Chickering Hall. A score or so of pupils, many of whom are really young artists, will participate. The appended present press quotation is from the *Society Times* of recent date:

Madame Ogden Crane's students' concert occurs next the past season. She has been appointed choir director for the People's Church in the Academy of Music, under the Rev. Mr. Dixon, the choir comprising fifty voices. Mme. Ogden Crane has also been made conductor of the Homesdale, N. J., Choral Society. These offices have been bestowed in addition to Mme. Ogden Crane's tenure as director of the Asbury Park Choral Society, which she presides over every Monday night.

Madame Crane's circular contains a few "do nots," as follows:

Do not change teachers every few months; select a teacher with care and stand by him or her.

Do not practice over fifteen minutes at a time, but do this three or four times a day at first; oftener as your voice grows stronger.

Do not be contented to know a little about music; study as long as possible and read all good musical literature you can procure.

Do not try to explain your teacher's method, for nine times out of ten you would get it wrong.

Do not sing your tones as your teacher directs when taking your lesson, then go home and practice in a way all your own, paying but little heed to what you have been told.

Do not miss an opportunity of hearing good music.

Do not be careless of your health, for upon this depends your voice.

Do not become discouraged, but keep at work; remember patience and perseverance will accomplish wonders.

Griffith E. Griffith made it pleasant for the many callers at the West Side Branch of the Y. M. C. A., 318 West Fifty-seventh street, on New Year's Day, he having charge of the music from 7 to 9 P. M. This was the program:

Recitative—Thus saith the Lord.....Händel
Air—But who may abide the day of his coming...Händel
O Thou Sublime, Sweet Evening Star!.....Wagner
How many sail out who never sail in.....McChesney

Later the Branch Glee Club under Mr. Griffith's direction, with a string quartet, gave this program:

Sorosis Waltzes—String Quartet.....Kaiser
Over the Bright Blue Sea—Glee Club.....Emerson
Grace and Beauty Gavotte—String Quartet.....Aaronson
The Skippers of St. Ives—Glee Club.....Emerson
Danube Wave Waltzes—String Quartet.....Ivanovici
The Lost Chord—Glee Club and Quartet.....Sullivan

Miss Lulu A. Potter, a Von Klenner pupil, has accepted a position as voice instructor in a North Carolina school, and has already gone there to begin her duties, leaving her Newark Garcia Club leaderless and her church without a soprano. Details in a later issue.

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Frank L. Sealy, organist of the Oratorio Society of New York, and conductor of the Madrigal Club, of Newark, N. J., is giving a series of organ recitals at his church in the latter city, this being the program of his first, given last Saturday:

First and Second Movements from Fifth Symphony, Widor
The Voice of the Father.....Cowan
Miss Van Vleck.
Benediction Nuptiale.....E. D'Evy
Vielle Chanson.....E. D'Evy
A Christmas Anthem.....Sealy

The Choir.
March Rustique.....Gigout
Lied.....Gigout
O Love Divine.....Allen

Mrs. Sealy and Mr. Sullivan.
Meditation.....Grison
Offertoire for the Feast of Noel.....Grison

Assisted by the choir of the church—Mrs. Frank L. Sealy, Miss Kathryn F. Van Vleck, W. Poyntz Sullivan and W. Barnette Smith.

The last monthly musical service at Rutgers Presbyterian Church (F. W. Riesberg, organist and musical director) occurring the first Sunday evening of each month, had this program:

Abide With Me, alto solo and quartet....E. J. Biederman
When Shades of Night, quartet.....Charles A. E. Harris
Praise Ye Jehovah, soprano and tenor duet, arranged, C. S. Elliott

The quartet consists of Miss Mary H. Mansfield, soprano; Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, alto; Lloyd Rand, tenor, and Luther Gail Allen, basso.

The secretary-treasurer of the New York State Music Teachers' Association last week forwarded to Edwin Moore, of 117 Warburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., a rather unique gift. It was a life membership card, voted Mr. Moore at the last meeting of the association, in recognition of the fact that his was the first dollar received by President Landon in response to his circular—membership—blanks sent to 30,000 musical people of the State, just ten years ago. Mr. Landon made the motion, and it was enthusiastically carried, thus placing Mr. Moore as the only life member, made such by action of the association.

Thomas & Fellows, the choir agents, in Carnegie Hall, are meeting with remarkable success in their efforts to serve the interests of singers, organists and church music committees. Their aim is to establish friendly and confidential relations between the church committees and themselves, ascertain their exact needs and requirements, and supply them without subjecting all concerned to the disagreeable features of promiscuous trials.

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Thomas & Fellows were obliged to keep their choir agency in Carnegie Hall open both Christmas and New Year's days owing to the large demand made on them for

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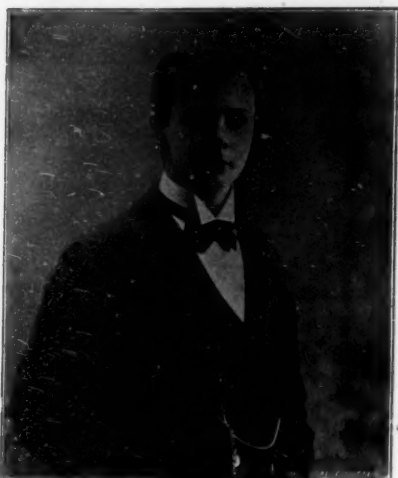
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While it is generally acknowledged that concert work has been exceedingly backward so far this season, it is also an accepted fact that the firm is getting fully its share of what is coming. It only goes to show that the firm is hustling, and while the supplying of choir singers is the principal interest at present Thomas & Fellows are not forgetting the concert end, as the numerous good contracts they have made go to show.

They propose making concert work just as important as the choir work in a short time.

Dr. Carl E. Duft, one of the foremost of our American baritones, has been engaged by the firm for the oratorio of "St. Paul," to be given in Brooklyn February 2 by the Brooklyn Oratorio Society, Walter Henry Hall conductor.

Alexandre Guilmant.

Guilmant's time is completely filled up to February 24. He had his leave of absence extended until the middle of March in order to fill the numerous engagements before him.

Kathrin Hilke in Montreal.

This is a press criticism of Miss Hilke's artistic work:

Miss Kathrin Hilke has been heard before in Montreal, and so favorable was the impression she made upon a former occasion that the audience received her with great warmth. She is a thorough artist. Her voice is at once powerful and sweet—having a penetrative quality—clear, vibrant, thrilling. The recitative, "There were shepherds abiding in the fields by night," was delicately expressive, but in the air "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" there was the commingled expression of power, feeling and artistic restraint.—Montreal Daily Witness, December 24, 1897.

E. C. Towne in Montreal.

E. C. Towne, of New York, the tenor, alike through ease, dignity, feeling and power, at once won upon the regard. His voice is wonderfully sweet, while his range is more than equal to the demand ordinarily made upon it. Mr. Towne is quiet and reticent, but he imported into the well-known recitative, "Comfort Ye, My People," an exquisite grace and tenderness of feeling, while in the tenor recitative and air, "Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart," "Behold and See if There Be any Sorrow Like Unto His Sorrow," the poignancy of expression was intense. It was here, perhaps, that Mr. Towne was heard at his best, and the impression he left upon his audience was one of exceeding interest and charm. Others have been more declamatory; Mr. Towne is not the less effective because of a certain beautiful stillness which marks his work.—Montreal Daily Witness, December 24, 1897.

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Success of a Mariner Pupil.

THE latest Mariner pupil to reflect credit on herself, her instructor and the Virgil method is Miss Bird Maclagan, of Passaic, N. J., who has been under Mr. Mariner's guidance a little over one year. Like many of his pupils, she had previously studied and played for years, but in a manner most unsatisfactory to herself.

Placing herself with Mr. Mariner, she began at the very foundation of the Virgil method, and has steadily proceeded with the work, conquering one technical difficulty after another, which before had prevented her from accomplishing her ideal. At present she has a large repertory thoroughly memorized, and has played at many of Mr. Mariner's pupils' recitals.

On Saturday afternoon, January 8, she played a recital at the Passaic Club House to a large and fashionable audience.

Her program was well selected to show her versatility, and all the numbers were played with the repose, breadth of interpretation, accuracy and technical facility for which Virgil pupils are noted.

In her softer passages she procured many charming effects and from the first number to the last she succeeded in holding the attention of the audience. The following program was played entirely from memory:

Bourree Bach
La Fileuse Raff
Air de Ballet Chaminade
Hexentanz MacDowell
Mazourka Barowski

This number will be performed first on the clavier and then on the piano. Miss Maclagan has never played this piece on the piano, and has never heard it played; she will go to the piano with it for the first time before the audience.

Caprice Wachs
An den Fruhlung Grieg
Shadow Dance MacDowell
Tarantelle Rubinstein

Miss Bird Maclagan.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler will play with the London (England) Philharmonic Society in April. She leaves for Europe March 24.

Henri Marteau.

Marteau, who made his debut at the Philharmonic Society last week, gives two recitals in Boston this week, and leaves next week for the West, where he plays in fourteen concerts until the first week of February, when he will return to New York, and be heard in two recitals in Mendelssohn Hall.

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Another Lankow Pupil.

S. P. Veron, the American basso pupil of Mme. Anna Lankow, has just been engaged by L. M. Ruben to join the Karger Concert Company for an extensive tour through the South.

Burmeister Pupils.

Luther Conradi, a young pianist of great talent and a pupil of Burmeister, gave a very successful recital last Thursday in York, Pa., at the Academy of Music. In February he will play Burmeister's Piano Concerto in D minor with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore.

Another pupil of Burmeister, Miss Anne Atkinson, from Columbia, S. C., has been engaged to give recitals in Middletown, Conn., and Dobb's Ferry, N. Y. We append Mr. Conradi's program:

Toccata e Fuga, in D minor, for organ J. Seb. Bach
Thirty-two Variations, in C minor Beethoven
Lento, from piano concerto in D minor Burmeister
Capriccio in C major Burmeister
Valse in A flat Chopin
Etude, G flat Chopin
Polonaise in A flat Chopin

Leontine Gaertner.

The young 'cellist, Miss Gaertner, had immense success at Toronto. We quote these most flattering criticisms of her playing:

Probably the artist whose praises were unanimously sung the loudest was Miss Leontine Gaertner, the 'cellist. Petite of form, with a charming, winsome manner, she at once won the favor of the audience, but when she began to play she won their hearts. Seldom have we beheld an audience so spellbound. Completely under the control of her fascinating power she swayed them at will. Now, as under the skilled touch of her magic bow the cello gave forth its plaintive tones almost human, the audience were hushed to a death-like stillness, again laughter beamed from every eye, now joy, now sorrow, and then she stopped. For a moment all was still, then tumultuous applause burst from the vast audience, which would not be pacified until she graciously responded with an encore. Miss Gaertner's marvelous skill will be long remembered in Toronto; such 'cello playing is seldom heard and never forgotten.—The Globe, Toronto, January 3, 1898.

Miss Leontine Gaertner treated the audience to a delightful surprise. She plays the 'cello with masculine firmness and vigor, has a fine round tone, a sound method of bowing, and interprets in a musicianly and honest style, free from trickery or sickly sentimentality. Her numbers were by Schumann, Popper, Godard and Davidoff. The Godard "Berceuse" was rendered with much taste and delicacy, and the Popper "Tarantelle" with much brilliancy of technique.—The Daily Mail and Empire, Toronto, January 3, 1898.

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Jacoby with Thomas Orchestra.

MRS. JOSEPHINE S. JACOBY, the contralto, sang with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra at the Auditorium, Chicago, January 7 and 8, and the following are a few of the local criticisms:

There was a soloist (and a good one) in the person of Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, to harmonize all differences of taste with the solidarity of song, which is one in its power to charm (granted tone and expression) in anything from Bach to Wagner. Whether or not by request, the selection for Mrs. Jacoby (the air from "Samson and Delilah," where the siren invokes love to her aid) was most admirably chosen. The preponderance of low pitched tone, the breadth of expression, and the passionate feeling of the music were all so fitted to the singer's powers as to enable her performance to be, as it was, truly interpretative.

In response to applause Mrs. Jacoby sang "Im Herbst," by Franz, with such breadth of expression and tone of such rounded clarity as to win her auditors completely. Her method is good and her powers are equal throughout the natural range of her voice. She proved herself a finished vocalist. One would wish to hear her in a song recital, with varied selections, feeling sure of satisfactory results, unless frivolous music were attempted, and then, even, perhaps.—Inter-Ocean, January 8.

The only ray of light in this first half of the program was the solo by Mrs. Jacoby, who gave the aria from "Samson and Delilah" and as an encore a German ballad by Franz. Mrs. Jacoby is a beautiful woman of fetching stage presence and possesses a rare contralto voice, which she manages with ease and discretion. Her clear enunciation is an attractive factor and she shows dramatic fervor in her work usually lacking in oratorio and operatic vocalists.—Daily News, January 8.

The concert, in which Strauss' work was the chief feature, brought forward for the first time in this city Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, a New York singer, who proved herself to be abundantly worthy of attention. Mrs. Jacoby has a rich voice of agreeable quality, broad and full throughout its register and excellently produced. She gave the aria from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Delilah" admirably, and, in response to recalls, sang a ballad by Franz very effectively. Judging from the first hearing she is an artist who would be of especially good service in the German school of singing; but whether she returns to sing German opera or Italian aria, she is sure to be received cordially.—Record, January 8.

Josephine S. Jacoby broke in at this point with an air from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Delilah," in which she showed herself to be possessed of a fine contralto and a good method. She is a strikingly handsome woman also, most graceful in carriage. Her lower and middle register is especially fine, and in clearness of enunciation she left nothing to be desired. As an encore she sang a ballad by Franz entitled "Im Herbst," which fell in nicely with the sad color of its musical surroundings.—Chronicle, January 8.

The soloist of the occasion was Josephine S. Jacoby, who possesses a deep, firm and well-rounded contralto voice. Her number was the fluent but by no means imposing aria from the "Samson and Delilah" of Saint-Saëns, beginning with the words "Samson soon will be in my power." For an encore the singer contributed "In

Autumn" ("Im Herbst"), by Franz. The contralto voice is very rare, and hers is distinctly commanding in its fibre.—Times-Herald, January 8.

Madame Jacoby was heard yesterday in an aria from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," and proved herself the possessor of a rich, flexible contralto voice and much authority of interpretation.—The Journal, January 8.

"Under the Rose."

A new song, "Under the Rose," by William Arms Fisher, has been making quite a success recently. It was written for and dedicated to Miss Elizabeth Boyer, the contralto. Last week it was sung by Mrs. Josephine Jacoby at the Chamber Club concert, and proved one of the most successful songs on the program.

Hermann Louo's Twenty-fourth Organ Recital.

Hermann Louo gave his twenty-fourth organ recital in the First Church, Springfield, Mass., on January 4, assisted by Walter E. Loud, violinist, his cousin, who is a pupil of Ysaye. The following clipping refers to Mr. Loud's organ playing:

The organ program was excellent, comprising Bach's great prelude and fugue in A minor, one of the best pieces of playing Mr. Loud has done at these recitals; Rheinberger's fine Fantasia-Sonata in A flat, one of the strongest of modern organ sonatas, and Salomé's very interesting C minor sonata. Both sonatas were new in this course of recitals, and while they made a pretty solid program, they were heard with attention and appreciation.—Springfield Republican, January 5, 1898.

Meredith—Mannes—Riesberg.

Mme. Eleanore Meredith and David Mannes, soprano and violinist, respectively, assisted as soloists at Mr. Riesberg's organ recital, Rutgers Presbyterian Church, Seventy-third street and the Boulevard, last Tuesday in this program:

Marriage Fanfare.....Gilbert
Violin solo, Parsifal Paraphrase.....Wagner-Wilhelmj
Mr. Mannes.
Funeral March of a Marionette.....Gounod
Vocal solo These are They, from The Holy City....Gaul
Madame Meredith.
Prelude to Lohengrin.....Wagner
Arranged by Sulze.
Violin solo, Elv's Dance.....Popper-Halir
Mr. Mannes.
Meditation.....Ashmall
Gavotte Antique.....Ashmall
(Dedicated to F. W. R.)
Vocal solo, In Autumn.....Franz
Madame Meredith.
From Crag to Sea, Triumphal March.....Liszt
Arranged by W. T. Best.

Madame Meredith sang beautifully, as was to be expected from one of her reputation, recently greatly augmented by her concert trip to Denver, Omaha and other distant points. "Im Herbst," by Franz, was delivered in genuine impassioned, dramatic style. Mr. Mannes played the Wagner excerpt with fervor and artistic devotion, and the immensely difficult Fairy Dance won him prolonged applause.

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.**MAIL FOR ARTISTS.**

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

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Jeanne Delmar.
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Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

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Mme. R. Vogel.
John A. Graham.
Gordon Darlington Richards.
Chester Hollis.
Maud Reese-Davies.
Mme. M. Sembrich.
Edgar S. Kelly.
Richard Burmeister.
Mme. Marie Decca.
Samuel Baernstein.
Miss Feilding Roselle.
Mrs. J. Wyman.
J. J. Racer.
Wade R. Brown.
John Howard.
Miss T. McTieney.
Mrs. Otto Sutro.
P. E. Baer.
David Bispham.
Henri Marteau.
Clarence De Vaux Royer.

Puccini's La Boheme in New York.

Puccini's opera "La Bohème" is having unusual success in Mexico and on the coast, given by the Del Conte Italian Opera Company, which holds the sole rights for its production in America. It is predicted that "La Bohème" will make a greater success in New York than any recent work of the Italian school. The Del Conte company comes here in March, when the opera will be heard here for the first time.

Harry Arnold, Pianist.

Francis Fischer Powers recently persuaded this gentleman to appear in public, and after hearing him the marvel is that he does not do more public playing. At the Knapp musicale, given last week at the Savoy, he won honors by his poetic touch and conception, coupled with a virility and general brilliancy of execution rare indeed. His solos on that occasion were:

Theme and Variations.....Nicodé
Concert waltz, Wiener bon-bon.....Strauss-Rivé-King
Theme in F sharp.....Morey
Concert waltz, Tales from Vienna Woods,
Strauss-Rivé-King
Gondoliera.....Liszt
Polonaise in A flat.....Chopin

Of these the Morey tid-bit had to be repeated. It was a most dainty and sensitive interpretation. Harry Arnold has no business to hide his light!

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AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, December 24, 1897.

It is Christmas, and I am spending my short holiday vacation at my native town. It is a very old, historically interesting and artistically a beautiful town, surrounded on all sides by hills and woodland. It was founded by Charlemagne, and he made it his residence. Its population is to-day more than two-thirds Roman Catholic in denomination and creed, and hence all bells are ringing from early morning on.

The noise is not displeasing, although it woke me up quite earlier than I anticipated rising, and it now prevents my mind from writing, and brings it back to the days of the sweet long ago, when here I used to go to school and had my first music lessons. I remember well that when I was asked as a boy what I should like to become I invariably answered, "Musikdirector of Aix-la-Chapelle." This, then, was once upon a time the climax of my ambitions, the highest of my aspirations. Time and my father, life and circumstances have long since knocked this aim out of my mind, and when, a few evenings ago, out of old habit, I wended my way to the usual Tuesday night's concert of the Instrumental Verein, I was not so sorry that not I but the excellent present Musikdirector of Aix-la-Chapelle, Herr Eberhard Schwickerath, was fulfilling the arduous task of conducting these semi-professional, semi-amateurish weekly musical meetings.

He had called upon me that same afternoon and had warned me not to come to the concert, as they had had no rehearsal at all this time. "Why," said I, "have you rehearsals usually for these concerts? In my time, when Breunung conducted, there were no rehearsals and everybody, the musicians as well as the amateurs of this very musical city, did as well as they could, and thus I learned to know most of the Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr and even Berlioz symphonies from memory before I was fourteen, from the very fact that they had to be repeated so often at these concerts until they went as if they had been rehearsed."

The handsome, blond-bearded musikdirector of to-day laughed with his most congenial smile as he answered in the language that is spoken here almost as well as in France, "Nous avons changé tout cela!" And really he has changed it to a great extent; so that he gave, although they had not rehearsed for this concert, a very fair reading at sight of the Gade "In the Highlands" overture, and even of the by no means very easy "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saëns; while of the performance of Beethoven's C Minor Symphony I can only say that it was a very respectable one.

A young singer from Liege in the neighboring Belgium was the soloist, and, although she seemed quite

inexperienced and a bit nervous, she pleased me through her naturally good and sympathetic mezzo voice and her musical delivery and clean intonation. Her name is Mlle. Berthe Schouten, and she sang the "Amour viens aider ma faiblesse" aria from the now inevitable Saint-Saëns "Samson et Dalila;" a very pretty French song, "Ai-ji fait un rêve," by the English composer, Goring Thomas, and another French song, "Printemps, jeunesse," by the Russian composer, Tchaikowsky. As an encore she gave a real French song by the real French composeress, Augusta Holmès. Herr Musikdirector Schwickerath accompanied at the piano most exquisitely and with fine musical instinct.

* * *

And now let me jump back for a moment to Berlin, where, on the eve of my departure for Aix-la-Chapelle, Weber's "Freischütz" had its sixth hundredth performance at the Royal Opera House. It was a gala night, and the Emperor, as well as the entire Court, with the exception of Her Majesty, the Empress, who was on the sick list, graced the occasion with their presence. In the house, which was festively lighted and decorated, was assembled tout Berlin in swallow-tail coat or uniform, and the ladies in low-necked evening dress. On the stage it was no less of a gala night, although the performance of the "Freischütz" itself was not superior to any of those I have previously heard here of this work.

The cast was also nearly the same as usual, and Dr. Muck conducted the Royal Orchestra in his quiet, unobtrusive, but ever so firm and decisive style, so that everything went smoothly enough. The chorus especially distinguished itself. Of the principals, each one tried to give his very best, Sommer, as Max, taking the prize and deserving the palm for beautiful singing, and his voice is growing more luscious and richer every day. Miss Hiedler represented well the maidenly part of Agathe, both in looks and acting, but when she grows excited, as she evidently was on the evening in question, her soprano shows a tendency to flattening on high notes. Miss Dietrich was alike charming and satisfactory, vocally and histrionically. She makes a model Aennchen. The Caspar of Moedlinger was sonorous and also sufficiently villainous. Bulz sang excellently in the short role of Prince Ottakar, and all the minor roles were in good hands, especially the bridesmaids, sung by Misses Egli, Weitz, Rothausen and Reinisch. Tetzlaff's mise-en scène was very effective, and throughout "stimmungsvoll." Everybody was pleased, and the Emperor seemed to enjoy himself hugely. After the performance he told Count Hochberg to express his imperial satisfaction to all those concerned in the cast, and between the second and third acts he had Miss Heidler called into the royal box and nominated her "royal chamber singer." Miss Dietrich received from him a beautiful diamond brooch, and Sommer, Stammer and Moedlinger were presented with diamond pins, bearing the royal name set in diamonds.

The commemorative performance itself was preceded by a very enthusiastically played and equally well-received reproduction of the "Euryanthe" overture, and this was followed by the one-act pièce d'occasion entitled "Hosterwitz," and written by Ernst von Wildenbruch, the great German poet and playwright, who happens to be related to Weber by marriage, he having for a wife a grandchild of the composer.

Hosterwitz is the name of a little country place on the Elbe, near Dresden, where Weber owned a pretty little

cottage, in which he composed the entire "Freischütz" and the greater portion of his operas "Euryanthe" and "Oberon." This little cottage, which Max Maria von Weber, the composer's son, has described quite minutely, was placed upon the stage of the Berlin Royal Opera House and here the action of Wildenbruch's little comedy takes place. It deals with the excision of the original first scene of "Der Freischütz." The opera as first composed did not begin with the scene before the hostelry and Kilian's prize shot, which now introduces the work, but this was preceded by a scene between the Hermit and Agathe before the former's hut. Dark forebodings are traversing the mind of the Hermit, who is seen kneeling in prayer when the curtain is raised. A dreadful vision was shown him, Samiel, the Evil One, who shakes his fist at Agathe and Max and threatens to destroy their happiness. In this gloomy mood of his he is interrupted through the entrance of Agathe, who brings fruits to the pious man. Carefully, so as not to frighten her, the Hermit tells her of his forebodings and gives her, as she wends her way homeward, some white roses for a bridal gift which he takes from a bush that has been planted there by a pilgrim from Palestine.

Weber's wife, Caroline, who had been an opera singer at Prague before the composer married her, and who still retained her theatrical insight, insisted that this gloomy, feeble and undramatic scene, coming right after the brilliant overture, would prove a stumbling block to the success of the opera. Weber was loath to cut it after once he had composed the music for the entire scene. His wife pleaded so convincingly, however, and so persistently that the composer was ready to strike out the opening scene. Not so, however, the author of the libretto, the poet, Johann Friedrich Kind, who was violently opposed to this excision and "maiming" of his work, as he called it. He argued, not without a show of reason, that without this prelude the Hermit in the final act would make his appearance like a Deus ex machina. And so, in fact, he does. Nevertheless Kind was also won over to Frau Weber's opinion, and thus, with the Kilian prize shot scene as the opening of the opera, "Der Freischütz" began its victorious career in Berlin on June 18, 1821.

This is the contents of Wildenbruch's one-act historic reminiscence, which was nicely and with a good deal of romance, put upon the stage and represented at the Royal Opera. Kraussneck, of the Royal Comedy, was in mask an ideal Karl Maria von Weber, true to the well-known pictures in appearance and dignified in action and speech. Herr Pohl characterized well the somewhat haughty and a trifle obstinate poet, Kind. Frau Conrad won all hearts by her sympathetic impersonation of Frau Caroline von Weber, and Frau Gradl sang and played alike charmingly the little, but important part of the Gardener's boy, who knows nearly all the airs from "Der Freischütz" from memory before they have been published by having secretly watched the composer at the piano, and who is sent out to interview the German oracle, the Cuckoo bird, about the success of the opera. The Cuckoo prophesies by 600 calls that "Der Freischütz" is going to be given that many times and then the boy gets tired of counting.

The decorative stage setting of Weber's villa near Hosterwitz was taken by Inspector Brandt from a coffee cup now in the possession of Herr von Wildenbruch, and upon which Weber's little property was painted true to nature. Tetzlaff had studied and staged this little idyll with particular care, and thus it made, if not a deep, at least a very



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distinguished impression and was exceedingly appropriate. From an artistic and dramatic viewpoint, however, Hostertwitz is only what it was meant to be, a piece d'occasion.

Kapellmeister Kryzanowski and his wife, the dramatic soprano, Ida Doxat, have now definitely accepted the position which will soon be vacated at Weimar by Stavenhagen and his wife.

A successor to Pollini as director of the Hamburg Theatre has at this moment of writing not yet been found. Director Henry Pierson, of the Royal Opera, Berlin, having, as I predicted in my last week's budget, declined to accept the place despite its many financial advantages of independency.

Paul Moos, formerly music critic of the Berlin *Neueste Nachrichten*, has abdicated his position voluntarily, because the editor in chief of the paper presumed to meddle with Moos' criticisms in a manner which no self-respecting critic could or would tolerate.

Visitors at the Berlin headquarters of THE MUSICAL COURIER, before my leaving there, were Mrs. Carlos Sobrino, Mrs. Selina Cottlow, Miss Edith Walker, of the Vienna Court Opera, and Mrs. Jackson, Miss Leonora and Ernest Jackson, of Chicago.

I wish you all a happy and prosperous new year!

Siloti Here.

Siloti, the Russian pianist, arrived on the steamer New York last Saturday. On account of the uncertainty of the concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Wolfsohn has arranged for Siloti's first appearance at the next Astoria concert, under the direction of Anton Seidl. After this he plays in Brooklyn, Cincinnati, and then a series of concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He will be heard in New York again in the beginning of February.

Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hane String Quartet.

This quartet was heard again, and for the third Sunday, at Brick Church last Sunday, January 9. This evening, January 12, the quartet plays at the Brooklyn Institute, with the assistance of Carl Reinecker, clarinet; Hermann Dutschke, horn; Otto Winkler, bassoon, and August Kalkhof, bass, this program being the Septet, Beethoven, and Octet, Schubert.

Last Thursday afternoon, January 6, the second concert of the series in Englewood, was a great success, the audience being much larger, and a vote being taken for the third concert to take place in the evening instead of afternoon of February 17, 1898.

The second concert of the quartet series in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall will take place next Saturday evening, January 15, at which the quartet will have the assistance of Hermann Hans Wetzler, in the Dvorák piano quartet, op. 23, its first performance in New York. The Kaltenborn Sextet will also perform the beautiful sextet for flute and strings by Heinrich Hoffmann. The sextet includes the original Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hane flute, with August Kalkhof, bass, and Ernest Wagner, flute. The other number on the program will be the Mendelssohn, quartet, op. 12.

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Marteau and Siloti.

Mr. Wolfsohn is planning two joint piano and violin recitals, with Siloti and Marteau, to be given in Mendelssohn Hall, February 8 and 10, in the afternoon. Some highly interesting programs may be looked for by these two artists.

Hofacker Soiree Musicale.

An interesting and successful soiree musicale was given by Miss Martha Hofacker, soprano, on Saturday evening, January 1, at her studio 15 Stuyvesant place. The artists who took part were Miss Malvine Guttman, piano; Miss Hofacker, soprano; Julius E. Camerer, violin; Andrew Schneider, baritone, and S. P. Veron, bass. Miss Hofacker and Messrs. Schneider and Veron are pupils of Mme. Lankow, and succeeded on this occasion in doing themselves and their gifted teacher much honor.

Verlet and Van Yox Sing for Charity.

At the "Cinderella" performances given for charity at the Metropolitan Opera House Mlle. Alice Verlet, the little prima donna of the Opéra Comique, and Theodore Van Yox, tenor, sang on Saturday evening last, the 8th inst. Mlle. Verlet sang the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto" most brilliantly, the ease and purity of her trills and her fluency in fioriture being really remarkable. She also gave the Waltz from "Romeo et Juliette," and for encore sang Massenet's "Mignon, voici l'Avril" deliciously. Her voice, clear and vibrant, fills the Metropolitan well. Mr. Van Yox, who has a pure, lyric tenor of considerable volume, sang some English songs, among them "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," and showed true feeling and musical taste in his delivery. These two artists were the feature of the evening, and deserve thanks with congratulation from the audience for their gratuitous services.

Bloodgood in Toronto.

This popular contralto again sang in Toronto. We quote the press criticisms. She sings in Troy this evening with the Troy Vocal Society.

Mrs. Bloodgood, it may be remembered, made her first appearance in Toronto with the Kneisel Quartet of Boston in October last, and won on that occasion the decidedly favorable verdict of a critical and fashionable audience. Her reappearance here, following so closely her début, is flattering testimony as to the strength of the impression she created. Mrs. Bloodgood, at the two concerts on Saturday, gave a varied and interesting selection, including numbers by the American composer, Nevin, and Massenet, Becker, Rogers and Victor Harris. She interpreted her songs with all the charm which a rich, sympathetic voice, well cultivated, could give to them.—The Daily Mail and Empire, Toronto, January 3, 1898.

Katherine Bloodgood, the contralto, has appeared in Toronto once before, and brilliantly did she sustain on New Year's night her deservedly high reputation. On

Friday night she sang in "Messiah" in Pittsburg. Leaving there at 10:20 o'clock she traveled all night, and because of the heavy snowstorm encountered did not arrive in Toronto till 3:30 o'clock. Without a moment's rest, without time or opportunity (for her trunk was in the customs) to change her traveling costume, she hurried to the hall to fulfil her engagement at the matinee. She sang two numbers, and did it well, although it was evident she was not at her best. It was, however, at the evening performance that she scored such a splendid success. She sang three double numbers, after each of which encores were persistently demanded, to some of which she good naturedly responded; to others, however, she was compelled again and again to bow her thanks. The audience were probably best suited with her last number, "Elegie," by Massent, and "Frühlingszeit," by Becker, with cello obligato, than the rendering of which nothing could have been better. After her first number she was presented over the footlights with a beautiful bouquet of roses, which well became her. Besides her grand, rich, mellow voice Mrs. Bloodgood is a beautiful woman, with a tall, commanding presence, which is an undoubted aid to her.—The Globe, Toronto, January 3, 1898.

New York Ladies' Trio in Detroit.

This accomplished organization has been playing with great artistic success in the West. Appended are some notices from Detroit, Mich.:

Three young ladies of attractive appearance gave an enjoyable concert to a fair sized audience last evening in Harmonie Hall.

Miss Dora Valesca Becker, Miss Mabel Phipps and Miss Flavie Van den Hende play respectively the violin, piano and cello, and form what is known as the New York Ladies' Trio. They opened the program with a trio by Godard and later played one by Rubinstein in B flat, which was enthusiastically received, and closed with Chaminade's trio, op. 34, one of the most beautiful numbers of the evening. Their concert work is delightful, as they play with technical skill, admirable spirit and artistic expression. It was their first concert here and they made a most favorable impression. Each of the ladies also gave solos. Miss Phipps played on the piano, "Si Oiseau j'étais" (Henselt), "Badinage" (Herbert), with charming style, and gave a Chopin selection as an encore.

Miss Van den Hende's cello number, one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" and "La Fileuse," by Dunckler, was heartily encored. She plays with a broad, rich tone and with expression. Miss Becker, the violinist, played Saint-Saëns' "Rondo Capriccioso," with much ability and taste, and gave an encore.—Detroit Tribune, December 30, 1897.

There was a revelation to the musically inclined people of Detroit at Harmonie Hall last evening in the sincere and thoroughly artistic work done by the New York Ladies' Trio. It was the first appearance in this city of the organization, and it was the expressed hope of a large proportion of the audience that it might not be their last.

The concert began with a very effective performance of Godard's trio, op. 72, which won an encore. Miss Mabel Phipps followed with "Si Oiseau j'étais," by Henselt, and "Badinage," by Herbert, for her piano solos. The lady has the touch and nerve quality of a thorough artist, and her readings were delightful. Answering a recall, she gave the C sharp minor Chopin waltz in delightful fashion.

The second trio on the program was the B flat writing by Rubinstein, but, at the request of a large number of the musicians present, Arthur Foote's exceptionally fine trio was substituted, and the change was well advised. In each one of the movements the ensemble excellence of the ladies' playing was strikingly revealed. Miss Flavie Van den Hende, for her cello solos, played one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" and "La Fileuse," by Dunckler, and the lady demonstrated her right to the title of chief lady cellist of America. Her tone is pure and strong and her technical values are unquestionable. Surely her teacher, Servais, was upheld, and her winning of a gold medal at the Brussels Conservatory was vouched for. When recalled, the lady responded with an exquisite rendition of Thormé's "Sous la Feuille."

The violin solo of the evening was Saint-Saëns' "Rondo Capriccioso," given with absolute virtuosity by Miss Dora Valesca Becker, who has the fire of an artist and the bow-hand and fingers of a master. Her answer to the encore

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"Manipulated the splendid instrument in Queen's Hall to perfection."—*The Standard* (London).

"Great enthusiasm and applause."—*Crystal Palace Herald* (London).

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so loudly awarded was the charming duet by Leonard. The final number on the program was the trio (op. 34) by Cecile Chaminade, and it served to demonstrate conclusively that at least one woman is competent to write music sincerely and to triumphant results, and that other women—notably Dora Valesca Becker, violinist; Flavie Van den Hende, violoncellist, and Mabel Phipps, pianist—are able to present that music in a style entirely worthy of such writing. It was a delightful finale to one of the most unique and satisfying concerts ever given in Detroit.—Detroit Free Press, December 30, 1897.

Nibelungen Lied Illustrated.

On next Saturday evening, January 16, at the Catholic Club, an illustrated lecture on the "Nibelungen Ring and Wagner Operas" will be delivered by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. Five Wagner piano duets, arranged by Adolf Glose, will be played by Mr. and Miss Glose, and views will also be presented. The lecture, which is comprehensive and picturesque, promises to prove of great interest to the Wagner student and critic.

Mary Louise Clary.

Mary Louise Clary sang in "The Messiah" at Oberlin, Ohio, on December 16 and 17, and received the following criticisms:

Among the soloists, the work of Miss Clary was by all means the most perfect rendition of the alto solos we have ever heard. There was absolutely nothing left to be desired. Her voice is a wonder. She never, even in the slightest degree, deviates from the true pitch, and there is withal such control, such conception, and such repose as we have never seen before. "He Shall Feed His Flock" was supremely beautiful—nothing more can be said.—Oberlin News, December 21, 1897.

Hobart Smock in Georgia.

Smock recently returned from a trip to Augusta, Ga., where he was soloist at a concert given by a choral society; that he was highly successful appears from the following letter, sent by a member of the society to his manager:

Addison F. Andrews:

DEAR SIR—I want to thank you for your kindness in sending us Mr. Smock. To say that he made a fine impression is putting it mildly. We liked him, his voice and his singing. I feel a personal obligation for his valuable assistance in giving musical life some impetus, and the universal opinion of his singing is one of commendation. Our papers here have little appreciation of matters musical, and I regret they have as usual made so little of our concert. I hope yet to send Mr. Smock some notices that do him justice. We shall hope to have him with us again. Yours very truly,

JOSEPH MACLEAN.

Lillian Carlsmith.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, who plays the Queen in Sousa's new opera, "The Bride Elect," was obliged to cancel engagements to sing in concert with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, and with the Seidl Orchestra at the other lesser events in order to accept this opera position. Notwithstanding the fact that she has been singing at Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, and many great disadvantage ever since the opening night on account of a serious attack of laryngitis, she has made a genuine success of her role.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith was successful as "Queen Bianca." Her voice is of agreeable quality and used with skill.—New Haven Evening Register.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith has a good chance to show how well she can sing and she accepted all the chance in a most satisfactory manner.—New Haven Journal and Courier.

Miss Carlsmith's contralto was exceptionally sweet and tuneful.—Hartford Post.

Lillian Carlsmith, as Queen of Capri, was one of the attractive features of the production.—Boston Journal.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith sang tunefully and acted the role of the Queen with good effect.—Boston Globe.

Miss Carlsmith acted the part of the Queen of Capri with spirit.—Boston Herald.

Lillian Carlsmith made all that was possible of the part of Bianca.—Boston Advertiser.

Miss Carlsmith made all that was possible of the part given her.—Boston Transcript.



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SURPRISE has been in the air. It was roused at first by the announcement that the Castle Square Opera Company intended to establish in New York a permanent opera in English at popular prices and with American artists in the casts. The surprise was natural; there have been so many failures, so few successes, so many doubts about the musical wants of the people, so many mistakes made in attempting to meet these wants. But this company did not speak without assurance, nor move without due caution. Its experience in Boston and at the Grand Opera House in Philadelphia had proved how successful American opera might be under fair conditions. And as the management had been conducting opera elsewhere upon sound principles, it was wise enough to be sure of



GRACE GOLDEN.

strong financial support before beginning in this city its demonstration of what may be accomplished by studying the needs of the time.

Certainly so far events have justified the wisdom of the company. Night after night the house has been crowded, not by any means by the poorer classes alone—poorer we mean in pocket only—but by the well-educated and refined people of leisure, too. Many who went at first to criticise have remained to admire, and are now taking boxes by the week or month. In face of the general excellence of the performance special criticism is subdued. All are surprised to see what return is given for the small sums paid in at the box-office, and to find how comfortable they are made when once inside the well-ventilated, well-lighted, well-furnished and artistic house. In fitting over the theatre many changes were made in order to treat the occupants of each part of the house as well as possible. For example, opera chairs in the second balcony have replaced the former tiers of benches, and elevators run regularly to this floor. A ladies' room with maid in attendance is also here, and a ladies' parlor beautifully decorated is on the first floor at the end of the large lobby. A smoking room is on the ground floor and

fitted up attractively. All the lighting is particularly soft and pleasing to the eye; and the coloring of the decorations throughout is in harmony with the best modern instincts for color. It is impossible to enumerate without being too prolix the various features which add to the pleasure of those who are for the moment "guests of the house." Suffice it to say that an atmosphere of courtesy and consideration prevails everywhere.

The presentation of "The Fencing Master," Monday night, brought a very large audience to the theatre, among whom might have been noted by the observant a great many people identified with the best interests of the city in various directions. And taken as a whole the opera was given in a fashion which made it quite worthy of the frequent applause is received.

The complete cast was:

Duke of Milan.....	Arthur Wooley
Fortunio, his nephew, rightful heir to the ducal throne,	Wm. G. Stewart
Torquato, court fencing master.....	Wm. Schuster
Francesca, his daughter, known as Francesco, and brought up as a boy.....	Grace Golden
Pasquino, the Duke's private magician and astrologer,	Oscar Girard
Count Guido Malespino.....	Joseph F. Sheehan
The Doge of Venice.....	Oscar Voigt
Filippa, the Duke's ward.....	Nita Carritte
Marchesa di Goldoni, a young widow.....	Helen G. Judson
Theresa, daughter of a Milanese money-lender, betrothed to the Duke.....	Florence Relda
Pietro, an innkeeper.....	Ruth White
Rinaldo, Captain of the Guard.....	W. C. Brockmeyer
Isabella, a Venetian girl.....	Emma King

The costumes were fresh and for the most part of most attractive design—the Venetian costumes offer excellent field always for the display of the costumer's skill—and the scenery in the second act could scarcely have been improved upon. It was enthusiastically welcomed. The palaces, the water, the gondola, the effect of open space in the centre and the delicate, warm coloring of Venice by moonlight, formed a delightful background for the various poetic and amusing scenes of this act and for the historic pageant of the Doge's marriage with the Adriatic. But the scenes of "The Fencing Master" are now too well known by the opera-going public to need description excepting as a background to the actors. It was not until this act that the company recovered from a certain constraint and nervousness incident to a first night, i. e., with the exception of Francesca (Grace Golden) and Fortunio (William G. Stewart). These from the first were particular stars of the performance, singing and acting with ease and knowledge of stage effects. Miss Nita Carritte, who, as Filippa, has a less conspicuous part than Francesca, met the requirements of the part admirably. She has a charming stage presence and a good voice. The other stars, however—for the company consists mostly of stars of the second and third, if not yet of the first magnitude—soon came out from their obscurity and sang successfully.

Besides the frequent encores for Francesca, encores were bestowed upon Fortunio, upon Count Malespino, and upon the roly-poly Duke of Milan and his surprising astrologer. The acting was in the main spirited and showed the result of careful training. Francesca's fencing scene with Fortunio and her subsequent duet with him best revealed her dramatic capabilities.

There were evidently many good voices in the chorus, which will be even more effective as it acquires more delicate shading. It was a pleasure to the audience to see the refinement of their motion in this chorus and the quick intelligence of the faces. Taken all in all the opera in English, with American singers, deserves to stay.

Some of the many operas which they have given, and can give, putting one on the stage each week, are:

"Amorita," "Aida," "Beggars Student," "Boccaccio," "Black Hussar," "Bohemian Girl," "Brigands," "Billie Taylor," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Clover," "Chimes of Normandy," "Carmen," "Dorothy," "Daughter of the Regiment," "Erminie," "Fra Diavolo," "Fatinitza,"

Sousa's Concerts.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Conductor.

MAUD REESE-DAVIES, Soprano.

JENNIE HOYLE, Violinist.

Jan. 15, Brooklyn.
Jan. 16, Washington, D. C.
Jan. 17, Charlottesville, Va.
Jan. 17, Staunton, Va.
Jan. 18, Norfolk, Va.
Jan. 19, Petersburg, Va.
Jan. 19, Richmond, Va.

Jan. 20, Washington, D. C.
Jan. 20, Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 21, Wilmington, Del.
Jan. 21, Philadelphia, Pa.
Jan. 22, Philadelphia, Pa.
Jan. 23, New York City.

Chickering & Sons' . . . Grand Orchestral Concerts.

ANTON SEIDL, Conductor.

CHICKERING HALL,

Tuesday Evening, February 1, at 8:30.
Tuesday Afternoon, March 1, at 3:00.
Tuesday Afternoon, April 5, at 3:00.

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"Faust," "Falka," "Fledermaus," "Fencing Master," "Gondoliers," "Girofle-Girofla," "Grand Duchess," "Gipsy Baron," "Heart and Hand," "Huguenots," "I Pagliacci," "Iolanthe," "Lovely Galatea," "Lily of Killarney," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Little Tycoon," "Lohengrin," "Maritana," "Mascot," "Martha," "Merry War," "Mikado," "Mignon," "Marriage by Lantern," "Nanon," "Olivette," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Pinafore," "Paul Jones," "Princess Trebizonde."

GRACE GOLDEN.

"HER genius does not scorn the way which leads to truth." These are not inapt words to apply to Miss Golden—so ambitious is she to gain all knowledge that may help her in her profession, and so earnest to keep in sympathy with all that is best in life. One can scarcely imagine, upon first seeing her, off the stage, that she is the fascinating heroine of so many light operas. A Santuzza perhaps or an Aida; but not the average "leading lady." She is grave, serious, contemplative; except when her eyes flash with humor or fill with tears of quick sympathy.

Upon the stage she is transformed into the character she plays by that magic of temperament, without which there is no good actress or musician; and Miss Golden is both. She ought to be, for her training has been the best possible for her profession. Her father and mother have both been actors, and played in their time with the best actors. Miss Golden appeared upon the stage when a mere child. She was a diligent student of the piano, practicing four and five hours a day. She studied with Madame Maretzek first and later with Madame Fursch-Madi, who took especial interest in her development. She learned under their direction some twelve or fourteen operas. The natural instinct which led her to these studies has formed a valuable basis for her reliable work in the American Opera Company. But that seriousness had considerably lighting up by the work she accomplished at the Casino, where she was Lillian Russell's understudy—on one occasion she played for a week Miss Russell's part in "Poor Jonathan"—and at the Broadway Theatre, and in her subsequent appearances at other theatres in other cities. Everywhere Miss Golden has been greeted with favor and has had many tokens of appreciation, especially in Washington and Philadelphia.

Like many opera singers she receives much attention, but takes little note of it excepting to answer requests for autographs. These autographs she generally accompanies with a quotation from some favorite writer, often from Ruskin. In conversation she is refined and sensible, in manner pleasing, in appearance fascinating, in a word, a superior type of the earnest and bright American girl, interested in all that is good and beautiful, musically gifted, and becoming each year of more and more value to the musical public.

Miss Golden is singing the part of Francesca this week in "The Fencing Master."

Stella Hadden-Alexander.

This artist, who made such a success at the last Powers-Mannes affair, was originally from Sandusky, Ohio, her mother being her first instructor, and to whom she owes her artistic impulse. Eugene Bonn, a pupil of Schultz and Rheinberger, then became her teacher. About this time she spent some time in Oberlin College, studying literature, art and philosophy, then went to the New England Conservatory, where Bendix, Elson and Parker were her instructors. She taught in the Decatur (Ill.) College, then going to Sherwood (then in Pittsburg) for further study. Of a concert given at that time the Pittsburg Leader said:

Miss Stella B. Hadden gave a delightful piano recital on Tuesday evening at the Female College, assisted by Mr. Sherwood. The most emphatic success was achieved in the "Tarentella" of Moszkowski, op. 27, and the piano duet, "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saens. She displayed much poetry in the selections of Schumann, Grieg and Rubinstein; but in the "Twelfth Rhapsodie" by Liszt, her execution was remarkable. She demonstrated sufficient talent for a bright career, which she fully merits.

She then spent some time with Klindworth in Berlin, gave a farewell concert at Decatur, Ill., this season, and is now permanently here, Mr. MacDowell reviewing her playing, and indorsing her in every respect. She has already booked several important engagements with the Wednesday Club of Harlem, the Philomel Club, as solo-pianist and accompanist, the Knapp musicales, Savoy Hotel, &c.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

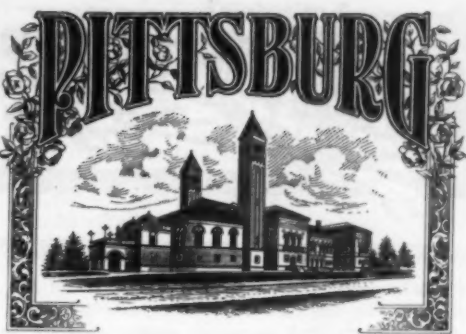
Saturday Evening, January 15. HANDEL'S

"MESSIAH"

By the PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION of New York.

Frank Damrosch, Conductor.
Full Orchestra from the New York Symphony Society.
Grand Chorus of
1,000 Voices.
Seats, 50c. to \$3.50. Boxes, \$12 to \$25.
Now on sale at Box Office, Tyson's and Rullman's.

Emma Juch, . Soprano.
Josephine Jacoby, Contralto.
Evan Williams, . Tenor.
Charles W. Clark, . Bass.



PITTSBURG, January 10, 1908.

DURING the last week the most interesting musical event occurring hereabouts was the defection of the Heindl brothers from the Pittsburg Orchestra. Alexander Heindl, solo 'cellist, and his brother Henry, a first violinist, both refused to go to Cleveland, where they had been ordered to play for Melba and her company in "The Barber of Seville." There were many peculiar circumstances attending the case.

In the first place the impression had gained local currency that Melba would come here, supported by her own orchestra, which was to be a part of the Damrosch band, and the trouble with the Heindls was responsible for the public's becoming properly informed on this score. The manager of the Pittsburg Orchestra who, in addition to guiding the affairs of the Art Society and the "Star Course," not only directs the destinies of Carnegie Music Hall, the doors of which he locks when McKinley and the three thousand are within, but indulges in numerous side speculations. The Melba visit was one of the last mentioned, and it was easy for him as Melba's representative to consult himself as orchestra manager and make a deal whereby the thirty of the local band paid by the season should play for Melba's opera performance, while the twenty home musicians who are paid by the concert should not participate. Naturally, considerable feeling was engendered among the musicians. Those who wanted to make a few extra dollars by playing were not given the chance, while the other fellows, who would have preferred to remain idle, had to fiddle willy-nilly.

The schedule of the orchestra for the week included Melba rehearsal Sunday and performance Monday night, symphony rehearsals Tuesday and Wednesday mornings, special train to Cleveland Wednesday afternoon, performance with Melba the same night, return to Pittsburg immediately after the show, rehearsal with Plançon Thursday morning and symphony concert same afternoon. The senior Heindl objected first of all to playing for the opera, giving the reason that the work was demeaning to symphony performers. Then he urged with less stress the hardship of the schedule. But he did not strike the keynote of the situation until he declared vehemently:

"The whole orchestra is dissatisfied with the conductor and the general management of things. When I came to Pittsburg I expected to find matters on a firm basis. I was given to understand that I would have time for practice, for teaching, and for solo work. Instead, we have to rehearse all of the while. We are put through heavy work from start to finish innumerable times. Each composition is gone over until there is not a man in the orchestra who cannot play his part backward. But, with all this, we work to less profitable result than any other orchestra in the United States, for, as we sit before our desks in concerts, we don't dare look at the conductor for fear of losing our time and place. That's why we keep our eyes glued on the music."

So the brothers Heindl were summarily discharged. The violinist has already returned to Boston, but the other remains in Pittsburg to fill a number of concert dates. In the meantime Mr. Archer has promoted J. Monna to the first desk among the 'cellos of the Pittsburg Orchestra, and Charles Russell, of the Kunits Quartet, comes in to

fill up the ranks. And as the upshot of the whole business Melba became ill in Cleveland, so that her manager, C. A. Ellis, cancelled the date in that city. And the Pittsburg Orchestra did not take the flying trip after all.

A second meeting of the guarantors of the Pittsburg Orchestra was called to meet in the office of W. N. Frew, the chairman, on Wednesday last. Of the forty-three guarantors only eight responded to the call, and half of these are members of the executive committee. A plan was submitted for one year's work, and the proposition made that a guarantee of \$500 be asked from each subscriber to the fund, instead of \$1,000 as hitherto. The small attendance at the meeting could hardly be ascribed to lack of interest, since most of the guarantors are very busy men. However, the proposition to make the guarantee for only one year would indicate that the wealthy men of Pittsburg have signified that they are unwilling to renew the old contract. People who have the artistic interests of the community at heart sadly deplored the situation, but Mr. Frew, with characteristic pluck, says that the fund can be raised, and in this work he has the active co-operation of Messrs. Reuben Miller, H. C. Frick and William McConway, who are among the most influential business men in the State.

The question of a conductor remains to be settled after the financial matter is out of the way. Thus far there are no known candidates for the conductorship save that of Mr. Archer, who is very Barkis-like.

Melba's concert, or rather opera, was attended by a big audience at \$4 per. In Philadelphia the highest price for floor seats to the Damrosch Opera Company performance is \$3.50. The audience at the Pittsburg performance was not decreased by this fact, however, and enjoyed the opera immensely. The artistic feature of the evening was the interpretation of the principal character by Giuseppe Campanari, a thorough reading in every respect. Melba sang with her usual fidelity to pitch and acted with more spirit than she does in serious roles. She was not, however, imbued with much musical feeling. Boudouresque and Carbone carried their assignments through with fine conception and finish. Savignac, the French tenor, did not fulfill the expectations, much less the requirements, of the part of Almaviva, singing without discrimination and trying to modulate his voice, with painful results. Madame Van Cauteren was passable, and the orchestra did moderately well.

Pol Plançon, the great French basso, attracted the biggest crowd, on Friday night, that has heard the Pittsburg orchestra since the opening of the present season. He sang an aria from Haydn's "Seasons," the serenade from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," and as encores the Schumann "Two Grenadiers" and Faure's "Les Ramenueux." He was in grand voice, his vocalization in the Haydn selection proving a revelation. The great, velvety, sonorous tones were modulated to the florid demands of this aria with an astonishing flexibility. The artist suffered from a faulty accompaniment. Mr. Archer, in conducting, never deserts his estrade, even for a soloist. The rostrum is in the middle of the stage so that the singer and conductor were back to back, save when the latter would turn and beckon the singer to take his cue, a deliciously ludicrous proceeding. Occasionally Plançon had to carry band and bandmaster with him, but the audience was sympathetic and rapturously enthusiastic.

This week Mrs. Josephine Jacoby and Mrs. K. O. Lipka, a local pianist, are to be the soloists at the orchestra concerts, and the combination is drawing a heavy advance sale.

X.

Forrest D. Carr.

Mr. Carr will sing the bass part in Grieg's "Olav Trygvason" with the Albany Musical Association on January 20.

A Handsome Portrait.

The very artistic picture of Marie Barna, which appeared on the cover of last week's MUSICAL COURIER, was from a photo by Aimé Dupont, of this city. It is a high-class piece of work and characteristic of the Dupont studio.



Opera, Concerts AND Song Recitals

MAUD PRATT-CHASE,
Dramatic Soprano.

HARRY LUCIUS CHASE,
Baritone.

DIRECTION:
VICTOR THRANE,
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R. E. Johnston & Co.

M. R. E. JOHNSTON, one of the partners of the managerial firm of R. E. Johnston & Co., has disposed of his interests in the business, which will be continued under its existing title by the remaining owners.

The daily papers on Monday published a lot of sensational news, as it purported to be, on this subject, and on Tuesday morning the same papers retracted it. Mr. Johnston was unable to continue in the business on account of nervous prostration, and he will be taken to the home of his family in Illinois next week. Otherwise the status quo is maintained.

Philip Hale Lectures.

Philip Hale, the Boston correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER lectured last night in Pittsburg before the Art Society at Carnegie Music Hall. His subject was, "The Development of Opera."

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Parsons at the Press Club.

At the New Year reception of the Woman's Press Club, which was held in their chapter room in Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of January 1, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Parsons, the popular pianists, appeared and did some excellent duet playing. Both are solo performers of much artistic ability, and their four-hand work has an unusual unity, precision and style. They were received with much warmth of applause by the large audience.

Ion A. Jackson.


Ion A. Jackson has been engaged for the Atkinson Musical Festival to tour through the Southern cities in May under direction of Mr. Kronberg. Mr. Jackson sings in Philadelphia January 13, Hackettstown, N. J., January 21, and Brooklyn February 2. He has been doing special musical work lately on Sunday evenings at Grace M. E. Church, 104th street, and on December 21 sang Gaul's "Ten Virgins" at Montclair, N. J., never having seen the work until a few hours before the production.

Katharine Evans von Klenner Sings for Daughters of the Revolution.

At a very fashionable reception and musicale given on Monday last by Mrs. Alfred Roe, West Forty-sixth street, to the Knickerbocker Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, Mme. Katharine Evans von Klenner, the eminent teacher and singer, sang delightfully a number of solos, among them Delibes' "Filles de Cadix," Pastoral of Bizet and an English song by Kortheuer. Madame von Klenner was in excellent voice, and her delivery was marked by sympathy, brilliancy and finish. She was enthusiastically applauded, and gave in the form of encore Palliser's "I Wonder" and Ferrari's "A une fiancée." Madame von Klenner gave a highly artistic personal exposition of the merits of the far-famed Viardot-Garcia method, which she represents in America, her purity of tone and fluency of vocalization being really exceptional.

Dr. Hanchett's Recital.

The first of Dr. Henry G. Hanchett's series of analytical piano recitals (the full program was announced in last week's MUSICAL COURIER) proved anew the value of such scholarly and interesting expositions. The young student and the artist may alike find profit and pleasure in attending this excellent series. Dr. Hanchett's selection Monday afternoon was the Organ Fantaisie and Fugue, G. minor, by Bach, arranged for the piano by Liszt. After explaining composition, and illustrating them at the piano, point by point, Dr. Hanchett played the whole composition through; and he gave by his own style in playing an excellent piano lesson to those who listened. These recitals occur on eight successive Monday afternoons at three o'clock. The selection chosen for January 17 is the Fantasia in C major, op. 15, and "The Wanderer," by Schubert.



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THE BEST CONCERT BAND IN AMERICA.

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HOWARD FLANAGAN, Manager,
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY.



CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, January 4, 1896.

UP to the week before Christmas the concerts and musicales crowded thick and fast upon each other, but the past two weeks there has been a lull, and the many social events have had the attention of the musical public.

With a few exceptions the concert given by Camilla Urso at the Stillman, on November 30, was very enjoyable. The first exception, and most important one, was the intense heat and bad ventilation of the room. It was unbearable, and the cause of many people leaving before the program was over. Then, too, the program was too long for enjoyment. I was obliged to leave when it was about half over, and it had then been an hour and a quarter. Madame Urso seems to have lost none of her old-time power with the years. Her playing was beautiful. Mrs. S. C. Ford and E. H. Douglas, her assisting artists, are too well known here to need comment.

The first concert of the Vocal Society, on December 2, was a great success. Frederick Cowen's "Saint Ursula" opened the program, and was well received. The best work of the evening was done in Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen." The soprano, Miss Josephine Dorland, showed dramatic power and force, which was lacking in "Saint Ursula." The spirit and life thrown into her solos were a surprise and a delight after the somewhat tame interpretations in the first numbers. She has a beautiful voice, but is a very young singer, and needs experience. In the first part of "The Creation," which closed the program, the society showed particularly the careful training and hard work of Mr. Arthur, to whom much credit is due. Mr. Douglas, the tenor, was in excellent voice, and sang well. The baritone, Llewellyn B. Cain, has a fine voice, but his enunciation was very imperfect. One could scarcely understand a word he sang without closely following the text. On the whole the inauguration of the twenty-fifth season with so fine a concert is a matter of congratulation to Mr. Arthur and the Vocal Society.

The Philharmonic String Quartet gave its first concert at Calvary Church on December 15. The quartet was much hampered through the illness of Mr. Dueringer, the second violin, although his place was very well taken by Mr. Walter Logan. The Brahms Sextet was particularly well given, and the "Scherzo" received a recall, and was repeated. The Haydn D minor quartet, which opened the program, was beautiful and served as a fine contrasting number to the Brahms'. An andante cantabile, by Tchaikowsky, was generously applauded, and for an encore Mr. Marcossion played the Bach Air for G string, with accompaniment by the other three instruments. The effect was very fine. The quartet has instituted a series of public rehearsals the day before each concert at the studio of Miss Lucy W. Day. The program can be heard for a nominal sum, and acquaintance with the works will add greatly to the enjoyment of the concert. The evening concert was fairly well attended, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

The fortnightly concert, November 30, was the most enjoyable one the ladies have given us so far. A Bach concerto for two pianos opened the program very tamely, but was followed by the Liza Lehmann Song Cycle. "In a Persian Garden," which was artistically done, and afforded the club a treat as beautiful as it was rare. More of such work in the regular concerts is needed, and would do much toward making the club the finest musical organization in the city, as it should be.

The Christmas concert, on December 14, at the Old Stone Church, was well spoken of, but I was unable to attend.

The King's Daughters' Society of the First Baptist Church gave an enjoyable program as a prelude to their annual bazaar. The Wednesday Morning Club, consisting of twenty young ladies, led by Charles Burnham, sang some things very charmingly. A new singer, a Miss Connelly, with a high soprano voice, sang an Echo Song far too difficult for her, and Mr. Berneke, basso profundo, sang two enjoyable numbers. The best things on the program were some piano numbers by William Becker, a young pianist of extraordinary ability and promise. He played the Liszt "Tarantelle" with immense fire and dash, and a "Barcarolle" of his own composition, which displayed a wonderful mastery of intricate double-note passages. His encores were the Chopin D flat waltz, which he took at an enormously fast tempo, and the Chopin "Berceuse," which did not please me at all. The tone of his piano was harsh and metallic, and was no doubt the cause of the unsympathetic tone throughout the piece.

C. B. Ellinwood, the popular leader of the Singers' Club, has gone to Boston for a few weeks to study with his old master, Mr. Henschel. He will resume work at his studio January 10.

On January 6 we are to have "The Messiah," given by the Cleveland Oratorio Society, with Mrs. S. C. Ford, Mrs. Sara Layton Walker Black, E. H. Douglas and L. B. Cain as soloists. The work is being carefully rehearsed, and will be a treat.

Miss Sara Layton Walker, Cleveland's favorite contralto, was married in Indianapolis, December 15, to Morris Black, of this city. The good wishes of the many friends of the popular young couple go with them. It is a matter of congratulation to us that Mrs. Black has thus become a permanent resident of Cleveland, for we

could ill afford to lose such a thorough musician and artist.

The monthly organ recitals by Mr. Clemens at St. Paul's Church are drawing large and thoroughly appreciative audiences.

An interesting pupils' recital was given at the School of Music on Saturday, December 18.

The many friends of Mr. Dueringer will be pleased to know that he is fast recovering from his severe illness, and will soon be able to take his place again in the quartet.

Mrs. Florence Hyde Briggs, the vocal teacher, gave a pupils' recital, Monday, January 3.

An impressive midnight service of Dudley Buck was given by the Bach Society at the Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church on New Year's Eve.

The boys of the Cornell and Princeton Glee clubs have been very much in evidence about town the past two weeks. On January 7 comes the Yale Club. Cleveland is largely a Cornell town, and the excitement ran high for the popular "rowers."

I understand that some complaints are being made that certain institutions and artists are being ignored by me in my letters to THE MUSICAL COURIER. I beg to state to the Cleveland readers that it is my wish and intention to give a fair and unbiased report of musical matters, and that any seeming neglect on my part will gladly be rectified. All musicians should—and most of them do—realize the importance and value of a careful report of their work in a paper so widely read as THE MUSICAL COURIER. With the limited space at my command it is impossible for me to write up everything as fully as I should like to, but I shall be very glad to give careful consideration to any notices sent to me.

FLORENCE SCHINKEL.

NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, La., January 5, 1896.

THE coming of the new year has put new life into business in general, and although the effect of the yellow fever is still felt the amusement loving people of this city are eager to take hold of all things that promise a pleasant hour and will willingly pay the price demanded.

Two events of consequence are scheduled. One that of the concert of the Verlet Concert Company, under the management of Victor Thrane, and the other the French Opera Company.

J. V. Gottschalk, the traveling representative, has made all arrangements. The Athenaeum, the only hall fit for concerts, has been rented for Wednesday, March 9, and the following artists will appear: Mlle. Alice Verlet, soprano; T. Gamble, basso; Miss Nordykin, pianist; Mr. Thrane, 'cellist. The lack of opera in the city has been sorely felt, and the theatres have been reaping a golden harvest.

Andre Aubry, the impresario, is well known in the Spanish-American, and has made money there, though it is much to be feared that unless things are differently managed at the opera house here he will lose money. A reorganization should be made in the personnel here, and the old-time chorus, with its decrepit landmarks, antiquated dancers and machine-made orchestra should be shelved and new life instilled into the interpretation of the operas. I understand from private sources that such is the purpose of the new management. The ticket office, as usual, will be at Grunewald's. One of the few who will be missed, and sadly so, for his tact, politeness and kind disposition will be Mr. Damiens, the controller, who has been laid to rest.

The many friends of Placide Canonge, Jr., are urging him forward for the position of press agent, which he so satisfactorily filled last year, and it is to be hoped he will obtain it, and, undoubtedly his warm friendship among the newspaper men, and excellent tact, and savoir faire, will smoothen out the path of the new opera company.

J. NELSON POLHAMUS.

TOLEDO.

TOLEDO, December 23, 1895.

THIS enterprising city has abundantly proved that in matters musical she is not one whit behind the musical centres of the country.

Through the efforts of Miss Ella Hamilton many of the world's greatest artists have appeared here, and in every case a warm welcome was accorded them.

The following names serve as a sample of the meat on which Toledo's music-loving people have been feasting thus far this season: Kneisel Quartet, the Henschels, David Bispham, Chicago Orchestra and Lillian Blauvelt, Chicago Marine Band and Sibyl Sammir, Women's Philharmonic Orchestra, Louis Elson, &c.

December 10 Ysaye played havoc with our emotions. It is well-nigh impossible to dissect this artist's playing and coolly pass criticism on each point. They defy the critic's merciless knife and refuse to yield to his ever ready lance. Everything—technic, expression, interpretation—is so finely blended that never for one minute can the fault-finding critic exclaim.

A delightful concert by the Toledo Maennerchor was one of the notable features of last month's musical attractions. At this time Toledo people were given an opportunity of hearing that sterling artist, Otto Sand, whose beautiful violin playing won their admiration and appreciation. Mrs. Otto Sand was the pianist, and Mrs. Blodgett's fine voice delighted all present.

Toledo has undertaken a big thing, and that thing is nothing less than the adoption of a baby! A baby? Yes, and a healthy, lusty youngster it is, too. It was brought before a Toledo audience for the first time on November 15, to be admired and criticised. Toledo's baby is an orchestra! Yes, she has shown that within her sacred borders there could be organized a body of musicians capable of interpreting the works of the masters to the enjoyment of the most critical.

The orchestra numbers thirty-five men, all residents of Toledo. A real, live orchestra, with a live, energetic conductor, in the person of Arthur W. Kortheuer, the pianist and composer. The work done by the orchestra deserves

great praise and encouragement, and was a fair indication of what it will do in the future.

Philip Steinhauser, a young violinist who has recently come from Germany to take up his residence in Toledo, played superbly. He is an artist to his finger tips, and Toledo is fortunate in possessing such a musician. The double concert solo work of James P. Locke was excellent. Long live the Toledo Symphony Orchestra!

LINA ZOERR.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 6, 1898.

The annual Christmas performance of "The Messiah," by the Choral Society, took place on Tuesday evening last, in the Congregational Church. Madame de Diaz-Rebertini, Miss Feilding Rosselle, E. C. Towne and Ericson Bushnell were the soloists. The chorus numbers about 160.

The Choral Society is to be congratulated upon its rendition of this glorious work. The choruses were sung with precision, spirit and finish. The soprano, unfortunately, was suffering from recent illness and a severe cold. The other solo parts were satisfactory, the honors of the evening being easily won by Mr. Bushnell. Of his magnificent voice, fine technique, deep musical feeling and dignity of style, one can only speak in praise. He has sung "The Messiah" here a number of times, but has never been heard to better advantage than on last Tuesday evening, his "Why Do the Nations" calling for the most enthusiastic praise. The whole performance, with a few exceptions, was unusually good.

While here Mr. Bushnell gave an informal talk on voice production at the studio of one of our local teachers which was listened to with great interest. He lays especial stress upon clear and clean enunciation.

The Henschels are advertised for two recitals January 10 and 12, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra a few days later.

C. C.

Judas Maccabees by Buffalo Vocal Society.

The Buffalo Vocal Society, Angelo M. Read, conductor, purposes giving for its second concert this season the oratorio "Judas Maccabees." Plans as at present outlined are on a large scale, a chorus of 250 voices being organized for rehearsal, soloists of the first rank named for selection, and an efficient orchestra arranged for. Chorus rehearsals begin first Tuesday in February.

A Coming Dramatic Singer.

Miss Florence Turnbull Hill, of Brooklyn, who is a graduate in piano and harmony, has recently taken up the study of singing. Discovering that there were possibilities in her voice, she went to Herbert W. Greene, the well-known teacher of voice production and singing, and under his training is developing a brilliant dramatic voice. Several public appearances have displayed her wonderful advancement in local art.

The New York Trio.

The New York Trio (Joannes Ziegler, piano; Eugene Boegner, violin, and Karl Griener, cello), assisted by Marie Stori, soprano, gave a successful concert on Tuesday evening, January 4, at the Hotel Jefferson, before a large and fashionable audience. An excellent program was given, which included the Goldmark E minor Trio, violin and violoncello solos, and the Andantino and Finale of op. 42, by Gade. Miss Stori sang an aria from Massenet's "Herodias," and two old English ballads.

The next concert which is to be given at the Jefferson will be on the evening of January 19. The following artists will appear: Mme. Eleanore Meredith, the soprano; Earl Percy Parks, bass-baritone, and the young Polish pianist Mlle. Marya Blazewicz.

A number of other concerts are on the tapis to follow at short intervals, at which many well-known artists will be heard.

Personals.

Martinus van Oilder's Sacred Concert.

"The Lord Reigneth," for soli, mixed chorus and orchestra, or organ, which was performed for the first time by the Philadelphia Choral Society at the Academy of Music in conjunction with Mozart's "Requiem," and again at Drexel's Institute on December 27 in conjunction with Rossini's "Stabat Mater," under the direction of Charles M. Schmitz, has been published by G. Schirmer, New York.

Testimonial Concert to the Memory of Ad. Neuendorf

A memorial testimonial concert in memory of the late musical director, Ad. Neuendorf, will take place in the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of Thursday, January 27. In addition to a fine orchestral concert many prominent soloists have signified a desire to take part in the undertaking. Mr. Neuendorf was universally respected among the musicians, who are now anxious to show, in some slight regard, their respect for his memory. The preparations now in progress for this concert of the 27th indicate that it will be one of the most interesting musical events of the winter season.

Ellison Van Hoose in Oratorio and Opera.

The success of this popular young tenor has been most emphatic, as the following press notices show:

"THE MESSIAH" WITH THE ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Mr. Bispham and Mr. Van Hoose acquitted themselves excellently.—Herald.

Ellison Van Hoose, the tenor, commended himself highly, both for agreeable tone and for intelligent singing.—Sun.

Mr. Van Hoose, the tenor, is a newcomer. His work was highly creditable.—Times.

OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.

The songs of the minstrels were given in excellent style by Messrs. Standig and Van Hoose, the latter making a very successful debut as Walter. He has a tenor voice of good quality, and he uses it artistically.—Philadelphia Call.

Van Hoose made an intelligent Walter, and sang his song in the contest of singers with excellent taste. He has a musical voice, is young, and promises well.—Philadelphia Item.

Mr. Van Hoose has sung "The Messiah" in New York recently, receiving high praise from critics there. He was a romantic Walter, and sang the Wartburg song in a pleasing fashion.—Philadelphia Record.

Not only were Gadske and Bispham incomparable, but Van Hoose sang beautifully and with true artistic spirit.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Interesting Musicales.

The following pretty program was given at the musicale of Dr. and Mrs. William B. Wood at their residence, 711 Fifth avenue, on Tuesday evening, January 4. Mrs. George O. Seward and Mrs. Gerrit Smith accompanied.

After the program supper was served to the large and fashionable audience present.

Duet, D'un cœur l'aime.....Gounod
Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Heinrich Meyn.

Violoncello, Romance.....Hugo Becker
George O. Seward.

The Red Rose.....Frank Hastings
Ye Who Have Yearned.....Tschalkowsky
Gipsy John.....Clay
Heinrich Meyn.

Piano,
An den Frühling.....Grieg
Shadow Dance.....MacDowell
Mrs. Newton Perkins.

Soprano,
Deserted.....MacDowell
A Persian Dancing Girl.....Sawyer
Mrs. Gerrit Smith.

Violin,
Preislied.....Wagner
Fantaisie.....De Beriot
Franz P. Kaltenborn.

Marine.....Lalo
Secret.....Schubert
The Vagabond.....Molloy
Heinrich Meyn.

Violoncello, Serenade.....Fitzenhagen
George O. Seward.

Trio,
Violin, Violoncello, Piano.....Gade
Mrs. Newton Perkins, Franz P. Kaltenborn, George O. Seward.

Duet (soprano and baritone), Crucifix.....Faure
Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Heinrich Meyn.

Whitney Mockridge in Manchester.

This gifted tenor scored a big success in the large Free Trade Hall, Manchester, England, at a big concert given under the direction of Percy Harrison, Patti's manager. The Manchester Guardian, the largest paper in the English provinces, said:

Jack Robertson, being incapacitated by a severe cold, Whitney Mockridge sang in his stead. The songs given by Mockridge were "Oh, Vision Entrancing," from Goring Thomas' "Esmeralda," and Balfe's "Come Into the Garden, Maud." He sang with his usual good style and musicianship, and was heartily applauded.

Jack Robertson's place was effectively filled by Whitney Mockridge, who is not unknown to Manchester audiences, and gave "Oh, Vision Entrancing," from "Esmeralda," and "Wild Flowers," by Franco Leoni, with great success.—Manchester Courier.

Percy Harrison announced the indisposition of Jack Robertson, who was announced to sing, and the substitution of Whitney Mockridge. The latter gentleman sang Goring Thomas' "Oh, Vision Entrancing" ("Esmeralda"), and made a good impression upon the audience, although, perhaps, he was heard to more effect in Leoni's song of "Wild Flowers."—Sheffield Telegraph.

Percy Harrison came on to express his regret that Jack Robertson was unable to appear, but he had secured the services of a young tenor, Whitney Mockridge, who had made a great reputation in London, and whom he could rely upon as being a most efficient substitute. Whitney Mockridge appeared next, and gave "Oh, Vision Entrancing" in a manner that not only showed good voice and artistic method, but roused the audience to demand a repetition. He, however, bowed his acknowledgements. After Mme. Burmeister-Petersen's very pleasing rendering of her solos, Mr. Mockridge sang the new song "Wild Flowers" with such fine expression that he was thrice recalled, but he declined to sing again, as he was suffering from a cold.—Sheffield Independence.

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Winter Term will begin September 16; Summer Term, April 1. Entrance examination takes place on the same days at the College (Wolfsrasse, 3-5). The yearly fees are 300 marks (\$75) for piano, violin, viola, violoncello classes; 500 marks (\$125) for all the other orchestral instruments, and 400 marks (\$100) for solo singing.

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THE CASE OF DREYFUS.

Is Dreyfus innocent or guilty?
Is he a traitor—
Or a martyr?

It is not easy to answer this question; indeed it is impossible. The position taken by THE COURIER is plain and impregnable; we maintain that the culpability of Captain Dreyfus has never been demonstrated; we assert that in this age the public will not accept the decision of a court of the star Chamber; we declare it is the duty of France to try this man in the open—her duty to herself and to the civilization of which she is one of the most conspicuous examples; we have examined all the documents and sifted all the evidence that can be found in this case, and we believe that the evidence on which Dreyfus was imprisoned for life would not suffice to hang a dog—

This we believe, but we do not know.

Let France make public the evidence against Dreyfus. Let the witnesses be openly examined.

If, after a public trial, Dreyfus be declared guilty of treason, France will have been justified—even her star chamber methods will have been justified—

The mystery which surrounds the case should be cleared up.

France must clear herself of this scandal of a private trial—a hole-and-corner conviction; she must try this man—traitor or martyr—in the open.

What evidence was brought forward in that star chamber trial cannot be definitely declared. THE COURIER procured from Paris all the documents so far made public, and all the literature of the "Dreyfus case," pro and con. These papers, pamphlets and books have been carefully read, sifted, compared—the angry and vehement denunciations of Rochefort and Edouard Drumont; the pleas of the *Figaro*, the arguments of *L'Eclair*, *Gil Blas*, *Le Journal Des Debats* and the other Parisian newspapers; the eloquent letters of Emile Zola, and the passionate defense of Bernard-Lazare, Louis Anjar and the partisans of Dreyfus. THE COURIER has endeavored to draw from these various and varying accounts a clear, reasonable and unprejudiced statement of the Dreyfus case. That the task is difficult goes without saying. Much printers' ink has been wasted in useless recrimination. Passion and prejudice have done much to befog the evidence. We believe, however, that our résumé is fair, clear and impartial. We would add that unless the French Government has stronger evidence than that produced by its partisans Dreyfus should be a free man to-day; if it has such evidence it should produce it.

Dreyfus was caged in the Isle du Diable; in Paris the nine-days' wonder was forgotten; it seemed that the verdict of the star chamber had been ratified by public opinion; no one talked of Dreyfus; few, perhaps, thought of him; the Dreyfus case had dropped out of mind.

On September 2, 1896, a little provincial newspaper, the South Wales *Argus*, published at Newport, in Monmouthshire, announced that Dreyfus had escaped; the news had been brought by Captain Hunter, of the Nonpareil, just returned from Constance Island, near Cayenne. The story was reproduced in the London *Chronicle*; it was telegraphed to Paris; it went round the globe. It was a false report, but it awakened interest in Dreyfus—whom Paris had forgotten. Descriptions of his grim and terrible life were published. The evidence on which he was condemned was discussed—the little of it that had been made public.

People began to ask:

"What if he were innocent?"

The press took it up.

Le Jour declared (September 15, 1896): "The guilt of the condemned man HAS NOT BEEN DEMONSTRATED."

M. de Cassagnac wrote in his *Autorité*: "Like most of our fellow citizens we believe Dreyfus guilty. But like our contemporary (*Le Jour*) we are not certain of it."

Le Journal and *L'Eclair* argued for the guilt of Dreyfus—not for the sufficiency of the evidence.

And so once more the scandal of 1894 was on the tapis.

We proceed to state the facts, so far as they are known and can be dis-

gaged from the mass of partisan accusations and denials. The main evidence against Dreyfus is the *bordereau*, of which we give a fac-simile. This we shall discuss later. For the present we follow the chronology of events.

When the *bordereau* was found it was submitted to graphological experts. October 7, 1894, they reported that it resembled the handwriting of Captain Dreyfus. October 15 Dreyfus was summoned to appear before the Minister of War. He did not know what was wanted. He found himself in the presence of the Commandant du Paty de Clam and three persons whom he did not know. M. du Paty ordered him to sit down and write from his dictation. Dreyfus obeyed. The words that he was ordered to write were those that appeared in the incriminating *bordereau*. All at once M. du Paty stopped him.

"Your hand trembles," said he.

"My fingers are cold," Dreyfus replied.

M. du Paty continued his dictation.

"Have a care," said he, "it is a serious matter."

Hardly had Dreyfus finished writing when M. du Paty seized him by the arm and cried: "In the name of the law, I arrest you."

M. Cochefort, Chef de la Sûreté, and M. du Paty drove at once to the house of Dreyfus and announced to Mme. Dreyfus the arrest of her husband. A search of the house revealed nothing of an incriminating nature. M. du Paty refused to tell Mme. Dreyfus the charge against her husband or in what prison he was confined.

It is asserted by the friends of Dreyfus that the first fifteen days of his confinement he was ignorant of the charge against him. At last M. du Paty told him of the accusation.

"It is known in all the German offices by this time," said he.

Dreyfus protested his innocence.

He was shown a photograph of the *bordereau*, and was accused of having written it.

The next day M. du Paty sent his report to General Mercier. For two months the investigation was carried on by the military authorities. There were, it is said, twenty-three witnesses. What evidence they gave has been kept from the public. An examination of the Parisian newspapers for this period discloses merely contradictory rumors; it was said Dreyfus had been a traitor since he entered the army; that he was a traitor at Fontainebleau; at Mans, at Paris, at the Ecole de Guerre, at the War Office, where he had secured a place merely to aid him in his treason; he had given to Germany the names of the officers sent abroad on secret service; he had disclosed the plans of mobilization, of transport and the concentration of troops; he had dealings with the German embassy; he was gambler and spendthrift—all this and much more was asserted, but of evidence there was not a tittle. It was asserted by *L'Eclair* that he had accomplices. There was no proof. Dreyfus declared there could be no accomplice, because there was no treason.

From all these unproved allegations let us disentangle the real charges against Dreyfus.

What are they?

That he delivered documents, vital to the defense of France, to a foreign embassy.

What proof?

A *bordereau*—a sort of memorandum, containing a list of the documents thus delivered.

This *bordereau* is declared by experts to be in the handwriting of Dreyfus.

In the main the charge rests upon the report of M. Bertillon, the expert in chirography. He reported that the *bordereau* was in the handwriting of Dreyfus, though he had disguised his hand. He points to the connecting lines, to the double ss, differing in the incriminating document from Dreyfus' ordinary script, as evidence of an attempt at disguise; he declares that the word *responsable* is not absolutely like the writing of the accused, because in writing that word Dreyfus trembled as he thought of the responsibilities that he incurred.

These are the main deductions of the expert.

Is it evidence on which you would beat a dog?

Of course the experts did not agree. Against the opinion of M. Bertillon were the conclusions of MM. Gobert and Pelletier.

And now we come to the document itself. First, the discovery of this *bordereau*; we follow the account of *Le Journal*, inserting here and there a

correction by M. Bernard-Lazare. In September, 1894, it was discovered that there was a "leak" in the office of the military staff of the Minister of War. A photograph of a document, communicated by the military attachés German Embassy to their allies in the Italian Embassy, had been procured. The document was got from a dull-witted lad who was employed to sweep out the offices of the German Embassy. He was in the habit of selling the waste paper. The agents of the French Minister of War succeeded in buying a large package of this rubbish from him. Among it was found a letter, written on whitish-brown paper; it had been torn in four parts, which were put together.

This was the *bordereau*.

*Les nouvelles m'indiquent que vous
desirez me voir, je vous adresse cependant
Monsieur qui par ses renseignements interpose
1^{re} une note sur le frein hydraulique
de 120 et le manière d'abaisser les conduits
avec précision.
2^e une note sur la troupe de couverture.
(quelques modifications sont apportées par
le nouveau plan.)
3^e une note sur une modification aux
formations de l'artillerie.
4^e une note relative à Madagascar.
5^e le projet de manuel de tir de
l'artillerie de campagne (16 mars 1894).
Ce dernier document est extrêmement
difficile à se procurer et je ne puis
l'avoir à ma disposition que très-peu
de jours. Le ministre de la guerre
en a envoyé un nombre fixe aux
les corps et ces corps en sont responsables,
chaque officier détenteur doit
remettre le sien après la manœuvre.
Si donc vous voulez y prendre ce
qui vous intéresse et l'obtenir
à ma disposition après, j'en ai
prendre. À moins que vous ne
vouliez que je le fasse évaluer
en extenso et en vers en adresser
la copie.*

Je suis parti en manœuvres.

TRANSLATION.

Without news indicating that you desire to see me, I send you, however, Sir, certain interesting information:

1. A note on the hydraulic brake of the 120 (method of using this piece).
2. A note on the troops de couverture (some modifications are made by the new plan).
3. A note on the modifications in artillery formations.
4. A note relative to Madagascar.
5. The project of manual of company fire (March 14, 1894).

The last document is extremely difficult to procure, and I can have it at my disposal only a few days. The minister has sent a fixed number of copies to the corps, and the corps are held responsible for them; each officer having a copy must return it after the manœuvres. So then if you wish to take from it what interests you and will hold it at my disposal, afterwards, I will take it. That

*is, unless you want me to make a copy in extenso for you and send you only the copy of it.
I am about to leave for the manœuvres.*

Now, a few words by way of explanation:

In the course of his examination the Commander Du Paty de Clam asked Captain Dreyfus: "Do you know the hydraulic brake of the cannon of 120?" "Yes," said Dreyfus, "I know it; I have seen it. I have seen the piece twice, at Bourges in 1889, and at the School of War in 1892; I have never seen it fired." This was not disputed, and yet in the incriminating document an offer is made to describe the method of using the new break.

In reference to the second document on the list, it is possible that Dreyfus may have been informed, as the matter passed under his hands. As to the modifications of the artillery formations, Dreyfus could have known only at second hand—from the conversation of other officers.

The matter of the note relative to Madagascar is more complicated. This was a work of about twenty-two pages, which had been given to Corporal Bernollin, then secretary of Colonel de Torcy, chief of the second bureau of the army staff. The original and the copy were often left exposed in his office, and Bernollin asserts that Dreyfus was often in his office.

Shadowy proof.

Equally vague is the proof that Dreyfus knew anything definite of the other projects described in the *bordereau*, and it may be said with perfect confidence that the only evidence against him is the existence of the *bordereau* itself. The similarity of the handwriting is only a circumstance, which may be or may not be corroborated.

We come then to this question:

Does this document seem to be authentic, probable, or even possible?

Let us look to its origin, or rather the origin that is attributed to it. According to M. Montville (*Le Journal*, September 16, 1896), it was found at the German Embassy by a lad employed in the office, and was sold (with other waste paper) to French agents. Is this probable? It would seem probable enough had not a similar case occurred a year before the Dreyfus affair. At that time a man employed in the offices of the German Embassy was induced to sell the torn scraps of paper, &c., to a secret agent of the War Department. The traffic went on for some time. Finally the mistress of the secret agent—a jealous girl named Millecamps—betrayed her lover to the German ambassador. Her lover confessed to his chief that she had stopped this source of information, and Mlle. Millecamps was arrested and condemned as a spy; she went to prison. This was in January, 1894.

Does it seem probable that eight months later the German Embassy would still permit its employés to sell documents of the value of this *bordereau*, and sell them, as they knew had been done, to secret agents of the War Office?

The affair is frankly improbable.

Why should the German Ambassador have torn this document into four pieces, and thrown it where it could be found and used to destroy a spy of such utility as the writer of the *bordereau* must have been?

As we have said, there is not evidence here on which to drown a dog. There are suspicions and allegations, there are affirmations and deductions—but there is not sheer weight of fact enough to sink a feather.

And then, again, what reasons had Dreyfus—young, rich, happily-married—for playing the infamous and dangerous role of traitor? He was not needy. He had an ample fortune. He had no expensive vices. He was not a miserly lover of money. Great emphasis has been laid on the fact that he is not a Frenchman; that his brothers are still living in Elsass and under German government; but is this proof?

It need hardly be said that in taking this stand THE COURIER is not alone. The press of the world has taken up the fight against star chamber methods—even when the charge is treason. In France public opinion has spoken with no uncertain voice. Zola has written two letters—earnest, honest, impressive—to the youth of France. In the Latin Quarter there had been anti-Dreyfus demonstrations. Perhaps Zola has discerned the cause of the trouble.

He asks: "Are there then anti-Semites among the young? Are the young brains and young souls already vitiated by this imbecile poison? What sadness, what disquietude for the twentieth century, now about to open! An hundred years after the Declaration of the Rights of Man, an hundred years after the supreme act of toleration and emancipation, are we to have again religious wars, the most odious and base of all forms of fanaticism."

With bitter eloquence Zola attacks those students and workingmen, who "declare themselves anti-Semites, that is to say, who wish to begin the new century by massacring the Jews, merely because they are fellow-citizens of another race and another faith."

The Esterhazy incident has injected a new interest into the Dreyfus case. And yet even were it proved that Esterhazy were the author of the incriminating *bordereau* the case would still stand where it is to-day. Only a public trial can clear up this matter. If Esterhazy is to be tried, let him be tried in public, according to the methods of civilized nations. If he is guilty let him suffer; if innocent let every stain be washed publicly from his name.

And with Dreyfus the case is the same. He is a martyr—or a traitor. Were he set free to-day the matter would still be in dispute. France owes it to her own honor to try this man in the face of the world.

We neither know nor care what the outcome may be; but this—in common with all civilized men—we demand: That Dreyfus be legally tried for the crime charged against him.



THE operoseness of playgoing has been pleasantly lightened the past week by a number of interesting productions and revivals. Paul Potter's "The Conquerors," which is now engaging the attention of the patrons of Mr. Frohman's Empire Theatre, I shall leave for next week. There is much to be said of it. Without being a great play it may possibly be a point of unclean departure for the American drama, and so we shall discuss it at our leisure.

"The Conquerors."

We Faversham

as

Eric

Von Rodeck



For the present—
Let us talk of Rosalind.

Loin des décadences moroses,
Retournons aux vieilles amours!
De l'esprit, de l'esprit toujours!
Du ciel bleu! Des horizons rose!

Yes, we will leave, if you please, the morose decadence of Paul Potter for the blue skies and rosy horizons of Arden, and for that Shakespearian *esprit* which never rang so true as in "As You Like It."

I need hardly tell you that I approve of Mr. Daly's—or, rather, William Winter's—amelioration of "As You Like It." Very little of Shakespeare can be played as it was written. And the plays that do hold the stage, you will find, have all of them undergone a process of chastening and modernizing. Were it not for the modern spirit that the adapters and players have injected into "Hamlet," the play would be as hopelessly archaic as the

"Acharnians" of Aristophanes or the "Adelphi" of P. Terentius Afer. Indeed, that last illustration comes pat to my pen, for the "Adelphi" lives in the modernization, "A Pair of Spectacles."

That eventually Shakespeare will be as little played as Aristophanes or Terence is not only conceivable, but natural. It is not because his plays are literary that most of them are permanently out of the bill; indeed, the most popular are the most literary; they have been laid on the shelf solely and wholly because they are old-fashioned—out of touch with time. His dramatic methods are cumbrous, heavy, inept, intolerable to this slight-witted generation.

The Shakespearian drama is too full of mere instinctive activity; it is too elemental; there is too large a fund of savagery and grossness: there is too melodramatic an admixture of murders and treasons, trivialities and bestialities, splashes of blood and splashes of dirt.

The naked instincts strut too shamelessly. To-day we clothe our instincts. We dress our passions in modish, decent black. We do not scream.

These, I grant you, are merely conventional changes, but it is upon the conventions that the drama is builded.

We are too apt to sneer at the dramatic conventions.

There are certain stage conventions that are unchangeable—as that a stage room has only three walls, that in the exposition of the piece the characters may explain themselves and their relations to each other, as they would never do in real life, &c. Other conventions, however, there are that shift and change with the changing years, and with these conventions the Shakespearian drama is clogged.

In order that the Shakespearian drama may be played at all these conventions must be clipped off, pruned away, dug out.

To sneer at the amelioration of Shakespeare is to insult the *Zeitgeist*!



Shakespeare's genius lies in the fact that now and then—not always, not often—he has substituted the study of passion for mere instinctive activity.

In other words, he has widened the interval between the concept and the deed. Now it is just this interval—in which there is place for reflection, fear the idea of good, the nursing of evil—that lends human value to his characters.

It is not because Macbeth kills Duncan that he weighs so heavily on the imagination. The deed is nothing; you are interested in his mental struggle, the growth of the temptation—as he dandles the project of murder. You are interested in Hamlet not when he strikes Polonius, but when he hesitates to strike.

Browning's "Bishop Blogram" puts it well:

Our interest's on the dangerous side of things,
The honest thief, the tender murderer,
The superstitious atheist, demirep
That loves and saves her soul in new French books,
We watch while these in equilibrium keep
The giddy line midway; one step aside
Their classed and done with.

It is self-deception to accept Shakespeare's picture of humanity as he found it in the urgent sixteenth century as representative of the petty puzzling and agitated life of to-day. He gives only the rudiments. His psychology is summary. Now while the instincts of man do not greatly change they work by varying processes and toward different ends.

Even at best Rosalind can be made only measurably true to us of this generation, and though tradition, hereditary, reverence and cant may help us more or less, we need all the aid the knowing adopter and cunning modernizer can give us.

As George the Third said frankly, "There's a great deal of rubbish in Shakespeare." And for my part I am glad that Mr. Daly has spared us some of it.



I need not say much of Miss Rehan's Rosalind, it is classic. To-day, as of old, her humorous predominance—to use a pretty Shakespearianism—is manifest and irresistible. The support—notably Mr. Richman as Orlando, Mr. Herbert as Touchstone and Mr. Clarke as Jacques—was excellent.

I only saw two acts of Miss Marlowe's Rosalind at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Frankly, I was disappointed. I had heard so much of Miss Marlowe's improvement that I really expected to see a more than tolerable performance. And yet, Miss Marlowe, it seemed to me, is quite as artificial, studied, inert and unintellectual as she was years ago. She is so intolerably placid!

You may remember that at the first rehearsal of "Méropé" Voltaire complained that Mademoiselle Dumesnil did not put enough heat and force into the invective in the fourth act.

"To get the tone you wish me to take," she said, "*il faudrait avoir le diable au corps*."

"To excel in any of the arts, mademoiselle, one must have the *diable au corps*," said Voltaire.

No truer thing was ever said.

There is no touch of the devil in Miss Marlowe's placid, agreeable personality, and this defect explains her inability to rise above an easeful mediocrity.

At Wallack's Theatre Mr. Frohman presented Joseph Arthur's new play, "The Salt of the Earth." In this exciting and rattling drama Mr. Arthur has harked back to the scenes of his "Blue Jeans" triumph, and though there is no buzz-saw there are as many thrills as could be reasonably expected. I have no doubt that the play will journey joyously and successfully from one end of the land to the other.

"The Conquerors."

May Robson

as

Poulette.



Mathew May.. a
sample of
the salt.



There is no occasion to rehearse the story of the play. All plays, I am coming to believe, have the same story. There are two lovers, united in the first act, separated more or less widely and by various means in the intermediate acts, only to come together in the last act (this is comedy), or to remain separated—and this is tragedy. If you think it over you will discover that this is the story of almost every play, and so—if you will permit me—I will reduce M. Polti's thirty-six dramatic situations to one.

In this case the lover is a young man who, by reason of his virtue, is known as "The Salt of the Earth." His sweetheart is gracile Annie Russell—the sweetest woman on the American stage. The environment, rustic and realistic, of the play you may gather from the play bill:

Tom, called The Shooting Star.....	Theodore W. Babcock
Mathew May, a farmer.....	George W. Wilson
Jean A' Lairrie, alias Alonzo Leathers.....	Frank Landers
Doctor McBriggs.....	R. A. Roberts
Isaac Kelly, village blacksmith.....	George W. Denham
Jedge Lingenfelder.....	Harry Spear
Rowley, champion footrace runner.....	Charles Harris
Ann May.....	Annie Russell
Cynthia May, called Sin, Matt's second wife.....	Alice Fisher
Meenie Dole, the gum chewer of Vevay.....	Marion Berg
Kate Boudinot.....	Maud Odell
Mr. Small.....	Charles J. Greene
Mr. Smithers.....	Harry G. Vernon
Mr. Smoot.....	Herman Noble
Granger.....	Robert Robson

Country Girls and Boys: Roy Bernard, Catharine Relyea, Anna Dagwell, Amerika Meira, Minnie Walters, May Harris, Caroline Leigh, Herman Noble, S. J. Bunyan, Harry Vernon, Robert Robson, A. J. Conry and O. Battle.

These rustic lads and gum-chewing lassies, these rural rogues and hoosier heroes, are abundantly interesting, and whether they really exist or not there can be no question of their theatrical realism.



As I have said, "The Salt of the Earth" should find appreciative audiences in every part of this melodrama-loving land.

Friday afternoon the Criterion Independent Theatre presented three new one-act plays to an approving audience at Hoyt's little playhouse in Twenty-fourth street, West.

The first number on the bill was "The Rights of the Soul," done out of the Italian of Giuseppe Giacosa, by J. I. C. Clarke and Charles Henry Meltzer. The cast was:

Paolo.....	E. J. Henley
Mario.....	A. S. Lipman
Anna.....	Elita Proctor Otis
Maddalena.....	Dorothy Usner

The problem posed by the Italian dramatist is eminently curious, subtle and strong. Paolo is the husband. His cousin has killed himself and among his effects Paolo finds a packet of letters. Some of them he discovers have been written by Anna, his wife. There starts up in the man a monstrous passion, which is not quite jealousy, but rather a sort of self-tormenting curiosity. The letters his wife has written to this cousin are innocent, brave and noble. She has repulsed the fellow's love. In almost every line she iterates her love for her husband—her fidelity to her husband.

In the very hopelessness of his passion the man has slain himself.

But Paolo wonders and torments himself. Might she not have loved him? Perhaps she might have learned to love him. It is jealousy built on trifles light as air; it is the self-torment of a weak nature, the querulousness of a sick soul. Mario, his wife's brother, tries in vain to bring him to reason. He argues that Anna's very letters prove her innocence; that the man is dead—bids him bury the whole sad matter.

Paolo will not listen; he summons his wife; he probes her with questions; he bids her deliver to him the dead man's letters. She gives them to him. He throws them into the fire. And the woman whispers: "They are gone—gone."

They will go away, Paolo urges; it will be as it was in their bridal days; he kisses her, but the woman is cold—

The ghost of the dead man rises between them and he taunts her with having loved him. Then the woman cries that she, too, has her rights—even as he—that he has bidden her speak and she will speak. Savagely, splendidly, shamelessly she proclaims her love for the man who died for love of her. She had repulsed him, she had kept her marriage faith, she had sent him to death, and she regrets the useless sacrifice and the wasted love.

It is a strong scene, cunningly builded. Anna goes out to return no more, leaving the weak and weakly man alone with the truth he has forced from her.

A strong and subtle story, frugally and grimly told.

Mr. Henley played the part of the husband with fine restraint and admirable tact. Mr. Lipman was an efficient Mario. Miss Otis had blundered

strangely in her make up, but the audience soon forgot this in her sympathetic portrayal of the woman who claimed her soul's rights. She played the part quietly, and her only defect was a lack of fervor in the final scene. The translation was good—clean-phrased, pedestrian, pointed.

"That Overcoat," by Augustus Thomas, was as sharp a contrast as Harlequin's famous intrusion on the funeral party. It was a smart, little domestic skit, in which the only problem was the opening of small bottles. A husband and wife were separated, and they came together again—in spite of this and that and the mother-in-law. The little play simply reeked with that Thomasian wit approved of the Lambs' Club, and I have no doubt it will live long and merrily on the vaudeville stage.



BLANCHE WALSH
as JEANNE MARIE

The final number of the bill was "From a Clear Sky," by Henri Du-may. This is a strong play, unusual, but not un-American. Indeed it were hardly possible in any other country.

After the performance I was talking with Bronson Howard—greatest as he is best of American playwrights.

"It has the strength that carries across the footlights," said he, and then we discussed the psychology of the play. Will you follow our example?

Somewhere in the suburbs, in a summer garden, a wife is sitting, quiet and happy. Her husband enters. He is the typical business man, frank, jovial, keen witted, eminently practical. He has just returned from a Western trip, during which he has won a rifle at a shooting match. It was the second prize he won. Like Gregers, in "The Wild Duck," whose melancholy fate it was to be always thirteenth at table, this man's luck is that of taking second prizes, for in a moment you learn that his wife has been wedded before. He who secured the first prize at the shooting match had been her first husband.

"Did he—that man—say anything to you?" she asks.

Yes, the fellow had stormed and bullied a little; but it amounted to nothing. A good, sensible husband, placid and satisfied with life, he goes about his business and leaves her alone in the garden. Guy Warner—the first husband—enters. There is the taint of the vagabond on him. He is a man of fierce passions—reckless, selfish, dominant. Ever since she left him, five years before, he has been wandering to and fro in the earth and up and down the lands thereof. Only recently has he heard of her divorce and remarriage. He claims her as his wife, by the right of him who loved her first, to whom she came willingly a maid.

It is the theory—old as Genesis—that whom a maid first loves she loves forever.

He had ill-treated her, ill-used her; he admits it all. He will grant she was right to leave him, but she had no right to remarry—to erect an insurmountable barrier between them. The passion of the man—the sophistry of his passion, if you will—dominates her, and it is but feebly that she can bid him begone from her. Then he catches her in his arms and crushes her lips with brutal kisses. It is thus the husband finds them. Eminently practical, this husband, and a fine fellow. He will have no scandal—for his wife's sake.

But the streak of the *cabotin* comes out in the other man; he swaggers like a person in a melodrama; he announces that when he was the woman's husband he would have killed the man who had dared to kiss her thus. More reasonably the second husband declines to ruin his life and his wife's happiness by doing murder. He is stern and quiet. But in the other all the male beast is awake; he clamors for the woman; he taunts the husband and rushes at him. Once he is repulsed. The husband picks up the rifle, and as the fellow comes at him again shoots him down.

"Murderer!" cries the woman.

Then she takes the dying man in her arms and whispers "I love you, I love you, I love you."

It is the end.

And the thesis?

Perhaps it is this: Women do not love men—they love love. Here you had a woman who had born the storm and stress of a tempestuous love. She had escaped into the quiet haven of peaceful domesticity. And yet this love—the love of a *cabotin*, a brute—was the one real fact in her inner life. Because it was first love? Because it was love? I do not know; for who am I that I should read a woman's heart.



Viola Allen
and William Pavert
as Nymph and Satyr
in "The Conquerors"

As you may see from the slight sketch I have given, "From a Clear Sky" is closely constructed. It acts well—though it was badly enough acted the

other day. Tersely and nervously written the play carries across the footlights with power and directness.

As for the problem?

Let us have it with Eubulus:

Perditor ille pessime qui feminam
Duxit secundus, nam nihil primo imprecor.

You may take it either for the woman or the man.

In the year of our Lord 1897, I wrote: "Mr. DeKoven is a writer of music, just as he might have been a photographer, or a saleslady in the white goods department of Macy's, or—if chance had willed it so—a music critic or a veterinary surgeon, &c."

The other day Mr. DeKoven wrote: "In 'Old Japan' lacks the close union of action and music, which made *L'Enfant Prodigue* such a work of art. Mr. Thompson has much to learn before he can be as French and as decadent as he wishes to appear, &c."

You see, it took him a year, but he got there!

The lyric by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, published in *THE COURIER* last week, echoes an old plaint of those lovers and poets who have envied the blythe mating of the birds and the easeful matrimony of the tiger and his bride. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, wrote a prose poem on the subject, a joyous idyll of the desert. Lidgate, in Chaucer's "Flower of Curtesie," has treated the subject with delicious frankness. His verses, by the way, as I daresay you know, are based on a familiar passage in the first book of Ovid's "Metamorphosis." Mrs. Wilcox, I am sure, will be glad to read them:

The silly wren, the titmouse alsoe,
The little redbreast have their election,
They fly, I saw, and are together gone,
Whereas hem list, abouten environ,
As they of kind have inclination,
And as nature impresse and guide,
Of everything list to provide.
But man alone, alas the harde stond,
Full cruelly by kindes ordinance
Constrained is and by statutes bound,
And debarred from all such pleasure;
What meaneth this, what is this pretence
Of laws, I wis, against all right of kinde
Without a cause, so narrow men to binde?

Mrs. Wilcox has sung the same theme, quite as musically and with more lyric fervor; but I fear it will be many a day before the poets have their way of it, and man's love is as the bird's love. In my pin-feather youth, perhaps, I was not wholly free from this poetical heresy, but I have long since recanted, and with Stesichorus *cano palinodium, nec penitet censi in ordine maritorum*.

VANCE THOMPSON.

We do not believe in originality. We always go to our imagination for our facts, and to our memory for our jokes. Like Molière, DeKoven, Dick Turpin and other celebrities, we take what we want wherever we find it, and never use quotation marks. Hence we have no hesitation in saying that we have been pelted with the dead dogs of ridicule and the rotten eggs of sarcasm on account of a line in one of our paragraphs.

The paragraph read "Barton's Ancestry of Melancholy," and all kinds of ignoramus have been making fun of our compositors, proofreaders and contributors, and suggesting we meant "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy." We meant nothing of the sort.

The explanation is easy. There is no denying that our esteemed contributor writes a weird and wooly hand. The compositor, therefore, while trying to find his way through the labyrinth of his cacography, mistook the third letter of his alphabet for the second of the ordinary alphabet and then, being omniscient, converted a "d" into a "t." The author quoted therefore was Cardan.

Cardan was a gentleman who, for the last 300 years had been a joy forever to numberless generations of sophs and sophomores, who rise up and bless him with a big D whenever Cubic Equations are named. But M. Cardan was not only a mathematical fiend, but a medical man, and in his great work, "De Gen. et. Con.," Lib. IV., ch. 9, p. 13, he discourses of the Ancestry of Melancholy.

After remarking casually that parents who like to have a chronic high old time produce sad and weebegone children; that parents who bring out primeval jokes at the breakfast table depress their defenceless progeny into the lowest depths of melancholius imbecility, he plunges into the root of the matter. What he says, we, having the fear of Anthony Comstock before us, must decline to repeat in these modest pages. In so doing we comply with his editor's request. He, in the outer margin of the text, pathetically prints conspicuously the entreaty, "Good Master Schoolmaster, do not English this," and again, after a page of the kind of Latin spoken by yellow dogs in the fifteenth century he adds in his text, "Do not English this." Nor will we.

Cardan's references to Aristotle, to the learned Rabbi Nabal ben Raca, to the Reverend Father Rabelais, to Kraft-Ebing and the Arabian Nights, are so well known that we need not reproduce them. Those who are put to the kelat, or have been initiated in the mysteries of the Cabiri, will know to what we allude. Nuff said.



ON THE BIRTHDAY OF DONIZETTI.

The Rome of Cæsar crowned with bays
The heroes who increased her might—
The poet for his stately lays,
The soldier victor in the fight.
To-day it has no fair confetti
To grace the tomb of Donizetti.

The critics long have lost the ear
Which found Rossini charmed and sweet;
E'en Verdi in his early sphere
Is almost always judged effete.
And all the skill of Donizetti
Is voted crude and alphabetic.

For Wagner's noiseful rule has come,
And waked the world with blaring brass,
The tuba, trombone, horn and drum
Have silenced silver strings, alas!
And all his strident strength makes petty
The dulcet airs of Donizetti.

The Venusberg and all the gods,
Or Lohengrin, are now a-tour,
And no one thinks of laying odds
On "Lucia di Lammermoor."
We're told it's foolish and duetty,
This masterpiece of Donizetti.

The very schoolboy whistles o'er
The Intermezzo, note for note,
And Bizet's braggart toreador
Is daily heard from every throat;
But poor old Signor Donizetti
Is *not* piano-organettey.

'Tis ever thus; what prophet hath
The honor that is his by right?
The oak to-day—to-morrow's lath;
And day must always turn to night.
But shall the darkness dour and jetty
Blot out our dainty Donizetti?

—From the London Sketch.

YES, Donizetti is blotted out, and all the king's horses and all the king's revivals will not place Donizetti in his place again. Where will Wagner be in 1998? Have hopes, ye anti-Wagnerites!

By the great horn spoon you can never tell which way the cat is going to jump in George Brilliant Shaw's case! He is out with an article on Clement Scott and agrees with that "gent" regarding his recent remarks about stage morality. Mr. Shaw does not believe Mr. Scott has gone far enough and among other things of pith and point in the *Saturday Review* article I quote this:

As far as any real defense can be made to the practical side of Mr. Scott's attack, it must take the form of a frank repudiation of his morality. If an actress has commanding talent and is indispensable on the stage she can be what she likes. Sarah Bernhardt and Réjane can be, and are, what they like; Mme. Mary Anderson de Navarro and Mrs. Kendal can be, and are, what they like. The prospects of such stars do not depend, as Mr. Scott puts it, "on the nature and extent of their compliance," though those of their humbler colleagues generally do. But it is quite certain that the range of an actress' experience and the development of her sympathies depend on a latitude in her social relations which, though perfectly consistent with a much higher degree of self-respect than is at all common among ordinary respectable ladies, involves a good deal of knowledge which is forbidden to "pure" women. Any actress who denies this is rightly classed by public opinion as a hypocrite. Further, an actress is essentially a workwoman and not a lady. If she is ashamed of this she deserves all the mortification her shame may bring her. I therefore do not think that Mr. Scott has considered deeply enough when using such question begging terms as "lady," "pure," and so on. I very much doubt whether he, as a lover of humanity and art, would tolerate the conventional limitations of ladyhood and "innocence" either on the stage or off. Certainly posterity will not gather from his criticisms that his most affectionate admiration and respect are reserved for those actresses whose withers—good heavens, what metaphors Shakespeare leads us into!—whose lives will stand the moral tests applied by Mr. Clement Scott.

Last summer in Paris they disposed of this question in short order. Coquelin it was who remarked that virtue was a desirable possession for an actress. Probably Scott took his cue from the Parisian agitation. He has certainly succeeded in kicking up a row on both sides of the Atlantic. Certificates of protest from Lillian Russell, Della Fox, Sadie Martinot and other

footlight favorites poured into the daily journals, and now here is a well-known dramatic critic advocating—oh, oh, I cannot write any more!

"The Conquerors" at the Empire is the latest bone of contention among the moralists, as if anyone but imbeciles gives a rap whether the play is moral or immoral if it is well built. I smile at Paul Potter, and his protean changes of artistic faith. When I last talked to him he was inveighing against the dramatic unities as exemplified by Ibsen. He did not believe in sensationalism either, but I notice he has cut his cloth to suit popular taste. He preserves the unities, and goes in for red-hot situations. Art be damned, says Paul the apostle of expediency.

M. Perrin, manager-in-chief of the opera (in the concluding years of the Second Empire), once overheard Madame Nilsson in one of her most artistocratic moods speaking very "nobly" of the people she admitted or did not admit on her list of acquaintances. She mentioned a "camarade," and said, "Oh no, not that man, he is such a cabotin!" "Ma chère amie," interrupted Perrin, "we are all cabotins here, and I am but the Barnum of the cabotins."

The somewhat rough treatment of Savage Landor, the young Englishman, while he was traveling in Thibet, has led an Australian paper to perpetrate a delightful blunder. It declares that recently "a savage landor" who had tried to reach Lhasa was horribly maltreated. "The landor himself," it adds, "was captured by Thibetans, who tortured him with red-hot irons, and he narrowly escaped with his life."

Lemaître's characterization of Daudet's style is worth quoting:

"The writer in Daudet is of a rare quality. La Bruyère, Saint-Simon, Michelet are of his family. Especially in his last works is his style that of an extraordinary 'sensitive.' He has the very quivering of life, no sooner perceived than expressed. Not for him are the oratorical phrases and the didactic turns. Never was there such a use of grammatical figures—anacoluthon, ellipsis, the ablative absolute. He abounds in descriptions which are short and broken, and in tingling electric discharges. He abhors the conventional, and was ever a verbal inventor. One's sense of this, toward the end, was too strong; it became almost painful, like the oppressive feeling one has when a storm is coming on. You would have said, turning over his pages, that there were sparks under your fingers. Yet, somehow, in spite of all his audacity, Daudet was able to keep himself from preciosity or mere impressionism in dialect; he kept alive his instinct for the Latin tradition, and had a native reverence for the genius of our language."

Speaking of modern literary tendencies, Daudet said:

"As to the 'decadents' I do not know them; I don't know what they are. I have been always adverse to ticketing things. Never in all my literary career have I used the word 'naturalism.' Zola brought out the word one day, but that is his affair. Apropos, allow me to tell you an incident. A few days after Zola had inaugurated naturalism I was at a dinner with him, De Goncourt, Pailleron, Mallarmé and Melhac. We asked the reason of the new ticket 'naturalism,' and Zola without preamble told us frankly and distinctly that till then he had been wretched, had led a life of pain and privation, and was tired of it. In order to get into fair water he had decided to put at the head of his books the word 'naturalism,' just as a juggler puts a big drum in front of his booth, and drums as hard as he can to attract the attention of the crowd."

"All is interesting in life, but all depends on the way in which one looks at it. For example, there are people who reprove me for having a too vivid and poetic impression of man and things, of giving to these an intensity which they do not possess. Is it my fault if I find things are beautiful, men good and life a poem? Ah! if we ought to nourish in our hearts a hatred of all that surrounds us, if we ought to find life a hell, or only worthy of our indifference—better blow out our brains."

I pity such people; I don't understand how Mallarmé, a man of talent, can hold such theories. We are all immersed in life up to our necks, and they say that life is not interesting! That makes me doubt of them and of their brains! They detest life because they don't comprehend it, because they don't even know how to look at it. Another incident: It was in the sad time of Sadowa and Lissa; we had visited the principal cities of Germany, and were drawing near Monaco in France. In our compartment there were several travelers, among whom was an individual who at first sight I dubbed an imbecile. As we went on I told my companions what I had seen. Being an artist, my narration was that of an artist who sees something beyond the banality of things. The imbecile, after having listened intently, burst out into a loud laugh, and confessed that he had visited the same cities, but had not discovered the splendors which I had described. In his turn he related the story of his journey, saying that in such and such a city he had eaten excellent potatoes; in another he had purchased some boots, and so on. Poor fellow! He had no eyes, and if he had been obliged to write down his impressions, he would never have got further than the potatoes and boots. Well, those who say they take no interest in life seem to me to be very like that traveler.

Here is a craze for local color with a vengeance. A young Parisian novelist assaulted a policeman so as to be arrested and locked up. He will write up the system on his release. Looks like jaundiced journalistic tricks to me.

Professor Schenk is getting talked about for his investigations in embryology. A man's a man for a' that, as canny Robbie Burns remarked.

The *Evening Sun* says:

"When 'The Prisoner of Zenda' appeared it was without illustrations. The cuts accompanying 'Rudolf of Hentzau,' Zenda's sequel, and now running in one of the magazines, therefore, give the first pictorial idea we have had of the hero of both stories. Apropos of which it is interesting to learn that the illustrator, Mr. Gibson, wished a certain reporter-novelist, who has before this been his model, to pose as Rassendyll. The reporter-novelist, so the story goes, was nothing loathe, and the rapture of future boarding-school girl readers was, of course, assured, but the plan was suddenly quashed by no less a person than Anthony Hope. In no undecided terms he expressed himself as unwilling to have his pet hero represented by the reporter-novelist, and both artist and would-be model were thus forced to give up the idea. How these brethren of the pen don't love each other! Wouldn't it be a good idea for Mr. Hope to establish a kind of authors' trust, whereby he might protect not only himself but his heroes!"

Who is the reporter alluded to! Not my old friend Dick Davis!

An American painter has been talking in an evening paper, and said several disagreeable but absolutely truthful things about art and the theatre.

"You hear people say," he continued, "that the artist should please the public. But that is the worst possible principle an artist can go on. What he ought to try to do is to please himself. He is a much severer judge and demands much more of himself than the public demands of him. Popularity may come, but to try for it is ruinous to high art. 'Please myself' should be the motto of every artist. We have too much 'shop' art to-day, too much art made just to fill an order, like any other kind of trade."

"Bad as it is in painting and literature, it is the drama which is most completely crushed by the narrow commercial spirit in which it is handled. The drama as an art is in its lowest ebb to-day. I go to the theatre sometimes, but I am always made gloomy by it. Sometimes, of course, one does see a good play, but it is pitifully rare. And when the play is good the unintelligent acting is apt to spoil it. We artists have reason to congratulate ourselves that our art can probably never fall so low as the drama has fallen to-day. Nor can literature teach such miserable depths. In the case of the drama it is now a frank scramble for the dollar."

At the annual Scribner dinner there was unusual fun furnished by a musical masque "The Priest and Player," written for the occasion by Winfield S. Moody, the editor of the *Hookbayer*. Mr. Moody should write a libretto. He could make barrels of money with such a talent for "patter" songs. Just read this and tell me if W. S. Gilbert—to whom obeisance is made as the "Modern Aristophanes."

Song. SHAKESPEARE.

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery
Known to the world as a dramatist great,
(Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!)
Take all of the queer situations in history,
Pile them all up on your own little plate—
(Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!)
The humor of Adam in blaming his wife for it,
Whimsy of Noah in shipping the flea,
Dame Lot looking backward and losing her life for it,
Absalom hanged by his hair in a tree!
The patient Ulysses delayed in Ogygia,
Pious Aeneas a-telling his tale,
Young Paris pursuing *retrosum vestigia*,
Nero inviting his Ma for a sail;
Each primitive quib of Phœnician philology
Stolen, and polished in Grecian mythology,
Fun of the Pharaohs and wit of Andromache,
Samuel Johnson's research in logomachy,
Homer, Herodotus, Hardy and Lang,
Jests that delighted the Emperor Hwang—
(Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!)
Take from these incidents all that is best of 'em,
Say you have really forgotten the rest of 'em;
Twist 'em and turn 'em and learn 'em by heart,
And you've sounded the depths of the dramatist's art.
If you want to know more of this capable artisan,
Go to the fountains of language, and pump—
The flattering numbers of Horace the partisan,
Juvenal's genius for making you jump;
The wonderful wisdom of Belzac and Bellamy,
Gravity awful of Mr. Hall Caine,
The glittering grandeur of Marie Corelli, my
Favorite after the late Thomas Paine;
The canny Maclaren, the prince of banality,
Mrs. Burnett and her sentimentality,
Howells and Hoyt and Gillett and Pinero, too—
These are the fellows whose plays run a year or two—
Rainsford and Abbott and Potter and Dix,
Oliver Herford and Sienkiewics!
(Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!)
Take from these geniuses all that is best of 'em,
Say you have really forgotten the rest of 'em;
Twist 'em and turn 'em and learn 'em by heart,
And you've sounded the depths of the dramatist's art.

The Stage Abroad.

THE new work produced by André Antoine as the second of his avant garde performances is "Le Repas du Lion," (The Lion's Share), by François de Curel. Curel belongs to one of the oldest noble families of France. He is not only noble but catholic, to such an extent that these two epithets cannot be separated. His family also possesses enormous mining property, and is one of the greatest industriels of Lorraine. Add to these elements an impressionable spirit, devoting itself to the problems of to-day, and you have Curel.

"The Lion's Share," of course, means the biggest, and Curel's lion's share is wealth, which assures to its possessor the opportunity of independence and the possibility of a higher spiritual growth.

The plot is as follows:

Near the estate of the Comte de Sancy is a field, which he is advised to buy, as it contains or is supposed to contain great mineral wealth. He delays till it is too late, and the land is purchased by Broussard, a rich mine owner. Then the work begins. Shafts are sunk by crowds of laborers. Sancy loses its idyllic charm and becomes an industrial town, with smoke stacks and furnaces. Jean de Sancy, a younger son of the Comte, is so disgusted that one fine morning he opens a sluice in a flume and drowns the mine. Unfortunately one of the workmen loses his life, and his daughter Mariette is left alone and in poverty.

Then Jean determines to compensate the working class for the injury he has done to one of its members. He will become an apostle of the rights of the poor.

He places Mariette with some respectable servants of the family and intends afterward to send her to a good school in Paris. He then seriously begins his mission. With his Catholic faith he sees only one way out of the dilemma. That is his apostolic preaching. He wishes to see the rich give without grumbling and the poor receive without blushing. The rich must learn the duties that arise from wealth, the poor those that spring from poverty. The poor must bear their woes as a dispensation of God, to be rewarded in the next world, the rich must learn beneficence and gain Heaven by charity to the poor.

In fact Jean is a Christian socialist, and he delivers addresses in Catholic circles in Paris; he is resolved to be a support of society and the church at the same time.

His father, the Comte, is very poor, and has married his only daughter to Georges Broussard, the lucky purchaser of the mineral property, and by a family arrangement Jean becomes a partner with his brother-in-law. The large income he derives from the mines he spends on his socialistic labors.

Now begins a threefold struggle. Jean preaches the rights of the poor. Georges objects that these views will disturb the relations between employer and employé. Georges argues that if Jean goes on teaching his doctrines it will be difficult to assure him of an income that enables him to devote himself to his socialistic propaganda. Georges shows to him that his altruistic work is invested with a certain amount of egotism. The owner of mines makes his wealth by his business knowledge, by his intelligence, his boldness, and thus assures to thousands the means of existence. Here is conflict No. 1.

Conflict No. 2 is an internal one. Jean believes himself to be an apostle. Georges says he is nothing of the sort. His zeal is not unselfish, for he longs for popularity and applause.

These words of Georges give a shock to Jean. What he never ventured to confess to himself is placed clearly before him. He is no apostle; he is only a play actor, a good play actor, a pious play actor, but still a play actor. Has he not often felt that all praise, applause and newspaper notices are outweighed by one word of love?

His conflict No. 3 now begins. Mariette has fallen a victim to his eloquence. She loves him, and confesses her love. He repulses her; he wishes to be free.

Jean is not equal to all this. The pain he feels after repulsing Mariette convinces him that everybody, himself included, has a right to happiness, and that you cannot be happy when you are always thinking of others. He begins to understand Georges' egotism.

The workmen at the mines have some grievance, and they ask Jean to repeat one of the addresses he had delivered in Paris. But Jean is not the man he was in his Paris days; his present views are not to relieve poverty by so-called beneficence, but to prevent poverty by opening up fresh occupations for labor. This, he tells the workmen, requires intelligence, and to let them have a proof of this he places at their disposal his capital in the firm.

He is scorned and ridiculed, and finally comes to the conclusion that there is a justification for the "lion's share," which intelligence gains by the employment of his fellow men. The rest he compares to jackals waiting for crumbs from the lion's table. The audience is enraged. If they are jackals they will behave like jackals, and turn on the lion when they are hungry.

The men strike. Shots are heard in front of the mine proprietor's house; Robert, the anarchist leader, who has married Mariette, fires on Jean as he seeks safety.

The piece is said to represent parts of the history of François de Curel. But it leaves a painful impression. Only a lion can digest it.

The play is too wordy, too full of rhetoric, that proves its hero to be any-

thing but a public speaker by creation. The author does not know how to produce, from the development of his characters, any general, universal interest, but he is remarkable for his combination of poetry and socialism.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

EVERYBODY has read Daudet's "Evangeliste" and its heroine, Madame Ebsen. In his book the author, out of deference to the prejudices of his countrymen, makes her a Dane. A Dresden bookseller, Heinrich Minden, the publisher of the German translations of Daudet's works, tells a curious story about it.

* * *

He writes: "I carried on a pleasant business correspondence with Daudet for many years. I send you now the third edition of the *Evangeliste*. This admirable book is far too little known in Germany. It will be doubly interesting to read what Daudet wrote about it. 'L'Evangeliste is not a romance but an outcry against the might of gold. Moreover, Madame Ebsen (one of his chief characters) is not a Dane, but a countrywoman of yours, a German. The unhappy woman passes my window daily with eyes red with weeping.' Some weeks later Daudet wrote: 'I have spoken to Madame Ebsen and she begs me to ask you to confide the translation of my work to you. You will do me a favor by so doing. The translation will be undoubtedly good, for she is equally mistress of both languages.'"

The publisher of course gave his consent, and a few weeks later received another letter from the author. "Madame Ebsen thought she could not undertake the work, as it must be delivered quickly and her eyes are too weak from much weeping."

It would be a novelty in literature to have the heroine of a work its translator.

* * *

D'Annunzio is very busy. He has just finished a new play, "Giaconda," that is said to be of great dramatic effect. He hopes by it to refute the notions that he cannot write for the stage, and that his earlier stage pieces were too symbolical.

He is working hard, too, for his theatre at the Lake Albano. He has already raised a large sum, but requires more money; he must have 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 frs.

* * *

In a conversation with the journalist Orvieto, the latter asked:

"Is the money in hand contributed only by foreigners?"

"Yes. But we shall soon issue shares in Italy for 100 frs. each, so as to be easily purchased. I shall apply to our poets to create worthy artistic works for our theatre, and to our wealthy people not to refuse their support."

"Will you as founder undertake the whole management, and what style do you prefer to produce?"

"Tragedies; in which the modern conception is united with a pureness of form not unworthy of the best days of Athens."

"Will music be excluded?"

"On the contrary, we shall exclude only melodrama. Music—and dancing—will enhance the effect of the tragedy with preludes and entr'acts, and also, in the highest lyrical moments, accompany the words of the actors and the chorus, which will have its antique importance."

"Could you not produce pastoral and satyric pieces?"

"Why not? Excellently, too, for the ever green shores of the lake will supply the most wonderful scenery for such. Besides, the poets shall have the utmost freedom. Anyone who has a good idea, and can express it dramatically in a classic form, will be welcome to us."

"I have heard you wished above all things to foster the Roman theatre. Do you mean that only Roman poets need apply?"

"By no means. We make no difference in nationalities, but the poet's artistic efforts, his ideal of beauty, must be Græco-Latin. We shall produce French and Italian tragedies, Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse will appear on the Alban stage. Our theatre will have the advantage of classic surroundings, the incomparably picturesque landscape and the immediate neighborhood of Rome."

"I assume that one of the first productions will be your *Città Morte*?"

"Signora Duse insists on it."

* * *

D'Annunzio wishes it to be known that his theatre is not a temple of the Muses, but a Festival temple. It will be opened in 1899, and then performances will take place annually from the middle of March to the middle of May.

"It will be the Theatre of the Spring."

"A most select public," he adds, "will find there the most select actors, a large unrivalled troupe of ballet girls, who will, by careful discipline, be trained to classic grace of pose, an invisible orchestra, not to be surpassed in the excellence of its members, costumes prepared with true artistic sense and after thorough study. Poets will find there a complete whole which they may look in vain for elsewhere in the world."

"This is my ideal, and to attain it I shall work with confidence and unwearied zeal."

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